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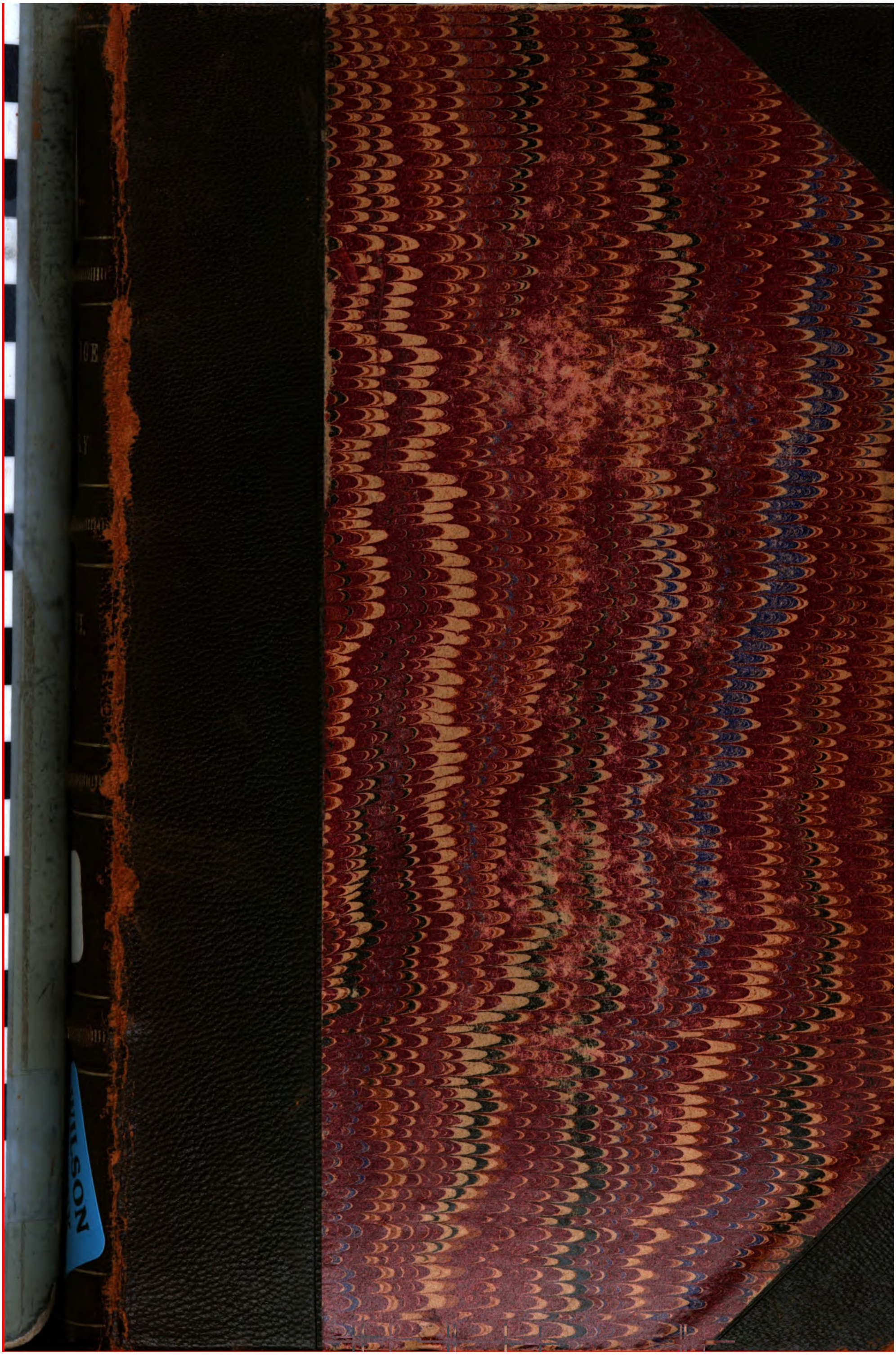

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THE

VOICE OF MASONRY

AND

TIDINGS FROM THE CRAFT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO

MASONIC SCIENCE, HARMONY AND UNIFORMITY

ALSO, A

Series of Letters from Rob Morris, LL.D.,

FROM THE HOLY LAND,

INSERTED SEPARATELY IN EACH NUMBER OF THIS MAGAZINE, AND

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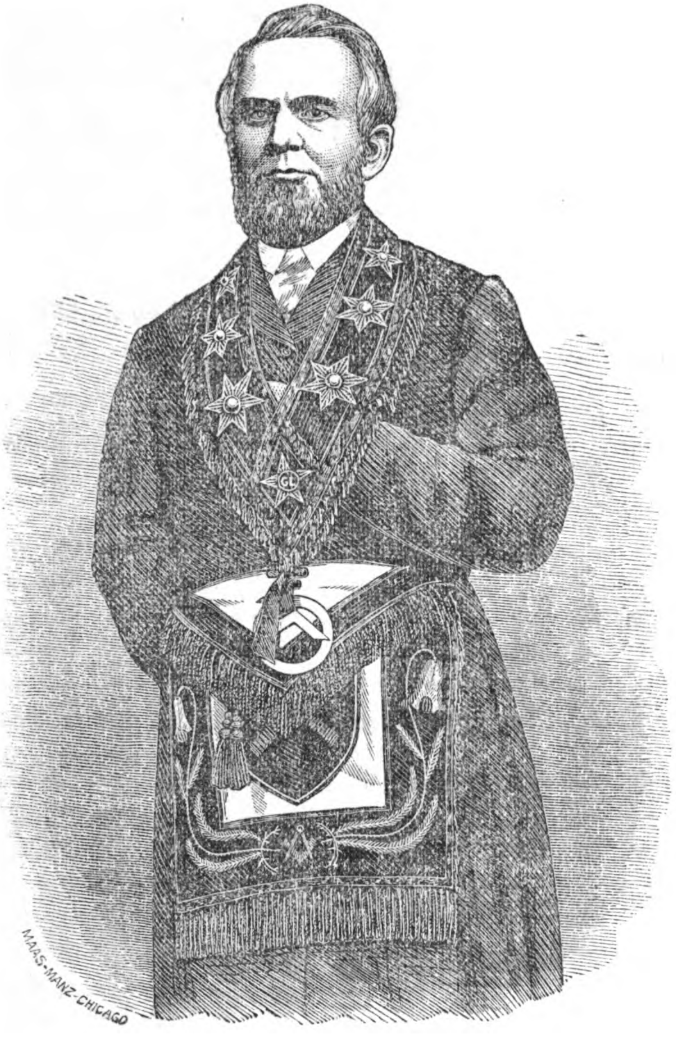
MAAS-MANZ-CHICAGO

M. W. J. R. GORIN, G. M.

OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS.

See Page 37.

THE
VOICE OF MASONRY

DEVOTED TO

MASONIC AND GENERAL LITERATURE,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

VOLUME VI. JANUARY, 1868. NUMBER I.

OLD AND NEW.

THESE words, at the commencement of a New Year, naturally suggest thoughts of the past and of the future, which but rarely occurs with much force, except at this period, when we review the past, and are making resolves for the governance of our actions, at home and abroad, in business and fraternal relations, at the advent of a new year.

As a publisher, our reflections naturally enough bring us to these questions: What can we do to promote the usefulness of the VOICE? How can we interest our subscribers sufficiently to induce each of them to feel it worth their while to recommend it to their Masonic friends, near or distant, by speaking and writing in its favor, so as to greatly enlarge its circulation? The answer to these questions is not easy, because, however good a magazine may be, adverse circumstances, or other works of a similar nature may spring up, and offer local claims, which subscribers may feel it necessary to accede to, probably withdraw their subscription for the work they are taking, not from inclination, but from inability to spare funds for two similar literary works; doing so with regret, and speaking in pleasant terms even of the work they feel compelled to give up.

Others fall into adverse circumstances, and are unwillingly obliged to economize their expenses. Others again remove and have no settled habitation for a time, while many pass away from the Lodge below, to the Grand Eternal Lodge above. These changes interfere much, even in *one* year, with the circulation of any periodical, and therefore it becomes the interest, and indeed the absolute necessity, of all publishers to have the good feeling of their subscribers enlisted in their favor, in order to make up these losses, by new friends being constantly added to the subscription list. We may be pardoned, if we say just here, that while we do not wish to draw unfair comparisons with other Masonic periodicals, we may say that, as we see nearly all others coming as exchanges, we believe it cannot be successfully disputed, that the VOICE still makes as presentable an appearance, in all respects, as any other similar work published.

Entering, however, upon the sixth year, and sixth volume, (four of which have been under our control,) we feel more than ever determined to make "THE VOICE OF MASONRY" acceptable, if not absolutely necessary, to every Masonic household, where literary matter is at all a desideratum, by increasing its Masonic interest to the Craft, and to their families, by the insertion of selected and original articles, which shall be either amusing, entertaining, or instructive, and of which we possess abundant materials.

We now make a special appeal to the Craft, to aid us in our work which we are sure they will deem laudable. We have on our Trestle-Board work laid out that shall make the "VOICE OF MASONRY" not only a *voice*, but "*trumpet-tongued*" in its advocacy of the principles of our noble Brotherhood; that while we bow reverently to the noblest principles of Christianity, we deem our Institution one of its greatest Landmarks; demanding the aid and encouragement of all people, of whatever nation or religion, and not the least, that of the wisest and best of the ministers of the Christian Dispensation.

In the coming year we shall have many illustrations to insert in the Voice, which will add greatly to its beauty, and make it increasingly worthy of preservation; while the original letters from the Holy Land, of our associate editor, Bro. Rob Morris, LL.D.,—who will sail for Europe in a few days—will make the Voice of much more value to the Masonic Fraternity, than the small subscription price of two dollars a year.

And now, Brethren beloved, give us your help. We do not ask it as a charity, because we return in value more than the price. We do not ask it because we are necessitous, for in a pecuniary point of view we are not dependent on its publication. But we ask it because we love the work it affords; because we know many Brethren would feel it a loss, if it were abandoned, and because, being impressed with the "*esprit du corps*," we never give up, never abandon a friend—and last of all, we feel a fire burning within us, that if our friends, this year, will show their appreciation for a good Masonic Magazine, by promptly sending in their renewed subscriptions, and every one add one more to his own, we will lay out our work to give them the best and handsomest magazine that can be issued in this or any other country. W. M. Masons, call the Craft from "labor to refreshment," present this address, send us on clubs from all your Lodges. For once try our metal, and we pledge our sacred honor, and Masonic faith, that if we live, we will give you the most superoir magazine, and one which shall, indeed, be most emphatically, "The Voice of Masonry."

JOHN C. W. BAILEY.

Chicago, January 1, 1868. P. O. Box 1439.

THE MOTHER-LAND OF FREEMASONRY.

BY ROB MORRIS, LL. D.

[Ere this article reaches some of our readers, Brother Morris will be "on the waters," facing towards the "Mother land of the Craft." As preliminary to the Oriental series promised us, we have secured from his prolific pen three articles opening the way. We speak for our multitude of readers in wishing our enthusiastic brother the greatest possible success upon his pilgrimage.—ED. VOICE.]

JERUSALEM AS IT IS.

The chief interest this subject has to us is *Jerusalem as it is.* We all wish *to see it as it is*, and in the failure to see it with our own eyes, we desire that it should be described to us *as it actually appears at the present day.* The greater part of this article, therefore, will be devoted to the gratification of this wish.

As seen upon the map, the City of Jerusalem, enclosed within *the present walls*, is somewhat in the form of a square; (more exactly, it is what mathematicians term a rhomboid.) The east line is tolerably straight; the western wall bends somewhat inward; the northern wall bends slightly outward; so does the southern. The measurements are: the north wall, 1,419 yards—something more than three-quarters of a mile; the east wall, 943 yards—a little more than half a mile; the south wall, 1,149 yards; the west wall, 769 yards. Owing to the deep valleys on the east, south and west, the city could never have been much larger in these directions than it now is; but north and northwest it extended *very much further* than at the present day.

Jerusalem stands upon five eminences or hills, of which the highest is in the southwest, called *Sion*, or the City of David. *Acra* on the north and northwest; east of Acra and considerably lower is *Moriah;* north of Moriah is *Bezetha;* south of Moriah is *Ophel.* In the days of our Savior the walls enclosed *Ophel*, which is now left out of the city, nearly twice as much of *Sion* as is now enclosed, and large portions of *Acra* and *Bezetha*. It is probable that the only portion of the wall which remains on the original foundations, as old as the days of King Solomon, is that which surrounds Mount Moriah. This portion, though not the first that was built upon, is the most celebrated part of the city, because here stood successively the Temples of Solomon, Zerubbabel and Herod. But I will describe the five mountains separately.

MOUNT SION.

Mount Sion is elevated about 500 feet above a point where the two valleys join below, and is considerably higher than either of the others. This was probably where Melchizedek had his home in the days of the Patriarch Abraham when he came forth to meet that Prince with bread and wine in "the King's Dale." Here the Jebusites had their stronghold from the days of Joshua to the reign of King David, a period of some 350 years. Here David had his rural palace. Here Solomon built the House of the Forest of Lebanon, and here, at a place 100 yards outside of the city walls, King David lies buried with fourteen of his descendants—*a family of kings.*

Connecting this eminence with the one called Moriah, was a magnificent stone bridge of five arches, resting on massive piers, the whole being 350 feet in length. One of the piers and a small segment of the bridge still remains on the side next to Moriah. To this grand structure reference is made in the description of the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon, where it is said "that when she beheld the ascent by which he went up unto the house of the Lord"—that is from Sion to Moriah—she was overcome with the grandeur of the scene, and "there was no spirit left in her."

MOUNT ACRA.

I will next call your attention to Mount *Acra*. Originally this was separated from Mount Sion by a valley now mostly filled up, and from Mount Moriah by a deeper valley still remaining, called the *Tyropœan.* About one-third of Mount Acra is now outside the city walls.

Mount Acra is about 520 feet in height above the point at the junction of the two valleys. This is 20 feet higher than Mount Sion. The eminence itself is nearly in the form of a crescent. It is at present the best populated section of the city. It is here that, according to tradition, our Savior was crucified upon Calvary and buried; and here stands the famous Church of the Holy Sepulchre, said to be built over the original burying place.

On the eastern side of Mount Acra is what is called "the Jews Place of Wailing," to which, upon every Friday, the descendants of God's chosen people come, by permission of the Mohammedan authorities, and lament the loss of their Holy City. At this point, only a little way from where King Solomon's Temple stood, there is an opening about 40 yards long and 10 wide which reaches to the wall that separates Mount Moriah from Mount Acra, and here are five courses of large stones remaining of the old foundations, set in place, perhaps, 3,000 years ago. For nearly 700 years the custom of "wailing" upon every Friday, at this place, has been continued by the down-trodden Jews.

Thirty-nine feet from the southwest corner of the wall may be seen the remains of the ancient bridge which once connected *Mount Moriah* with *Mount Sion.* This was the avenue by which King Solomon ascended to the House of the Lord. The portion remaining consists of three courses of large stones projecting over each other as they rise, and forming the segment of an arch once about 40 feet in length.

At the southwest corner of this wall is the corner-stone, 31 feet long, 7 wide, and 5 in height. Upon this the corn, wine and oil of consecration were poured a hundred generations since.

Seven streets cross Mount Acra from the west toward Mount Moriah, each having its own gate of entrance to the sacred enclosure.

MOUNT BEZETHA.

I will next call your attention to Mount *Bezetha*. The present wall does not enclose more than one-third of this eminence. In the time of our Savior it extended about twice as far as at present by the old wall, in which were the Four Gates, called the Gate of Benjamin, the Fish Gate, the Old Gate, and the Gate of Ephraim.

The most noted objects now connected with Mount Bezetha are *St. Stephen's Gate*, near the northeast corner, and the *Damascus Gate*, in the north. There is also a remarkable cavern, or quarry, under this hill, worthy of attention. It was accidentally discovered a few years since by Mr. Barclay, and has been visited by many travelers. The entrance is a short distance east of the Damascus Gate, under the wall. Amongst the excavations found in this huge cavern are caves more than 300 yards in diameter, and proportionately high. All this material was taken out to build and re-build the City, the Walls and the Temple through the seventeen successive demolitions to which Jerusalem has been exposed. Great blocks of stone, detached from their native bed, are still lying there shaped for the walls, as if awaiting the call of the Master Builder. The mouth of this quarry is considerably higher than the surface of Mount Moriah, and this rendered it easy to transport the heavy blocks to the places designed for them, illustrating those passages of Scripture which inform us that "the house, when it was in building, was built of stone *made ready before it was brought thither*; so that there was neither hammer, nor ax, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building."

Doubtless these immense caverns, and those under Mount Moriah have been the hiding places of the Jews during their many sieges and assaults, "the last refuge of helpless womanhood, of tender children, of infirm old age; and the deathbed of heroes wounded in the fight."

It was in this direction only that Jerusalem could have been extended, when the immense population which thronged it, in its palmy days, rendered it necessary to make streets and quarters in the suburbs. The valley of Jehosaphat on the east, and the valley of Hinnan on the south and west, were so many barricades to prevent the growth of the city in any direction save this. As the valley upon this side, oppoposite Bezetha, is very shallow, there was nothing to prevent an extension of the city for a considerable distance here.

Along the wall which separates Mount Moriah on the north side from Mount Bezetha is an immense excavation quarried from the rock, intended as a ditch to protect the Temple wall from assault. This is 75 feet deep, 460 long and 130 broad, and, when filled with water, was a protection almost equal to the valleys on the other side of the city. Within this excavation, it is thought by some travelers, was the celebrated Pool of Bethesda, which will be described in a subsequent part of the lecture.

MOUNT OPHEL.

I will next call your attention to Mount Ophel. This is but a continuation of Mount Moriah on the South. It is a triangular piece of land, 500 yards long, 100 yards wide, and nearly 400 feet in height, and at present is covered with olive and other fruit trees. It is separated from Mount Zion by the deep valley called the *Tyropœan*, and from Mount Moriah by a high and broad wall. There is but little of interest about this eminence, save two remarkable Pools of Water, one called the King Pool, on the east; the other, the Pool of Siloam, on the southwest. These are connected together by a channel 1,750 feet long, run through the solid rock.

A full description of Mount Moriah will be given in a subsequent article.

HISTORY OF JERUSALEM.

The earliest mention of this place in Scripture is in connection with the pursuit by Abraham of the Kings who had made prisoner of his nephew Lot. Having effected the rescue of that person, Abraham, on his return to Hebron, where he lived, (20 miles south of Jerusalem) was met by Melcheizadeh, *the King of Salem*, who came out with bread and wine to the valley of Shaveh—probably the point just below the city,—and blessed him in the name of the most high God. Five hundred years after this we find the place named *Jebus*, aftewards *Jerusalem.* The Turks at the present day call it *El Khuds*, signifying *Holy City;* also, *Beit el Mackhudis*, *the House of the Sanctuary.*

As early as the conquest of Canaan, 1451 years B. C., Jerusalem was a considerable place. The league of five Kings against Joshua, which was broken up at the great Battle of Gibeon, was formed at the suggestion of the King of Jerusalem. * * In the division of Canaan among the XII Tribes, Jerusalem fell to Benjamin, and how it came to be transferred to Judah is difficult to explain. Perhaps it was by the right of conquest, for the Tribe of Judah was the first to capture it from the Jebusites. Other cases similar to this are found where important places were transferred from one Tribe to another, and no reasons given for it.

The first settlement of Jerusalem, under the Jewish nation, was by King David, 1015 B. C. He captured it from the Jebusites, fortified a portion of it, and built the Palace there. During the reign of Solomon other portions were enclosed within its walls, and the Temple built. Since that period it has been seventeen times destroyed and rebuilt.

1st. Four years after King Solomon's death it was taken and plundered by *Shisha*, King of Egypt.

2d. One hundred and forty-five years afterwards it was taken by Jehoash, King of Israel, plundered, and a large part of the walls demolished.

3d. Two hundred and thirty-eight years afterwards it was taken by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, and almost totally destroyed. The Temple of Solomon was burned, together with the King's Palace. The larger part of the people was carried into captivity. The City lay desolate for half a century. Then Zerubbabel led back 52,000 of the captives, and rebuilt the Temple, with a portion of the dwellings. Seventy-nine years afterwards, Ezra conducted a second colony, and 13 years later Nehemiah guided the third, and rebuilt the walls.

4th. Two hundred and seventy-five years afterwards, Antrochus Epiphanes, stormed the City and slew 80,000 of the inhabitants. Two years after this he returned and totally destroyed the City. This was the most terrible calamity the Jews had ever experienced.

5th. One hundred and six years afterwards it was taken by Pompey, the Roman General, who then attached Judea as a province of the Roman Empire. * * Shortly afterward Herod the Great commenced to re-build the City. In this he labored with great assiduity for 40 years, restoring the fortifications, the Temple and the walls to more than their former magnificence. It was in this condition when our Savior made it the scene of *his* ministrations.

6th. One hundred and thirteen years after its capture by Pompey, it was stormed by Titus, the Roman General, and totally destroyeed. Of all its grandeur and beauty he left nothing but two or three towers in the western wall as mementoes that a great City had stood there. More than a million of people perished during the seige.

7th. Sixty-two years afterwerds, it was rebuilt, in part, by the Emperor Adrian, who gave it the name of Aelia.

8th. One hundred and seventy-four years afterwards it was further rebuilt, its former name restored to it, and many splendid Christian Churches erected by Helena, mother of the Roman Emperor, Constantine.

9th. Two hundred and thirty-one years afterwards the City was still more strongly built and beautified by the Roman Emperor Justinian.

10th. Seventy-seven years afterwards it was taken by the Persians, and nearly demolished.

11th. A year afterwards the Romans retook it and rebuilt the position that had been destroyed by the Persians.

12th. Twenty-three years afterwards it was taken by the Arabians, who held it for 437 years.

13th. Next came the Turks, who took it from the Arabians.

14th. Twenty-five years afterwards, and on the 15th of July, 1099, the Crusaders, under Baldwin, took it by assault, after a seige of 40 days, and restored the Christian emblems which were cast down nearly 500 years before.

15th. Eighty-eight years afterwards it was taken by the Turks under Saladin, who had first gained a great and decisive victory over the Christian army, at Hallin, near the Sea of Gallilee.

16th. During the next 57 years Jerusalem changed masters several times, but in the year of our Lord 1244, the Turks finally established themselves in possession, and have held it to the present day, a period of 622 years.

What a history is this! For 3500 years these hills have been the scene of mortal strife. The echoes of these surrounding Mountains have resounded to the warriors of a hundred nations—17 times destroyed and as often rebuilt—now a place of grandeur and luxury—now a place of desolation! With these facts before us we shall understand the Lamentations of Jeremiah and can more perfectly enter into the spirit of those words uttered by our Savior as he stood upon the Mount of Olives, east of the City, and looked down upon it doomed within less than 40 years to become a place of desolation, and said: "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee. * * Your house is left unto you desolate!"

CONNECTED EVENTS.

Having thus sketched the history of this far-famed City, I proceed to mention a few of those events with which it is associated in sacred history:

1. In the year 1872 B. C., Abraham came here, a three day's journey from Beersheba, to offer his son Isaac a sacrifice as God had appointed. It has been made a question among Bible Commentators whether it was Mount Moriah, —adjoining Jerusalem,—upon which this sublime act of faith occurred, or *Moreh*, near Shechem, forty miles further north. Without attempting to decide a question upon which the wisest have differed, it appears to me that the burden of evidence rests in favor of Jerusalem.

2. When King David came here from Hebron, 20 miles south, to capture this place from the Jebusites, Jerusalem only covered a small portion of its present site, that of Zion in the southwest. The place was protected by walls that rendered it almost impregnable, and the enemy felt so secure that they ventured to insult King David with the challenge that even their blind and lame men could keep him out. Upon this King David made proclamation, that whoever should first enter into the City, should be made the General of his army. The valiant Joab gained the prize, and Zion was taken. As the strongest parts of a fort are those that are least looked after by the defenders, it is likely that this daring man climbed up by night at the northeast corner of the City, where the crags are more than 100 feet high, and exceedingly steep, and there made his entrance.

3. When Rabshakeh, the Captain of the King of Babylon, approached Jerusalem, he took his station at the Upper Pool of Gibeon, opposite the northwest corner, and it was at this point that the Crusaders made their attack in 1099. When Pompey besieged Jerusalem, he made his headquarters, it is said, on the hill south of the City, now called the *Hill of Evil Counsel.* But when Titus, 133 years afterwards, began his siege, he established himself on the hill *Scopus*, north of the City. It was on the eminence called Neby Samuel, or Mizpah, five miles northwest of Jerusalem, that King Richard the lion-hearted stood, in the last Crusade, when he buried his face in his hands and prayed: "Ah Lord God, suffer

me not to look upon Jerusalem if so be that I may not rescue it from the hands of thine enemies."

4. It was at Jerusalem that the people of Israel were expected to assemble themselves together, at least once a year, to worship in God's Holy Temple. To this point they came up by thousands, and by hundreds of thousands, and by millions! By the *Southern road*, by way of Hebron and Bethlehem; by the *Eastern road*, by way of Bethabara and Jericho and Bethamy; by the *Northeastern road*, by way of Golan and Succoth; by the *Northern road*, by way of Shiloh and Bethel; and by the *Northwestern road*, by the Pass of Bethhoran and by Gibeon these people sought their God in his covenanted place and made their offerings and their sacrifices according to the Law of Moses. Not only the City within the walls, which were more than three miles in circumference, must have been crowded to overflowing upon those occasions, but the adjacent hillsides, and the neighboring villages, and wherever a spot could be found for a camping place.

Different, indeed, is the present appearance of Jerusalem. A town with scarcely 12,000 inhabitants, with streets narrow, crooked and offensive to eye and nostrils, a city of strangers, —how forcible the contrast to that Golden City, that unequalled metropolis which afforded St. John a model for "the Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

SCOTLAND.—At a crowded meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Scotland, held on Monday evening, November 4th, 1867, at Edinburgh, Earl Dalhousie was unanimously elected Grand Master of Scotland; Captain Spiers was elected Provincial Grand Master for Glasgow; the Earl of Haddington was elected Grand Deputy; Henry Inglis, of Torsonee, Substitute Grand Master; the Duke of Athole, Senior Warden, and the Earl of Dunmore, Junior Warden.

ADDRESS TO A CANDIDATE UPON INITIATION IN AN ENGLISH LODGE.

"If you ask me what Freemasonry is, then I will tell you its glorious institution admits all religious systems, without trying to alter their character, without culminating or slandering any particular creed—for all that is opposed to toleration is not Masonry. In our holy Masonic Temple there is room for the followers of the Church, room for the followers of the Synagogue, for those that pay their adorations in a pagoda or mosque—for all Freemasons adore the same God, the great, the incomprehensible, eternal Great Architect of the Universe. Brother, the Masonic world is a body connected by the strongest ties of affinity, and everywhere actuated by the same principles. No invidious distinction exists among us—merit alone is respected, and honors are given where honors are due. In Freemasonry there is neither first nor last, neither strong nor weak, neither high nor low; we are all brethren, all equal. Brother, if you wish to know what Freemasonry teaches, I will tell you. It teaches us to think well, to speak well, and to act well. Our pursuits are neither trifling nor frivolous, for the most learned, the most useful, and the most religious principles are developed in our Lodges. You will find the fundamental doctrines of Freemasonry to be to fear God, love one another, and live in peace and charity with all mankind. If you ask me what the effects of Fremasonry are, then I will tell you. Freemasonry improves all it touches, and consecrates all its followers to priests of mercy; in fact, it makes of us better men. If our Order had been bad it would have collapsed long ago; but what are the facts? While the mightiest empires lie buried in the dust of oblivion, we find Freemasonry immutable and imperishable, shining as brilliantly as the sun at its meridian, although its origin dates from the remotest antiquity. It almost appears as if Freemasonry gathered strength as it rolled on through countless ages. Brother, I consider by your having become a Mason you have joined an academy of wise men, for there is not a more transcendently majestic subject for study than Masonry; in fact, I consider it to be the science of all sciences."—*Bro. Littaur.*

TEN YEARS A NUN.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

You wish to hear in full detail an account of my sojourn and adventure in a French Convent, of which you have only received the incomplete and unsatisfactory outlines. I went to France, as you know, against the wishes of my family and friends, having accepted a situation in a school there as English teacher. It is enough to say about that school, that no decent English girl could have stayed, so utter was the dirt, discomfort and barbarism pervading it. I was compelled to leave it, but I was extremely reluctant to quit France without accomplishing my object, which was to perfect myself in the language; more especially as my friends had objected to the enterprise from the first. I traveled back, however, from the interior to a small seaport town, from which the transit to England was easy; and during my journey I took counsel with myself, and calculated my remaining stock of money, amounting to a little more than twenty-six pounds.

I had made up my mind before I reached the terminus, and there I inquired if there was any English Consul in the town. Certainly there was, at least a Vice-Consul; and, for the small sum of half a franc, a polite porter conducted me to his office. I entered it with some diffidence, and confronted three clerks, seated at the orthodox high desks, who bestowed upon me the orthodox, clerkly stare. The Vice-Consul was summoned, and proved to be a German who spoke English and French with equally amusing blunders. However, he was all kindness, and, after due deliberation, he asked if I should object to go into a convent. I felt a slight shock at first, but a few minutes' thought decided me to go, and I said so. In that case, he replied, he could be of service to me, for without doubt he could obtain my admission into a convent in the town on the morrow. In the mean time he would see me safely lodged in an hotel for the night.

I must pass over my night alone in a foreign hotel, though there is a good deal I might tell you about it. In the morning the Vice-Consul came as appointed, and told me that I could be received into the convent for two pounds a month.

The terms suited my means, as you see, and I accepted them gladly; so I gave twenty pounds into his hands, asking him to call each month and pay the sum agreed upon. I went with him to the convent, in a mood of cheerful alacrity, with my sense of the romantic fanned to a flame, picturing it as a grey, solemn, ecclesiastical building, standing in a vast, antique garden, surrounded by high, massive walls. Judge, then, of my disappointment, when I found a new, brick building, not unlike an English workhouse, presenting a flat front of four stories to a dull street, on the other side of which were a a few gloomy, old houses, that seemed injured by the fresh paint and red brickwork of the upstart convent. The Vice-Consul and I entered a bare waiting-room, something like those of prisons and hospitals, which was divided by a grille of iron bars about three inches apart, behind which was a nun, fat, rosy, and about forty years old, who was jabbering in rapid French to a peasant woman on our side of the grille. We were summoned to the upper end of the room, where Madame la Superieure waited to give us an interview; and she and I looked keenly at one another through the grating. I saw a face comely and shrewd, and bearing the unmistakable traits of a lady under the white coiffure which concealed her hair; the fine lips might have been chiseled in marble, to express rule and decision; and the eyes, hazel-grey, instead of the common dark brown of French eyes, had a directness and penetration of gaze which I could only bear with difficulty.

"Mademoiselle is not so young as I supposed," she said to the Vice Consul; "she will not submit to the strictness of our rules. We permit our boarders to go out but once a month, and then under supervision. Her letters will be read before she sends them out, or receives them, and she will not be allowed to hold any private conversation, except with me or one of the sisters."

The rules were rather too strict to be quite agreeable; but I had made up my mind to go into that convent, especially as the elegant and polished accent of Madame struck upon my ear as altogether the best French I had ever heard.

"I can submit to the rules," I said, and she smiled approval; "but will you let me see this gentleman once a month, when he comes to discharge my obligations to you?"

"Certainly; yes," replied Madame, graciously.

"And if any of my friends," I continued, "should come here to see me, you will not refuse them? It is not probable, but it might happen."

"Without doubt," she answered, as affably as before.

I bade the Vice-Consul good-by, almost affectionately, for he was my last friend in the wicked world I should quit when I entered those barred doors, and I felt something like tears in my eyes; but I was bent on going through with my purpose, and the convent seemed the only home open to me in that strange land. The Superieure called a nun to show me to my chamber; and the door of the waiting-room was locked the instant we had passed through it. I felt that, like Esau, I had sold my birthright—the right of freedom. This feeling grew as I traversed the exquisitely clean, but bare, empty passages and apartments of the interior, with doors locked or bolted, near each of which sat a sister, with keys fastened to her girdle. The lower windows, toward the street, were barred, a thick iron cross forming a portion of the bars, as if that blessed emblem was a token of captivity instead of liberty. But in my attic in the roof, where I felt sure I should be locked up at night, the casement opened wide, like doors, letting in the full freedom of light and air. I soon grew reconciled to the locking-up, and the everlasting sound of the keys ceased to grate upon my ear. I became used to the confinement also, and felt that it was adventurous enough to stand at my open window and look out upon the beauties of the land and sea, or upon little street pictures, which I could see, like tableaux vivants, in the queer little slums and alleys of the town, which my high position commanded.

The sisters, with the exception of the Superieure and one other, were as uninteresting a set of women as you can imagine. They were the ordinary Dorcas ladies, and tract-distributers, and district-visitors of our Protestant churches, playing at religion, as nuns, in a convent. Taking them in the mass, they were narrow-minded, self-satisfied women, mostly middle-aged, fond of gossip, and inclined to nurse their little ailments, though they could not have the luxury of a doctor unless they were dangerously ill. The Superieure was a lady by birth, intensely proud and ambitious, covetous to an excess, but admirably qualified for managing her large and troublesome family. I saw but little of her, for she had no time to give to an insignificant person like me.

But was there no ideal nun among them? Certainly: a slender, graceful woman, about thirty, with the traces of great beauty left in her faded face. She moved, solitary and sad, amidst the self-satisfied and stupid sisterhood surrounding her. My education was committed chiefly to her, and my conversion, as I learned later. There were many other boarders, but all French and all Catholic, and, consequently, less interesting than an English heretic. Sister Catherine attached herself to me. At first our conversations were necessarily limited, but I made rapid progress in the language; and though I could not expound and defend our Protestant doctrines, I could soon perfectly comprehend all that was said to me, and I listened with a laudable attention, until sister Catherine was persuaded that I was near conversion. This impression at once increased her attachment to me, and at the same time threw the Superieure off her guard as to the nature of the confidential intimacy which was established between the sister and me.

It was at two or three different times that I learned the history of Sister Catherine, which is simply as true as that I am now writing it. When only a girl of fifteen she had been sought in marriage by a cousin of her own, to whom her parents' sole objection arose from an old quarrel existing between them and his father. It was the old story of the feud between the Montagues and Capulets, with the added bitterness of blood-relationship. The cousin had prevailed upon Hortense—her baptismal name—to fly from her home with him, and as it is simply impossible to contract a secret marriage in France, he had brought her to this convent, a hundred leagues from her father's house, and placed her in it as a boarder, until she was of age to serve her parents with a legal notice that she intended to unite herself in marriage with her cousin, Pierre de Forville. The Superieure was made their confidante; and as there were still six years to wait, Pierre, to mislead the vigilance of the parents, as well as of the police, resolved upon filling up the long interval with foreign travel, which would enable him to correspond with Hortense without danger of discovery.

This correspondence made happy the life of the cloistered girl, who was not fretted by convent rules as I was, and who had, moreover, her religious duties to occupy some of her time. But at last—it is an old story—Pierre's letters ceased to come, and one only, a brief note, written by a strange physician in an Italian city, announced his death by cholera. The heart of Hortense was broken, and her health failed her. For four years she remained in her chamber as much invalided in mind as body, during which time her father died, and she came into the inheritance of a third portion of his property, amounting to nearly seven thousand pounds. By his death she became one of the wealthiest inmates of the convent, and before long her mind, weak and wavering, became impressed with the duty of taking the vows among the sisterhood. I could fancy easily the shrewd, subtle, covetous spirit of Madame la Superieure pressing towards the rich prize of seven thousand pounds, and the small chance that the enfeebled and disconsolate girl would have against her. It ended by her taking the veil at the age of twenty-one, the time that she should have married Pierre de Forville.

I suppose that Sister Catherine was not more unhappy than Hortense de Forville would have been. Everything was settled now; all was ended; her whole life, henceforth, was to trickle slowly through the narrow channel of convent routine. But when five years—nearly six years—had passed, the tranquil quiet of Madame met with a violent check. Pierre de Forville was no more dead than Hortense herself; but he had received a pious and mournful letter from Madame, communicating to him her death and burial, and inquiring if a monument should be erected to her memory. He had come to the convent, been under the same roof with her who was heart-broken for his own supposed loss, seen her grave, and fled again to dissipate his grief, if he could, by travel more distant still from his native country. Six years after the profession of Sister Catherine, he had returned home, and discovered the fraud practiced upon him, by the convincing proof that his cousin had inherited her share of her father's estate. He made his appearance at the convent gates, and demanded to see her whom he had confided to the motherly care of the Superieure twelve years before. Madame's false heart quaked within her. Here was a man who had been faithful for so many years, nine of which had been given to the memory of the dead; a man who would not forget, who would not be consoled, who saw no charms in any other woman. He was a troublesome visitor. It was useless to tell such a man any more lies. Yes; his Hortense was living, but she was the spouse of Heaven; no longer Hortense, but Sister Catherine, separated from him forever. He was not permitted to see her, even at the grille, for the Superieure had no wish that she should discover the falsehood. M. de Forville persisted in coming again and again to thunder at the convent doors, and made a scandal in the town. He could not be put down or silenced. He went to the Bishop, and when he could not, or would not, do anything for him, he wrote a pamphlet disclosing the whole case.

For this he was prosecuted, and imprisoned for six months; but upon regaining his liberty, he set to work more energetically than before, and appealing to the civil law, he demanded that the Mayor should see and interrogate his cousin. The Mayor paid an official visit to the convent, and saw Sister Catherine, but in the presence of the Superieure. He informed the astonished nun of her cousin's continued existence, and in the same breath inquired of her if she had taken the vows of her own free will. Shocked and bewildered, she murmured a few inaudible words in reply, which Madame interpreted to the Mayor as an avowal of her free and unbiased will in taking the veil; and the interview ended. The civil law could do no more. If Hortense de Forville chose to be a nun, no one could interfere to prevent it.

I listened to this story with intense interest, and a profound admiration for Pierre. What a prince among men must he be who could maintain a constancy like this! I wished that heaven had given me such a man. I looked at the pale and faded face before me, and tried to fancy what the girl of fifteen had been, with whom he had parted in the gray gloom of the convent walls. I asked her to describe him, and she gave me a girl's valentine-like description: fine eyes, black hair, mustache, and white hands, with rings upon them. He was her "beau cousin." It was all she could say.

"And do you love him?" I asked.

A shiver ran through her frame, but her dim eyes flashed, and her pale cheeks flushed a little.

"Ah, yes; I love him," she whispered; "I fear I love him better than the angels or the blessed saints—better than the Sainte Vierge herself."

She uttered the last words in a tone of candid horror, as if forced to speak the worst.

"Of course you do!" I said emphatically; "and you have no more right to be a nun than I have. You are one by fraud, and not by choice."

"Yes," she answered, weeping; "and I wish I had said so to the Mayor; but I was all confused and bewildered."

"O, if I were you, I should never rest till Pierre knew that I loved him still, better than anything else! I think how sad he must be to find that you are grown indifferent to him!"

"But what can I do?" asked Sister Catherine.

That was the question. Something ought to be done, if it were only to assure the unhappy but faithful Pierre that his Hortense was not so senseless as to prefer a convent to himself; but how to do it was the difficulty. Nobody who has not tried it can have an idea of what it is to be perpetually under lock and key, and surrounded by spies. Our only chance was to write to M. de Forville, and direct the letter to his chateau, whence it would be sure to be forwarded to him; but how to get that letter to the postoffice? I racked my brain with schemes, but it was not till near Easter that a moderately prudent one presented itself.

The convent garden was on the other side of the street, with a subterranean passage beneath, by which we reached it. It was full in sight of several houses, from the windows of which we were often watched. It was nothing more than a long, narrow patch of ground, with a straight walk all round it, and a little chapel in one corner, where the Perpetual Adoration of the Cross was maintained by our nuns. On the side beyond it, and nearer to the houses, was the priests' garden; but again beyond that was a garden belonging to a house which was generally let out in stages. A few days before Easter my ears were greeted by English laughter and English voices, coming to me over the intervening enclosure. I urged Sister Catherine to write her letter immediately; and I added to it a note to the effect that M. de Forville might send some one to the convent, under pretext of seeing me, with a message from my home; but I left it with him to contrive a way of conveying a letter to us. These letters ready, the old difficulty of getting them to my country-people still remained. It was impossible to enter into any communication with them from the garden, because of the Perpetual Adoration. I fell back upon an old accomplishment, which had slipped into disuse. I have three brothers, who took upon themselves my early education; and, amongst other boyish acquirements, had made me an adept at flinging missiles at a mark. My sole chance lay in casting my letters from my attic window into the garden of the English.

Take the trouble to think of my difficulties. My window was high, certainly, and gave me so much advantage; but before me lay the street, the nuns' garden, the priests' garden, and beyond that, the one my aim must reach. They were all narrow places, so that the distance was not absolutely great, but there was the terrible chance of missing my throw, and of our letters falling into either of the two nearer enclosures. Every day I picked up stones stealthily in the garden, and every evening during vespers I practiced flinging them from my window. The priests' melon-frames were broken, and a sister narrowly escaped being struck by a pebble; but a watch was set for mischievous lads in the street, and no suspicion fell upon me. I resolved that as soon as I had thrown twelve stones, without missing, into the English garden, I would risk my precious packet to my skill. It was done at last. Twelve largish stones had descended into the right patch of ground; and, with hands trembling with excitement, I wrapped my packet in a paper, upon which I had written, "One of your country-women implores you earnestly to post this letter." My hands trembled, I said. But that would never do. I am not ashamed to own that I covered my face with them, and prayed God to give me strength and steady nerves to take a right aim; and then standing perfectly still for a few seconds, to make sure that I trembled no longer, I whirled my weighted packet out of my hand.

The short time it takes for a stone to skim through the air seemed several minutes to me. I felt persuaded it would fall into the priests' garden, and all the dire consequences rose vividly before me. But I saw my missile just clear the farthest wall, and drop into its right place; and I sat down on the floor, crying hysterically, partly from thankfulness, and partly from reaction. I felt certain all would be right now; but I did not cry the less for that.

Well: about fifteen days after that, a message came to me that a friend was waiting to see me at the grille. My heart throbbed quickly as I went. Was it really one of my people weary to see my face, and unsatisfied by the formal and scanty letters I was compelled to write? Or was it a confederate of M. de Forville? Sister Catherine fainted dead away when she heard the message, and I left the school in commotion, though happily no connection was perceived between the cause and effect. I found the Superieure in bland conversation with my visitor when I entered. It was a lady, a stranger, who explained to us that she had met Monsieur mon pere, at Paris, and having mentioned that she should be passing through this town, he had asked her to do him the inestimable favor of seeing me with her own eyes, and assuring herself of my health and happiness. There could be no doubt of either, she added, with a polite compliment to Madame, and she had another commission to fulfill. Monsieur mon pere had intrusted to her two Easter eggs—one for

Madame and the other for me—and with a smile of the sweetest blandness she put both into the Superieure's hands. They were small enameled and painted boxes, of the shape and size of an egg. Madame's contained a bank-note for two hundred francs; and mine simply a chocolate bon-bon. It was impossible to suspect anything, for I was not yet a suspected person.

The chocolate egg contained a most ardent letter from Pierre, imploring Catherine to free herself from her yoke at the end of her next five years. I learned then, for the first time, that in France the convent vows are only legally binding for five years, and must be renewed at each expiration of that period. At the close of the next October Catherine would have been ten years a nun, and she might assert her right to be free. All my care and half my sympathy vanished, for nothing could be plainer or easier than the course lying before her.

But Sister Catherine was troubled with a tender, or, as I think, a weak conscience. To my great disgust, she positively wished to betray the whole to her confessor. I made her comprehend with some trouble, that I should be forthwith turned out of the convent, and she would be left to fight her battle alone. She kept silence, but her conduct was so odd that suspicions were aroused, and she was placed under strict surveillance. I had no opportunity of conversing with her, and I was in great doubt of her strength of mind to effect her own deliverance. She suffered the pangs of martyrdom during those last few months, from the Superieure, the confessor, and her own conscience. Each day I saw her grow paler and more wretched-looking, and the last trace of beauty left her wan face. Other doubts, respecting Pierre, began to haunt me.

October came, and my friend the vice-consul paid me his monthly visit. I told him and the Superieure that I wished to leave the convent on the twenty-eighth. I saw her color change, and her keen eyes fasten upon me, as if she would read to the bottom of my heart. It was the day upon which Sister Catherine would either renew her vows or demand her freedom; for though she should have made her profession at the Fete of St. Catherine, early in December, her precarious health at the time she took the veil had hurried on the ceremony. Madame had strong suspicions of both of us, and during the next fortnight poor Catherine led an awful life. We protestants do not know what it is. Every threat possible, of this life and the life to come, were hurled against her; but, to my surprise, she remained firm. I only knew it, however, by the mute, sad language of her eyes, whenever they had a chance of meeting mine; they spoke a constancy worthy of Pierre.

The morning came upon which I must quit the convent; and I had not been able to see or communicate with Catherine. Early in the day I was summoned to the Superieure's presence, and she bade me farewell with the most chilling frigidity, telling me I must go at once. I begged to stay till nearer evening, but she answered sternly, "No." My box was already gone down to an hotel on the quay, so I had no excuse for lingering. I was turned out at the convent door, like a servant discharged for dishonesty, and I heard its strong lock turned between me and Catherine. I felt perfectly bewildered.

After awhile my common sense, and my habit of managing for myself under perplexing circumstances, served me in good stead. I went to the vice-consul for the small residue of my money, but I told him nothing, for I knew he would be afraid of meddling in such a matter. From his office I went to the hotel, where I arranged for leaving my luggage for a short time; first making up a bundle of clothes, which Catherine would want *if* she came out of the convent. Then I hired the sole conveyance I could procure, a sort of covered cart, with no door at the back, but a seat behind the driver, to which we had to climb over as well as we could. This char-a-banc I hired for the day, and bidding the driver go as far as the corner of the convent street, I told him to wait there; resolving to keep the convent doors in view until six o'clock, after which they never opened on any account.

It was one of the most wearisome and anxious days I ever passed. Even the polite French were curious, and showered questions upon the driver of the char-a-banc, to which his general reply was, "It is an Englishwoman;" with a grimace more eloquent than words. There were two entrances to the convent,—one for ordinary use, the other an arched, thick, black door, opened only on great occasions; as they were situated on different sides of the building, I was obliged to pace to and fro, to keep watch upon both. But at evening, near six o'clock, I saw the black door of ceremony opened narrowly and a poor creature thrust out into the profane and unsheltered streets, as if against her will, for she made a faint gesture of seeking readmission and then cowered down against the closed portal, as if she was some poor dove flung out of her nest. I ran to her, for it was Sister Catherine!

With great trouble I lifted her, more dead than alive, into the back of my cart, and bade the driver take us to a village about seven miles distant, which I knew only as being the residence of one of our boarders, for I felt that it would be foolish and cruel to keep Sister Catherine in this town, where her story would ooze out in some way or another. I had posted a letter to Pierre in a letter-box near the convent, imploring him to come to us immediately at this village. I shall never forget that ride. The conveyance either had no springs or broken ones; and the seat in the back was so high, that only our toes could reach the floor. Added to this the roads were rough, and up and down hill, and the horse had an uneasy tread. Catherine, who had had no carriage exercise for sixteen years, was restored to her senses, and distracted from her terrors by the unusual motion.

The char-a-banc conveyed us to the village Auberge, and I took a room there for the night, which had already closed in. My nun was as helpless and frightened as a child, and obeyed me like one. As soon as we were fairly alone in our chamber, she fell upon her knees, and began telling her beads, or rather would have done so, had not her rosary been taken away from her, with her other insignia of sisterhood; upon the remembrance of which she fell into a profound swoon, and after recovering from it spent the rest of the night in speechless tears. I did not feel happy myself. I reflected that my friends did not know where I was; and I might fall ill and die, and be forever lost to them. I was almost as frightened as Sister Catherine herself at this thought. But I did not fall ill. I fell asleep instead, and awoke refreshed, with more vigor for action and a renewal of sympathy for my nun, who had tried my patience a little the evening before.

The next day passed in altering one of my dresses to fit Catherine, and in reading over and over Pierre's ardent letter, which she had seen but once, and I had kept it for safety in my possession while we were in the convent. She grew more reconciled to herself, and was content to say her prayers without a rosary. Our room was very quiet, overlooking the orchard, where pyramids of apples were piled under the trees, and perfumed the autumn air with their scent. There was nothing to scare or startle her; and to-morrow Pierre might come! The day passed well; but during the second afternoon the landlady made her appearance, and intimated that we must leave, with an air of decision which gave me to understand that she meant to turn us out.

"Why," I inquired.

She would not say why, only we must go, and go at once. It did not occur to me that I should have any trouble in finding another lodging, and I bade her leave us alone, while we prepared for our departure. Catherine's dress was finished, and I had bought her a dark-colored hood at the village shop. She put them on, and appeared as a wan, meagre, worried woman, in poor circumstances, who had had all grace and dignity trodden out of her. Again, some very poignant doubts of M. de Forville's satisfaction crossed me, and I wished heartily that he would come, or that we were both back in the convent. Yet I was really fond of Catherine, and very sorry for her.

We went to nearly every house in that village, and were refused in each; but after I had caught a glimpse of the convent priest, I was no longer mystified. We must make the best of our way, while the daylight lasted, to some other village, and get a place of refuge for one night before we were hunted on again on the morrow. I said nothing to Catherine, but I took the broad road leading from the village, and shook off the dust from my feet as I left it. It was getting near the sunset, and all the afternoon the sky had been gathering stormy-looking clouds, torn at the edges, as if some strong upper-current of wind was rending them into fringes. I talked to Catherine gayly, for at every utter extremity my spirits rise into almost boisterous buoyancy; and I was brought up so close to the unknown furture now that I could not guess where we should be, or what we might be doing, in another hour. On and on we walked briskly; Catherine glad to fly from the inhospitable village, and I anxious to reach another before nightfall. The road was very solitary, with but few passengers, as most French country roads are, and for the first two or three miles I did not care to inquire where it would lead us, lest immediate persecution should track our steps. We came to no village; and the few farmsteads we passed, while it was light enough to see them, looked too dirty and miserable to invite us to seek shelter there. We went on in hope to find something better, until the dusk darkened rather quickly into night, from the thickness of the clouds which overspread the sky.

I did not know how far or how long we had walked, but I felt an extreme fatigue overtaking me. I could no longer see Catherine's face, nor had she spoken for some time, and I dared not ask her how she felt. The wind began to hurl past us in sudden gusts, and howl dismally among the trees which crowed the hedgerows and made our path darker. There was a vague, ominous roar, of a ghostly tone, somewhere in the black distance; whether of wind or sea I could not tell. We strayed somehow or other out of our road, and lost ourselves in a thick wood, which might prove to be one of those old forests of indefinite extent, where wolves find a lair, which still exist in France. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, a torrent of rain fell, pattering upon the autumn leaves with a multitudinous sound, and the sky grew blacker every minute, though we could still distinguish the ebony trunks and branches of the trees, enclosing us as in a net on every hand; and we could just make out, in a small hollow of an old trunk, a tiny white image of the Virgin in a bower of artificial white rose. Catherine sank down on the mass of dead leaves before it, and began to pray, while I stood by, listening to the howling of the fitful wind, and the deep, constant roar of the sea, if it was the sea, and shivering under the pelting rain-drops. There reached us at last the faint note of a bell tinkling far away.

"I am going to die," said Catherine, solemnly; "I hear the bell of the convent I have forsaken. It is the sign of approaching death. O, holy Mary, holy St. Catherine, have pity upon us!"

"Don't be foolish," I said, rather crossly, "it cannot be the convent-bell."

"I have heard it for sixteen years," she answered, "and I should know it among a thousand. I am going to die in this dreadful place."

"But why should I hear it, if it is you who are going to die?" I asked. "Come, let us make another effort to find a way out of this wood"

Nerved by despair, Catherine dragged herself up, and I drew her arm within mine. We found a path which soon brought us to the end of the coppice and into a lane, along which we pressed eagerly. I was resolved to insist upon being received into the first house we came to, and before long a line of light, glimmering through some persiennes, shone upon us. I groped at the gate for a bell-handle, and rang such a peal upon it as the inmates had not heard for a long time. The window was quietly opened, but not the persiennes, and a voice from behind them said, in English, "Who is there?"

I never was so near fainting in my life. It seemed as if some angel from heaven was speaking a celestial language, and I had scarcely courage to answer. When I did, I do not know what I said, but there was a run down stairs, and a rapid unfastening of the door, and a hospitable rush to the gate. It was still raining heavily, but in a minute we were within doors, and two elderly English ladies were gazing, in unmitigated amazement, upon our bedraggled and miserable aspect. I glanced at Catherine's abject appearance, and feeling myself safe from the perils of the night, I burst into a fit of almost hysterical laughter, in which the two ladies soon joined.

They told us next day that they had inhabited France during some years, dwelling in this little villa, just outside the town where our convent was. Catherine and I had returned by the very nearest route to the place from which we were flying, and it was indeed the convent-bell we had heard in the wood. We learned that our story was known, to the great mortification of the Superieure, and was then the topic of the day in the little town. But as we did not wish to be seen, and the ladies were anxious not to embroil themselves with the priestly power, we remained secreted in their house for some time, after despatching a second letter to M. de Forville.

But just realize, if you can, my anxiety, when day after day passed by, and no faithful Pierre arrived! I began to be gravely troubled, for what could I do with a renegade nun on my hands? As the slow days of waiting consumed themselves, her conscience, like most consciences in times of distress, grew outrageously sensitive; and she tormented herself and me without ceasing. I thought of my father and mother, and wondered what they would think if I had to carry Sister Catherine back with me to our English home. I went so far as a cowardly wish that I had never meddled in the loves of Pierre and Hortense de Forville; and my brain grew almost fevered with wondering why he did not come.

But all's well that ends well. Pierre never received my first letter,—posted in the letter-box near the convent,—and our second, and a third, which we wrote in our impatience, were sent after him to Rome; and, hearing from us, he started off instantly to come. He had concluded that Catherine's profession had been made at the Fete of St. Catherine, in December, and he had intended to be down in the town then, waiting to receive her if she quitted the convent. But all was right now he had come.

I saw him first. He was no longer a "beau cousin," but a sunburnt, travel-worn man, nearing forty, whose hair was tinged with gray, and his forehead wrinkled, as much with trouble as with years. He looked like a rock against which many a rough billow and fretting wave had broken. But I liked him very much, and very gently I tried to prepare him for the change sixteen years had made in his cousin.

"She is always my Hortense!" said M. de Forville.

Hearing that, I led him at once to the room where she was waiting for him. But don't tell me that he did not feel a great shock when his eyes first fell upon her, for he turned to me with a look of almost agonized interrogation. We had done our best in making a becoming dress for her; but still she looked a subdued, faded, gentle old maid, in place of the bright girl of fifteen, half child and half coquette, whom he had last seen. The shock was not so great on her side; though she trembled and hesitated, and greeted him with the graceful courtesy that Frenchwomen seem born to make. There was something very strange and sad in this meeting; something of pathos which I had not thought of beforehand; and I ran out of the room to hide my tears, leaving the lovers alone with one another.

I thought M. de Forville very quiet, and almost low-spirited, during the evening; but Catherine every hour grew visibly younger before our eyes. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend," says the Bible. How much more, then, does a man sharpen the countenance of a woman? It was droll to watch the convent frost thawing, and the innocent coquetries of the woman budding out,—nay, bursting into full bloom,—in Sister Catherine. Her eyes sparkled, a delicate color suffused her face, and her voice took a gayer and more musical tone. At last she laughed—a sweet, ringing, girlish laugh, as free from care as a child's—and Pierre started as if his ear had caught some magical tone. This was a creature more like his lost Hortense; that laugh had lived in his memory these sixteen years. He bent down his head, and laid his lips reverently and tenderly upon her hand.

We left the town the next day, and, to appease Catherine's troublesome conscience, we traveled direct to Rome, where

M. de Forville had already done what money and influence could do to obtain for her the Holy Father's dispensation from her vows, which she declared to be essential to her happiness. The whole case was so plainly one of fraud, that the kindly old Pope absolved Sister Catherine without difficulty, and gave her, as a wedding gift, a rosary blessed by himself, in place of the one she had forfeited in the convent. We journeyed back to Paris, where they were married as privately as possible, to avoid causing any greater scandal than was inevitable. Since then, Madame de Forville has plunged into the gayeties of the gayest city in the world, and bids fair to become one of the leaders of fashion. There is but one hope for her. After I have been home to visit my friends, I am to return, to accompany them on a long foreign tour, which is M. de Forville's passion. Both of them declare that I am as dear to them as a sister.

My sole regret is that the Pope did not insist upon his beloved daughter, Madame la Superieure, refunding Sister Catherine's dowry of seven thousand pounds.

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LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF A MASONIC HALL.

Lisburn, Ireland, October 6, 1867.

To-day the interesting and novel ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a new Masonic Hall took place a Cargycreevy, a district of country about four miles distant from this town. Owing to the peculiar nature of the ceremonials which are gone through on such occasions, large crowds from the immediate neighborhood, as well as from distant towns, congregated to witness the ceremony. The fair sex was also well represented, and the whole proceedings passed off with that *eclat* and enthusiasm which are so characteristic of such occasions in connection with the brotherhood. The principles of Freemasonry appear to have taken hold of the minds of a large section of the inhabitants of this district to a very considerable extent, and even those who have not immediately identified themselves with the society seem to appreciate the advantages which connection with it is calculated to confer, and seem to entertain a great amount of respect and esteem for the brotherhood—a sure test of the general high moral character pervading its members. The Lodge—No. 606, Cargycreevy—for whose use the hall is intended to be built, has been nearly a century in existence, and during that time, in the face of many obstacles and difficulties, has managed to maintain a creditable position. As is, unfortunately, the case with many similar associations, the brethren had hitherto been compelled to hold their meetings in a house of public entertainment in the neighborhood; but this having been found to be attended with great inconvenience, some of the members spiritedly determined to take steps to have a hall of their own erected. Their efforts were crowned with success, and liberal responses to their appeal for assistance flowed in from all quarters of the district, so that they soon found themselves in such a position as justified them in proceeding with the erection of the building. The building is intended to be 46 feet long by 24 feet wide. The lower portion will be set apart for carrying on some legitimate business in, and the upper stories will be used as Lodge rooms. The estimated cost of the whole building is about £600.

The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone was fixed for to-day, and Bro. Charles Lanyon, (M. P. for Belfast,) D. P. G. M., was requested to discharge the duty. From an early hour in the morning crowds of Masons and others from different parts of the country were constantly arriving, and shortly before two o'clock, the hour appointed for the ceremony to commence, several cars and 'busses arrived from Belfast, bringing a detachment of the brethren from that town.

The following Lodges, besides that of Cargycreevy, were represented: 1, 7, 10, 22, 24, 40, 51, 54, 59, 88, 97, 106, 111, 113, 142, 154, 178, 195, 272, 609, 683, 680, and included brethren from England, Cork, Dublin, Belfast, Lisburn, Carrickfergus, Hillsborough, Lurgan, Newtewnards, Ballynahinch, Ballykeel, and other places.

[Here follows the usual ceremony for laying corner-stones.—Ed.]

An invocation was then offered up by Bro. Mant, when the grand honors were given. Bro. Lanyon then delivered over to the architect, Bro. Kelly, the implements of his office—the square, level and plumb—addressing him in the usual form: "Worthy brother, having thus, as Grand Master of Masons, laid the foundation of this structure, I now deliver these implements of your profession into your hands, entrusting you with the superintendance and direction of this work, having full confidence in your skill and capacity to conduct the same."

Bro. Lanyon then addressed the assembly; after which the benediction was offered and the ceremony concluded. After the termination of this interesting spectacle, the brethren of Lodge 606 presented Bro. Lanyon with a beautiful silver trowel, which was specially prepared for the occasion by Bro. Gibson, Donegall Place Buildings, Belfast, and bore the following inscription, in addition to the Lanyon crest and the motto, "*viva et vivas :*" "Presented to the Right Worshipful Charles Lanyon, Esq., M. P., D. P. G. Master of Free masons, Belfast, and of North Down, by the brethren of Lodge 606, Cargycreevy, on the occasion of his laying the foundation-stone of the hall, on the 5th October, A. D. 1867, A. L, 5867.

The wooden Lodge-room, as well as the scene of the new building, were gaily decorated with banners and flags bearing Masonic devices and mottoes of various kinds. The flags and banners were supplied by Messrs. Geo. Phillips, Jr., & Co., 10 Waring street, Belfast, and were remarkably beautiful specimens of skill and workmanship.

The brethren then returned to the Lodge-room, where luncheon was provided for upwards of two hundred, by the members of Lodge 606.

The D. P. G. M. (Bro. Charles Lanyon) occupied the chair. Blessing was asked by Bro. Archdeacon Mant.

The Chairman said the first toast he had to propose was "The health of the Queen, and the Craft of Freemasonry." There was no toast that received a heartier cheer in assembly of Masons than the Queen. [Great cheering.] The Fraternity had ever been distinguished for their loyalty and attachment to the Throne. [Great applause.]

The toast was drunk amid every demonstration of enthusiasm, the cheering continuing for several minutes.

The Chairman, in proposing the next toast, said if the Queen had heard the cheers that had been given she would not have supposed there was any want of loyalty in Ireland. [Great Applause.] He now wanted them to drink the health of the three Grand Masters—the Duke Leinster, the Earl of Zetland, and James White, Esq. [Great applause.]

The toast was drunk with grand honors.

All the subsequent toasts were drunk with Masonic honors.

The Chairman then proposed "The Visiting Brethren," coupling with the toast the name of the venerable Archdeacon Mant, who, he said, was one of the oldest and best Masons in the province. [Applause.]

The toast was cordially received.

The venerable Archdeacon Mant, P. G. R. C., in responding, said: Right Worshipful Deputy Master, Worshipful Master of Lodge 606, of Cargycreevy, and brethren, I return you my sincere thanks on behalf of myself and the other visiting brethren whom the brethren of 606 have been kind enough to invite here, for the enthusiastic manner in which you have responded to the toast. [Hear, hear, and applause.] I feel greatly impressed by the personal compliment which your Chairman, the Right Worshipful Deputy District Grand Master, has paid to me by specially mentioning my name, and I assure you it has given me great pleasure to attend on this occasion, and contribute my services in furthering the business of the day. [Hear, hear, and applause.] I have attended here this day for the purpose of assisting in your labors, and for several reasons I feel happy at being permitted to do so. In the first place, it is peculiarly gratifying to find in a country place like this, at a considerable distance from any large town, a Lodge like that of 606, Cargycreevy, which has maintained its Masonic position in the County of Downs for eighty-five years. [Hear, hear, and great applause.] It is still more gratifying to find that they have exhibited the laudable desire of placing themselves in a more comfortable—may I say a more Masonic—position, by erecting a house of their own wherein to hold their meetings, so that in future they will not be constrained to assemble in houses of public entertainment, however respectable; and I would like to see the day that no Masonic Lodge will be obliged to meet in a room that does not belong to themselves. [Hear, hear, and applause.] But, besides, there is one reason why I expect gratification from coming here to-day—a gratification which, I may say, has been more than realized—which is, that however secret may be the internal ceremonies of Freemasonry—so secret that we dare not speak of them outside our Lodges—there are ceremonies, nevertheless, that may be exposed to the public gaze; and such was your ceremonial to-day. [Applause.] Brethren, while we retain, as we have reason to do inside the doors of our Lodges, and within the lodges of our own breasts, too, the secret of Freemasonry, which are not allowed to be promulgated, we are not ashamed to let it be known that we belong to that ancient and honorable Order—we are not ashamed to let the public, in any place whatever, witness such a ceremonial as we had to-day. [Applause.] There we have no secrets—there is nothing which the world at large may not know—and there is nothing transacted in it at all but what can tend to the honor and credit of the Society. A number of well-informed, educated, respectable men, such as I see about me now, and that, representing nearly all classes in society, meet together, and what can be more honorable? in public, under the canopy of heaven, and under the eye of the Great Architect of the Universe, for the purpose of asking His blessing at the laying of a foundation-stone of a Masonic Hall. [Applause.] Brethren, while we celebrate our mysteries within the *penetralia* of our Lodges, or while we perform those solemn rites we have been engaged in to-day, under the eye of Heaven, and in the presence of the public, let us never forget how we are bound together by the three grand principles of brotherly love, relief and truth. But while we retain within our Lodges those secrets which must not be promulgated beyond them, let us remember that every one of us, if he really intends to understand the principles of Masonry, must, as it were, establish within his own breast a lodge, in which he may privately with himself celebrate those mysteries, and keep up the knowledge of them, not by merely being an occasional working Mason in the Lodges, much less in the conviviality afterward. [Applause.] Let him remember that, from the moment he is admitted into the community, and until that solemn hour when he shall be called into the Grand Lodge above the mysteries of Freemasonry, ought to be the guiding-mark and light of his heart and life. [Great applause.] Brethren, on behalf of my brethren and myself, I thank you—we thank you—for the hospitable manner in which we have been received. We are delighted at the privilege of being present at such a suggestive ceremonial, and we hope it will not be long before, in some place or other—perhaps in the metropolis of the North [applause]—you will be invited to witness another such ceremonial. I drink all your healths, and God bless you. [Applause.]

Bro. Shaw also briefly responded.—*Belfast News Letter.*

J. R. GORIN,

M. W. G. M. OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS.

We have much satisfaction in being able to present the readers of the VOICE with a portrait of the WORTHY GRAND MASTER of this State, at the beginning of this volume, the sixth of our new series.

Our exalted Brother was born in Hopkinsville, Christian County, Kentucky, October 12, 1817. Removed, with his parents, to Vandalia, Illinois, in April, 1828. Moved to Decatur, Illinois, his present residence, in 1833. Studied Law, and was admitted to the Bar, in 1842; continued in the practice until 1848, when he removed to Taylorville, Illinois, and engaged in the mercantile business, where he remained five years; then removed back to Decatur, continuing in the mercantile business until 1858, when he engaged in the banking business, continuing in it to the present time, and is now a member of the firm of J. Millikin & Co., bankers, of that place. So far, our readers will be glad to observe, that our Grand Master has been, and still is, in a pecuniary sense, a prosperous man. We now come to that part of his history which is eminently interesting to the Masonic world at large.

Brother Gorin was initiated and passed in October, 1841, and raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason, November, 1841, in Macon Lodge, No. 8, and, in progress of Masonic career, served that Lodge as Secretary, Treasurer, Senior Warden and Worshipful Master. In the last, and its highest office, filled the chair altogether eight years—six years in succession. In 1866, however, he declined to be re-elected, being at that time Worshipful Master. While at at Taylorville he assisted in organizing Mound Lodge, No. 122, and was its first Master, holding that station up to the time of leaving there in 1853. In 1856 he was elected Senior Warden of Macon Lodge, No. 8, but being in the employ of the Government in Minnesota, in 1857, did not attend the Lodge that year.

In progress of his Masonic life, our Brother was elected Grand Senior Warden in 1862; Deputy Grand Master in 1863, and again in 1865. He was acting Grand Master during the greater portion of the years 1865–66—Brother Bromwell, the Most Worshipful Grand Master being in Congress. In 1866 Brother Gorin was elected Most Worshipful Grand Master, and again in 1857, which position he now holds.

The other Orders of Masonry, also, have benefited by the aid and counsel of our Worthy Brother. Taking the Chapter Degrees in Springfield Chapter, No. 1, in 1842; the Orders of Knighthood in Belvidere Commandery, at Alton, Illinois, in 1857, and the A. & A. Scotish Rite, in Chicago, in March, 1866, while at this moment he holds, in the Grand Commandery, the office of Deputy Grand Commander of the State.

The office of Grand Master is one of much labor, as well as one of care and anxiety. In the discharge of public duties, it has fallen to Brother Gorin to have many and important to perform. In September, 1866, as Deputy Grand Master, he assisted in laying the corner-stone of the Douglas Monument, at Chicago, which the excitement of the presence of the President of the United States rendered much more onerous and imposing. On the 25th of March, 1867, as Grand Master, he laid the corner-stone of the new Water Works at Chicago, prefacing the ceremonies by remarks, which were correctly reported by the daily press at the time, and on which occasion he was presented with a beautiful Silver Trowel, with an inscription commemorative of the event. On the 17th of June, 1867, he laid the corner-stone of the United States Post Office and Court House, in Springfield, Illinois; and on the 25th day of September last, the corner-stone of the Rail Road Bridge at Quincy, spanning the magnificent Mississippi River, one of those grand events which are constantly occurring in the advance of science and extension of civilization.

"Westward the track of Empire takes its way."

To aspire to a distinguished position in any public office in the gift of a Free people, is a worthy ambition; but after being elected, or appointed, to discharge its obligations truthfully, faithfully and well, is still more noble and meritorious. Such, however, has been the Masonic course of our exalted Brother; and while we despise unmeaning flatteries, we are glad to be able to say, that the record of our Most Worshipful Brother, Grand Master Gorin, has been such as to entitle him to the esteem and confidence of the entire fraternity. We have written this very imperfect sketch, with a conviction that we have hardly done our duty, for the want of sufficient data to amplify our remarks; at the same time we feel that any fulsome laudation would be alike not pleasant to himself or the Brotherhood at large.

THE BEACON-WINDOW.

BY BROTHER, HON. GAYLORD J. CLARKE, OF PLATESMOUTH, NEBRASKA.

Our readers cannot but admire the following exquisite poetry, by one of the brightest of Nebraska Masons.—Ed. *Voice.*

[Jean Ingelow, in a pleasant article entitled "*A Story of Long Ago,*" tells of a young girl, daughter of a fisherman, who, by the rocky coast of a northern bay, watched for the return of her father during a wild and stormy night, and in the morning found his lifeless body on the shore. The night after his burial she placed a lighted candle in the casement, as a beacon to the fishermen and a guide. For fifty years she has kept the light carefully trimmed; has supported herself by spinning, and has "slept in the sunshine."]

By the shore of a northern bay,
  In a fisherman's cot, a child
At the window stood, on a night of storm,
  Staring out on the waters wild:—
Unheeded her prayers and tears,
  Unheeded her wringing of hands,
For the morning saw her father's form,
  Bruised, lifeless, on the sands!

She stood by her cherished dead,
  And her mother's grave in tears,
With no voice to soothe, nor hand to lead
  Through the wilderness of years;
Then, great with a grand resolve,
  When came the solemn night,
A taper she in the window placed,
  To serve as a beacon light.

This was fifty years ago!
  And still by that stormy shore
The self-same watcher trims the light
  As in the years of yore;
She spins, while the dreary hours go by
  From dusk to the morning beams,
Then her soul is borne on the bark of sleep
  Down the golden tide of dreams.

And thus the fishermen shun the rocks,
  And bless her unawares;
While their children love her, and their wives
  Remember her in their prayers;
And happy, though wrinkled and old,
  'Tis the joy of her life to know
That she may have kept from some woman's heart
  A grief—from some child's a woe!

Ah, many the gallant deed
  Recorded by glowing pen,
And many the noble sacrifice
  For the good of one's fellow-men;
But neither does history's page,
  Nor the poet's rhyme rehearse
Of a purer soul, or more guileless life,
  Than I tell in this simple verse.

Ye watchers, who o'er life's sea
  Would throw a gladdening ray,
Think, when the shadows of doubt arise,
  Of her by that rocky bay,
Of the gloom of the moonless nights,
  Of the storm and the vigil long,
Of the fishermen's boats and the taper's gleam,
  Then patient be, and strong!

Editor's Trestle-Board and Quarry.

CHICAGO.

Oriental Lodge, No. 33, F. & A. M.—The Annual Communication was held on Friday evening, December 20, 1867. Officers for the ensuing year were elected and appointed as follows: William G. Swan, Worshipful Master; Edwin Powell, Senior Warden; F. P. Cram, Junior Warden; A. G. Burley, Treasurer; E. N. Tucker Secretary; E. B. Bennett, Senior Deacon; A. E. Clark, Junior Deacon; J. A. Poor, Senior Steward; T. D. Snyder, Junior Steward; J. C. W. Bailey, Chaplain; J. P. Ferns, Tyler.

Mr. Swan is probably the youngest Master of a Lodge in the State, if not in the country, and it was no slight honor to place him at the head of the oldest Lodge in Chicago.

On this occasion a very pleasant episode occured, which produced much pleasure to the members and visitors. W. M. John W. Clyde, having signified his intention to retire from the Chair, the members determined to make him a present, in token of their esteem for his attention to his duties and success in the discharge of them, and as a memento of their kindest regards. P. M., Dr. J. V. Z. Blaney, was selected to discharge the duty of presentation, which he did in a few well-chosen words, expressive of the kindest sentiments of the members to their late Worshipful Master, and presenting him, at the close of his remarks, with a case, which, as we subsequently learned, contained a large and beautiful gold watch, of the value of $200, and also a check for the handsome sum of $300. It was, of course, "so unexpected to him, that he felt hardly capable of returning his heartfelt thanks, and only regretted that he had not better deserved the handsome memento, so kindly and warmly presented.

Upon the watch was the following inscription: "To Worshipful Master John W. Clyde; a token of esteem from his friends, the members of Oriental Lodge, No. 33, A. F. and A. M., 1867."

—A special communication of the H. W. Bigelow Lodge, No. 438, A. F. and A. M., was held at Masonic Temple, when the following officers, previously elected and appointed, were installed for the ensuing masonic year: Wm. Lapham, W. M.; J. L. Spafford, S. W.; George Tapper, J. W.; H. P. Kellogg, Treasurer; Wm. W. Lock, Secretary; Charles P. Silva, S. D.; Alfred Stokes, J. D.; N. P. Loberg, S. S.; John Davison, J. S.; John P. Ferns, Tyler.

After the installation, Mr. Barber, in behalf of the brethren, presented Worshipful Master Lapham with a beautiful watch and chain, which was feelingly responded to by the recipient. The watch is a very elegant affair, of American manufacture, and valued at over three hundred dollars.

—At the regular communication of Hesperia Lodge, No. 411, F. & A. M., held on Wednesday evening, December 11, the following officers were elected: C. H. Brenan, W. M.; J. Hennersheets, S. W.; E. C. Hubbard, J. W.; A. M. Bennett, Treasurer; C. H. Felton, Secretary; D. L. Seymour, S. D.; C. A. Hurlbut, J. D.; W. L. Brown, S. S.; P. Milleman, J. S.; J. P. Hatfield, Tyler.

—At a regular communication of Kilwinning Lodge, No. 311, A. F. & A. M., held on Thursday evening, December 19, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: R. G. Lucas, W. M.; A. M. Thomson, S. W.; John I. Law less, J. W.; S. H. Donaldson, Treasurer; Elam Fuller, Secretary.

—At a regular annual communication of Chicago Lodge, No. 437, A. F. & A. M., the following officers were duly elected: M. Shield, W. M.; L. Wampold, S. W.; N. Neuburger, J. W.; M. Kohn, Treasurer; Chas. Cohen, Secretary; D. Untermeyer, S. D.; T. Goldschmidt, J. D.; J. Schlossmann, S. S.; M. Pflaum, J. S.; D. Marcuse, Tyler.

—At the annual conclave of Chicago Commandery, No. 19, K. T., held at their Asylum, on Monday evening, December 16, A. D. 1867, the following officers were elected, viz.: Sir George Gardner, Em. Commander; Sir Ammi M. Bennett, Generalissimo; Sir George F. Letz, Captain General; Sir John C. Fuller, Prelate; Sir Charles McFarland, Senior Warden; Sir Arthur R. Atkins, Junior Warden; Sir George H. Gibson, Treasurer; Sir John Whitley, Recorder; Sir Truman W. Steele, Standard Bearer; Sir James Irons, Sword Bearer; Sir E. Clarence Hubbard, Warder; Sir Moses Gray, Captain of the Guards; Sir Reuben Cleveland, 3rd Guard;

Sir Albert G. Lull, 2d Guard; Sir Arnold H. Vanzwoll, 1st Guard; Sir Moses Gray, Senior Steward; Sir James G. Smeal, Junior Steward.

—At the annual communication of Garden City Lodge, No. 141, held December 18, the following officers were re-elected for the ensuing year: G. W. Barnard, W. M.; H. F. Holcomb, S. W.; A. Bauch, J. W.; H. Starring, Treas.; C. H. Lillibridge, Sec.; H. A. Cole, S. D.; C. F. G. Steuder, J. D.; E. Addy, Tyler.

—At the regular annual convocation of LaFayette Chapter, No. 2, R. A. M., held at their Hall in the Masonic Temple, Monday evening, December 9th, the following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing Masonic year, viz.: M. E. James H. Miles, H. P.; Samuel Brown, K.; A. W. Hitchcock, S.; Wm. E. Wheeler, C. H.; Henry C. Berry, P. S.; H. W. Bigelow, Treasurer; E. N. Tucker, Secretary; W. R. Stubbefield, R. A. C.; Moses N. Fuller, M. 3d V.; W. F. Adams, M. 2d V.; F. P. Cram, M. 1st V.; L. K. Osborn, Tyler. Stewards: R. H. Foss, W. H. Turner, E. R. Burnhum.

—At the regular and annual conclave of Chicago Council, No. 4, R. and S. M., held at their hall in the Masonic Temple, Wednesday evening, December 4, the following officers were elected and installed for the ensuing year: James H. Miles, T. I. G. M.; Edward Cook, D. I. G. M.; Moses N. Fuller, P. C. of W.; George P. Lyon, Captain of Guards; H. W. Bigelow, Treasurer; E. N. Tucker, Recorder; C. R. Vandercook, Steward; L. K. Osborn, Sentinel.

—At the annual communication of Cleveland Lodge, No. 211, A. F. & A. M., held Thursday evening, December 19, 1867, the following officers were duly elected and installed: Reuben Cleveland, W. M.; Arthur R. Atkins, S. W.; John McLaren, J. W.; Geo. H. Gibson, Treas; John Whitley, Sec.; R. G. Stevens, S. D.; R. H. Duffy, J. D.; Moses Gray, T.

—At the annual convocation of Washington Chapter, No. 43, R. A. M., held Friday evening, December 13, 1867, the following officers were duly elected for the ensuing year: Ammi M. Bennett, M. E. H. P.; Arthur R. Atkins, E. K.; Wm. W. Kennedy, E. S.; John H. Sanborn, C. H.; Peter Button, P. S.; John McLaren, R. A. C.; George H. Gibson, Treasurer; John Whitley, Secretary; A. J. Lewis, G. M. 3d V.; C. E. Leonard, G. M. 2d V.; Edward Addy, G. M. 1st V.; W. M. Eagan, T.

Freeport Chapter, No. 23.—The annual election of this body took place recently. The following persons were elected for the ensuing year, 1868 :

E. L. Cronkite, H. P.; L. T. Lemon, K.; W. L. Beebe, S.; C. H. Packard, C. H.; W. S. Best, P. S.; J. W. Neff, R. A. C.; J. R. Lemon, Treasurer; S. C. Buckman, Secretary; Levi Martin, Tyler.

Freeport Commandery, No. 7.—The annual election of this body took place at their Asylum recently. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year, 1868:

N. F. Prentice, E. C.; Robert Little, G.; F. W. S. Brawley, C. G.; M. D. Chamberlin, P.; J. A. Grimes, S. W.; L. T. Lemon, R.; E. L. Cronkite, T.; W. W. Waddell, Standard Bearer; J. S. McCall, Sword Bearer; C. H. Packard, W.; Levi Martin, Captain of Guards.

Excelsior Lodge, No. 97, A. F. and A. M.—The annual election of this body also took place recently, and resulted in the selection of the following officers for the ensuing year, 1868:

M. D. Chamberlin, W. M.; W. L. Beebe, S. W.; J. Arthur, J. W.; Jacob Krohn, Treasurer; S. C. Buckman, Secretary; Levi Martin, Tyler.

M. R. Thompson Lodge, No. 381, A. F. and A. M.—The annual election of this body took place recently, and resulted in the election of the following officers for the ensuing year, 1868:

L. T. Lemon, W. M.; J. W. Neff, S. W.; T. D. Wilcoxen, J. W.; J. S. Best, Secretary; Robert Little, Treasurer; Levi Martin, Tyler.

Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.—The Annual Grand Communication of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania was held in the Masonic Temple, Chestnut street, on Friday morning, the 27th instant, (St. John's Day,) Richard Vaux, Acting R. W. Grand Master, and the other Grand Officers being present.

The following named brethren elected at the Quarterly Grand Communication, held on the 4th instant, were duly installed in their respective stations in ancient and solemn form:

Richard Vaux, R. W. Grand Master; Robert A. Lambertson, R. W. D. Grand Master; Samuel C. Perkins, R. W. S. G. Warden; Alfred R. Potter, R. W. J. G. Warden; Peter Williamson, R. W. G. Treasurer; John Thompson, R. W. G. Secretary.

The Grand Master then delivered a most impressive address.

—The following are the newly elected and appointed officers of Metomen (Wisconsin) Lodge, No. 147, F. and A. M., of this village:

Jas. McClellan, W. M.; A. O. D. Kelly, S. W.; W. Irwin, J. W.; Geo. M. West, Secretary; Jno. Wormwood, T.; H. A. Brown, S. D.; T. Ivers, J. D.; A. J. Yorty and H. R. O'Hara, Stewards; A. Butts, Tyler.

—The following are the newly-elected officers of Ripon (Wisconsin) Lodge, No. 95, F. and A. M.:

H. L. Barnes, W. M.; E. Babcock, S. W.; T. Harris, J. W.; H. T. Henton, Treasurer; Wm. Workman, Secretary; L. F. Shephard, S. D.; Geo. Goodfellow, J. D.; R. G. Chadbourne, Tyler.

—The following are the officers elect in Rosendale (Wisconsin) Lodge:

W. L. Vincent, W. M.; Chas. F. Anderson, S. W.; O. F. Lewis, J. W.; Storrs Hall, Treasurer; L. Anderson, Secretary; W. Anderson, S. D.; Henry Graffum, J. D.; George Nelson, Tyler.

—The following officers of Waupun (Wisconsin) Lodge, No. 49, for the ensuing year, elected at the last regular communication, were installed:

Robert, Cosgrove, W. M.; W. H. Taylor, S. W.; J. N. Ackerman, J. W.; R. W. Wells, Treasurer; M. C. Short, Secretary; S. J. Sumner, S. D.; E. M. Beach, J. D.; J. W. Whitney, G. W. Stanton, Stewards.

—Dryden, Michigan, Lodge, No. 150, of F. & A. Masons, appropriately celebrated the 27th of December, by a Public Installation of its Officers. At early candle-light their large and commodious hall was well filled by the members of the Lodge, their families and friends, who had assembled to witness the ceremonies and participate in the festivities of the occasion. The Lodge was called to order by Bro. N. B. Eldridge, W. M.

The exercises were commenced with a prayer by the Chaplain. An appropriate piece was then sung by the members of Dryden Eastern Star Lodge.

A letter was then read, written by Brother Snyder, of Oxford, who had been invited to deliver an address, regretting that he could not comply with the request of the Lodge, on account of a previous engagement.

Brother N. B. Eldridge delivered an appropriate valedictory address to the members of the Lodge before vacating the Chair.

The following persons having been previously elected and appointed, were duly installed officers for the ensuing year:

Brothers Miner Fuller, W. M.; Yates Fungerson, S. W.; S. M. Hall, J. W.; Wm. Quatermass, Treasurer; J. C. Lamb, Secretary; N. B. Eldridge, S. D.; Alson Spencer, J. D.; William North, Chaplain; Levi Signons, Marshal; Horace Tripp and J. T. Sutherland, Stewards; Wm. Terry, Tyler.

After a brief intermission, the officers of Dryden Eastern Star Lodge were installed, by Brother J. C. Lamb, who officiated as Grand President for the occasion. This was altogether a new feature in the proceedings, and added very much to the interest of the occasion. The regalia worn by the officers is very beautiful, on account of the variety of colors displayed.

Brother William Worth being called upon, made some very neat, appropriate and well-timed remarks, which were listened to with marked attention, by an intelligent and appreciative audience.

Another appropriate piece was then sung by the Sisters of the Eastern Star Lodge.

Refreshments were served in the hall to all present. An hour or two was then passed in social and friendly greetings. About eleven o'clock the company dispersed, expressing themselves well pleased.

—At a regular meeting of Smith Chapter, No. 13, R. A. M., LaCrosse, Wisconsin, held December 11th, the following officers were elected and appointed for the ensuing year: Harvey E. Hubbard, M. E. H. P.; Adalbert Mœller, E. K.; Wm. L. Kennett, E. S.; John M. Levy, Treas.; John C. Bennett, Sec.; Wm. H. Rawlinson, C. H.; Charles Bunting, P. S.; George M. Leach, R. A. C.; Joseph Rawlinson, M. 3d V.; Justice W. Toms, M. 2d V.; John W. Robinson, M. 1st V.; B. Liverman, G.

—Hartford Lodge, No. 508, F. & A. M., Hartford, New York. We are requested to publish the new officers, as follows: B. M. Hughes, W. M.; D. Hinds, S. W.; T. A. Brayton, J. W.; S. Hatch, Treas.; J. Naston, Sec.; B. F. Whitmore, S. D.; W. Tolman, J. D.

—Hartford Chapter, No. 192—officers for 1868: W. H. Rome, H. P.; T. A. Brayton, K.; J. Norton, S.; B. M. Hughes, C. H.; Z. D. Northrup, P. S.; R. D. Rowe, R. A. C.; S. Hatch, Treas.; W. E. Congdon, Sec.; E. Clon, Tyler.

—Grafton Centre, N. H., Mount Moriah Lodge, No. 22, F. & A. M.: Stephen Fellows, W. M.; Horace Webster, S. W.; J. B. Beloit, J. W.; J. T. Flavel, Treas.; J. W. Kelton, Sec.

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COMMUNICATIONS.—Brother William Galland, of Bolivar, Missouri, in renewing his subscription for the VOICE, takes occasion to say of my "Dictionary of Freemasonry"—"Brother Morris has excelled himself. This book should be on the shelf of every Masonic student. Even his enemies must acknowledge the merit of this work. It would have simply been human to find on the pages of such a work, some allusion to the persecutions with which Brother Morris has been assailed, but his caluminators will look in vain for such notice."

Iowa City.—Brother J. Norwood Clark writes: "We celebrated yesterday, (December 27th,) in fine style. The two Lodges met, and after opening and closing, the Ladies were introduced, and the Eastern Star Degrees conferred upon 25 of the wives, widows and daughters of Master Masons,"—a good time in which the writer expresses an opinion that our "humble self would shake his sides," &c. Well, well, the "oysters" must have had a powerful effect to do that.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.—*Grand Lodge of Missouri.* We have to acknowledge receiving a copy of the proceedings of this Grand Lodge we suppose from Bro. Geo. Frank Gouley, the Grand Secretary of this State—a splendid volume of 495 pages, full of the most interesting Masonic intelligence, and got up in a style to do credit to the judgment and skill of compiler and printer. The foreign correspondence is very full, and of great interest. We hope to dip into it very shortly and extract some of the noble sentiments recorded, and indeed also the Grand Masters address to the Grand Lodge.

Grand Commandery Knights Templar of Missouri is also received, being the proceedings of the Seventh Annual Conclave—an excellent production.

Royal Arch Masons of Ohio.—Proceedings of the Grand Chapter at the Fifty-first Annual Communication is also received. We presume from Comp. John D. Caldwell, the Grand Secretary. This is splendidly gotten up and beautifully printed.

We thank these brethren sincerely.

Illinois Grand Lodge Proceedings.—We have received this excellent compilation, from Brother Reynolds, the Grand Secretary, who will accept our thanks. We hope to refer to important items therein at the earliest moment of a subsequent issue.

New Hampshire Grand Lodge Proceedings.—Presented by Brother I. W. Fellows. We thank the Brother for this excellent work.

We have also received the London *Freemasons' Magazine.* The publishers will accept our thanks, and may expect the VOICE in exchange.

THE

VOICE OF MASONRY

DEVOTED TO

MASONIC AND GENERAL LITERATURE,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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FREEMASONRY AND THE HOLY LAND.

It would seem to ordinary students of Masonic traditions, a self-evident proposition, that everything relative to the Holy Scriptures and the Holy Land,—their geography, history, ancient manners and customs of the people, local traditions, religious dialects,—in short, all that so much occupies the attention of the learned and zealous in divine things, has equal charms to advocates of the Freemasons' art. That all would

"Yearn to climb Moriah's Hill,
"Once crowned with unexampled skill,
"Where *Hiram* planned and *Hiram* wrought,
"Perfection of Masonic thought."

And so, in general, it is. The very large patronage granted to the Masonic Exploration of Palestine now on foot, under charge of Bro. Rob Morris,—a patronage exceeding everything heretofore extended by Freemasons in this country, to any proposition not strictly local,—proves that our fraternity are quite awake to their duty in relation to the "Motherland" of their Society. The hopes of thousands have gone with Brother Morris in his adventurous attempt to develop the hidden truths of Freemasonry and the Bible.

We have been surprised, therefore, to read in a letter directed to the (London) *Freemason's Magazine*, by Brother J. G. Findel, a German Mason, a series of the most positive denials that Freemasonry has anything whatever to do with the Holy Land. In his letter he affirms that the "so-called traditions" concerning Joppa, and Lebanon, and Jerusalem, are ridiculous stories, with no shadow of foundation; myths, unworthy the attention of sensible men; and that while Bro. Morris will be made heartily welcome by the German Masons and afforded every opportunity to study the history and condition of the Craft in that country, he will, nevertheless, meet no encouragement from them in an attempt to derive light where no Masonic light has ever shone.

All this means, if it means anything, that Freemasonry, according to the theory of this German brother, is as far removed from the idea of the Holy Scriptures as from the Holy Land. We believe that Brother Findel is at accord with those French Masons who deny the Bible its traditional place in the lodge as part of its furniture, and who would even permit an atheist to affiliate with them in Masonic ties. This is what Brother Findel means, then, and as he represents, in this belief, a large class of "destructionists," (we can call them by no milder term,) whose representatives are not wanting even in this country, we will devote some space to this question.

The differences between what Brother Findel and the Continental writers generally denominate *Freemasonry* and the institution so entitled in this country, are so numerous and radical as to render it difficult to credit that they both sprang from the same source, viz., the Grand Lodge of England, organized in its present form in 1717. Yet this fact is too well substantiated to doubt it. All the Grand and Subordinate Lodges now at work in Germany, France, and every other part of Europe, (and for that matter, the entire world, except it may be, one lodge in Scotland,) owe their life to that source Yet in the eyes of Brother Findel, and his co-adjutors, the following allegations are credited, viz.:—

1. There are but two legitimate degrees in Masonry, viz., the Entered Apprentice and Fellow Craft; the third, the Master Mason, has been surreptitiously introduced within the past two centuries.

2. Freemasonry itself is but the outgrowth of some European operative associations, comparatively modern in age, and possesses *per se*, no moral or religious basis.

3. All the emblems, symbols, and hieroglyphical devices which refer to anything save the mediæval labors of the Operative Builders, are innovations in the Masonic system.

4. All allusions to Scriptural facts and doctrines,—all traditions of Tyre, and Lebanon, and Joppa, and Jerusalem,—all exemplifications of "passing into the Middle Chamber," "undergoing trials of fortitude," and the like, are ludicrous attempts at histrionic display, or foisting unauthorized subjects into the rituals, *simple et pur*, as handed down from our Gothic brethren.

5. Obligations "partaking of the nature of an oath," have no place. A simple (*very* simple, indeed!) affirmation *upon honor* is the only tie.

We might go on and add to this astounding array of innovations made by German and Continental Masons in the system of Freemasonry given them a century ago from England, but our readers, from these examples, can draw their own conclusions. Nor will they be surprised when we tell them that an avowed atheist (we allude to Voltaire,) found no difficulty in gaining admission to a French lodge; that in many parts of Europe the lodges are properly denounced by Government as "carbonari," that is, plotting bands of politicians only next to conspirators; and that few of the solid class of society become Masons there.

These facts,—to which many others of similar character might be appended,—are the best comments upon the miserable innovations introduced into European Freemasonry, in excluding the Bible and its doctrines, and cutting down the system to a naked, jejune debating society. If any think us too harsh in these remarks, we cite them to Brother Findel's own paper, "*Die Barhutte,*" the only Masonic journal, we believe, in all Germany. Admiting the learning and talent embodied in its pages, yet what a sapless, bloodless affair it is to represent a great institution. Filled up, from issue to issue, with long, dreary dissertations,—wanting in the charms of Scriptural inspiration, of poetry, of traditional graces, of emblematical inculcations, it is as wearisome to the soul to read an issue of "*Die Barhutte*" as a stray copy of one of our "Historical Magazines," and about as profitless.

We declare our faith in the Biblical traditions of Blue Lodge Masonry as practiced in the United States and, generally, in all English lodges, or lodges working in the English tongue.* We believe that King Solomon adapted the Operative and Philosophical mysteries in vogue in Phœnicia, to the purposes of inculcating faith in one God, and the brotherhood of man, as the children of one God; in a divine law, contained in inspired revelations from God; in a promised Messiah; in short, in all that the law and the prophets, from Moses to Malachi, teach. That when by inspiration,—for Solomon had much of the gift of inspiration,—he conceived the great plan of his life, THE TEMPLE, he drew from the neighboring realm of Phœnicia, men already expert in the mystical lore of their country, as well as in the arts of building and navigation, and to their leaders imparted, under solemn pledges of secresy and fraternity, his plan. That Hiram, the Phœnician King, approved that plan in its entirety, and entered heartily upon it. That the measure of progress in the erections and substructures about Mount Moriah was made the measure of progress in the speculative erections styled

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* The legitimate German lodges in the United States work by rituals which are substantially translations of ours. Therefore, our subsequent remarks will apply equally to them. In all respects, the American German lodges are worthy of praise.

Freemasonry, so that when the Temple was begun, Freemasonry was begun; when the immense Platform was builded up, the Freemasonic platform was finished; when the corner-stone of the one was planted, it symbolized a similar act to the other; and finally, when the last key-stone was inserted, and the Divine approval made known by the descent of the cloud and actual fire, the shouts of the 153,300 builders denoted the completion of a Moral Temple, that it was promised should last to the utmost limit of earthly history.

Believing this, we follow the history of the Solomonic Temple through all its vicissitudes,—its repeated desecrations and despoliations—its lamentable fate in the year B. C. 588,—its rebuilding by Zerubbabel and his companions—its subsequent separation by Judas and his companions, four hundred years later; its splendid resuscitation by Herod the Great, and its final incineration by Titus—we follow all these vicissitudes of eleven hundred years as the history of Speculative Masonry; the fortunes of the one are equally the fortunes of the other.

Believing this, we look into the sacred groves of Lebanon, and into the Colton Megara Cavern under Jerusalem, whence the timber and stone were procured that erected those first, second and third edifices, as we look into a community of good, Bible-believing, God-worshiping men, whence the best materials for the Masonic lodge are to be derived.

Believing this, we believe that Tyre, and Joppa, and Jerusalem are so many Masonic centres, historically our possessions, to be studied as one studies in advanced years, the land of his birth. That every block of stone, having upon it the peculiar mark denoting its "Hebraeo-Phœnician" origin (we mean the *rebate*, commonly styled the *bevel*), is an object worthy of a Freemason's study, and which, if interrogated, will give out Masonic light. That the land of Palestine, with all its ruins of those far-distant days, its aqueducts, tombs, and quarries, is a genuine Masonic trestle-board, most worthy of all, to be studied by those who have the literary interests of the Masonic society at heart.

And believing this, we propose to do our humble part to replant Freemasonry in the Holy soil, so long barren to its growth. And to encourage all the Craft to unite in the Exploration of the Holy Land, as the greatest and noblest enterprise open to an institution now numbering, in the United States, more than a quarter million of individuals.

CHIVALRY—THE SQUIRE AND KNIGHT.

This military dignity cannot, it is thought by some authors, be traced in its origin to any particular epoch, but as an institution it appears to have grown so gradually as to escape the attention of the rude chroniclers of the Iron age. In the midst of the rudeness of such times, it is natural to suppose that there were some loftier and more generous spirits than others, and that these may have entered into some combination for mutual aid. This may have been gradually strengthened by rules and ceremonies which, when the authority of the Church began to be resorted to on all occasions, may have acquired a religious character; and so the temporary combination may have become a permanent institution, and admission into it an object of ambition to the noble and the brave. The spirit of chivalry, however, was not merely military and religious, but likewise gallant and polite; and the reason was that the oppressed persons, whom it was the object of the Knights (called Chevaliers, or horsemen,) to rescue, were chiefly ladies; for instance, widows and orphans who had lost their natural protectors. This association of the sexes softened and refined the manners of these soldiers, and led at last to a result which all the poetry and philosophy of the Greeks and Romans failed to produce in the society of the ancient world, namely, the elegant intercourse of the present day.

The mutual dependence of "the fair and the brave," as the old romances say, is beautifully described, thus:

> "It hath been through all ages ever seen,
> That with the praise of arms and chivalry
> The prize of beauty still hath joined been,
> And that for reason's special priority;
> For either doth on other much rely;
> For he me seems most fit the fair to serve
> That can her best defend from villainy;
> And she most fit his service doth deserve
> That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve."

The youth who aspired one day to become a Knight, was brought up from his seventh year in the house of some distinguished member of the Order, where he served, in the first place, as Page. His first education was received from the ladies of the family, but at fourteen he was enlisted, if he had conducted himself well, to assume the arms of a Squire. The ceremony took place in the chapel, where he was led up to the altar by his natural guardians, and presented to the officiating priest. The priest took a sword and a girdle from the holy place, and advancing towards him, bound the girdle around him. "Sir Page," said he, "you are now about to ascend another step in the path of honor and virtue you have chosen. The weapon with which I now invest you is for use not play. Depart, Sir Squire, and see that you use it aright in the cause of God and for the honor of noble chivalry." As a Squire, he passed through the office of Squire of the Chamber, then of the Table, then of the Wine-Cellar, then of the Pantry, then of the Stable, and at length, having gone through all the kinds of services in the house, he became the Squire of the Body, or Squire of Honor. The Squire, although the servant, was yet the equal of the family, and these often vied with each other for the hands of noble ladies in the dance that followed the feasts, and more especially those of their lord's daughters. Games of various kinds were also played between the dances; but out of doors the amusements of the Squires were running, wrestling, and riding. Some could leap upon horseback, armed from head to foot, without using the stirrup; and some, unarmed, would spring upon the shoulders of a man sitting in the saddle.

At the age of twenty-one the Squire, if his lord consented, might become a Knight. He was prepared for the ceremony by being subjected to rigorous fasts, and he watched his arms as it was called, in a chapel for several nights, spending the time in prayer. He then received the Sacrament, bathed and was put into a bed of state; his lord telling him that "by his chivalry he must conquer for himself another bed in the city of Paradise." After a time he was assisted to arise, and clothed in a robe of white linen; he then made confession on his knees before a priest, who afterwards pronounced a discourse on the Christian faith and duties. The Squire now proceeded to the altar and delivered his sword to the officiating priest who, having blessed, returned it. He then knelt down before his lord and offered him the consecrated weapon. "Sir," demanded the lord, "for what purpose do you desire to be girded with the sword of a Knight?" "My lord," replied the aspirant, "my purpose tends solely to the advancement of our holy religion, and the honor of noble chivalry." "It is well. Approach, noble damsels, and arm the servant of God and of the fair!" The ladies now came forward and kneeling by the side of the Squire, fastened on his gilded spurs, and then assisted in accoutering him in his hauberk, or coat of mail, and the other parts of his armor. He was then dubbed, or fitted with his arms, and presently he received a blow on his shoulder with the flat of a sword, and then a second, and then a third. "I make thee a Knight," cried his lord, in a loud and solemn voice, "in the name of God, St. Michael and St. George! Be brave—be bold—be loyal!" His helmet was now placed upon his head, his shield slung round his neck, and his lance placed in his hand; and as he strode towards the door of the chapel, followed by the spectators, the jingle of his spurs, and the tread of his armed heels, no doubt, made divinest music in the ears of the young Knight. A splendidly caparisoned horse stood in waiting, surrounded by the peasantry, and, helped into the saddle amidst the shouts of the multitude, he flourished his lance, gave an exulting bound, and the ceremony was at an end.

THE CRUSADES.

Normandy, as one of the most refined provinces of France, the Court of its Prince was a great resort of the Knights of the time. With such persons the love of adventure soon became a passion, and when William, Duke of Normandy, conceived the idea of conquering Britain, the whole chivalry of the time crowded around him to offer their services. It had long been a favorite project with the Popes to arm the Western World against the infidels, (for the deliverance of the Holy Land,) whose rude and brutal practices against visitors who flocked to Jerusalem, the capital of Palestine, from all parts of Europe, was become notorious. Peter, the Hermit, had seen the excesses committed by the Turks, and on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre of Christ, he went from province to province, with a crucifix in his hand, exciting both princes and people to arm themselves for a holy war. Inspired by chivalry, and by the successes which, in Britain and Italy, attended the arms of the Knights, a council was held by Pope Urban, and attended by prelates, princes and nobles, who were addressed with moving eloquence by the Pope and Peter, the Hermit, when the prevailing thought broke out, as if by inspiration, from the assembly, "It is the will of God!" These words were adopted as the motto of the sacred standard; and the warlike pilgrims, who speedily gathered round it from all quarters of Europe, affixed, as a badge, upon their right shoulder the symbol of their faith, from which they were denominated the Champions of the Cross. In the year 1096 a vast multitude, amounting to 80,000, put themselves under the leadership of Peter, the Hermit, and a certain Walter, styled the Penniless, and set out on foot, men, women and boys, for the conquest of the Holy Land.

The Hermit walked at their head with his pilgrim's sandals, clothed in a robe of sackcloth, and with a rope around his waist. About a fourth part of these reached Constantinople, the capital of the Greek Emperor, where they were joined by other bands of Germans and Italians. The Emperor transported them across the Bosphorus, and the pilgrims soon found themselves traversing the plains of Asia, and in actual conflict with the trained armies of the Infidels, but alas! for the Crusaders, they were slaughtered almost without resistance, and Peter, the Hermit, fled back to Constantinople, leaving Walter, the Penniless, dead on the field. Such was the fate of the forlorn-hope of the Crusades; but the real strength of the expedition which soon followed, including a great part of the chivalry of the time, mustered on the banks of the Bosphorus to the number, it is said, of more than half a million. Of this number many were lost in bloodshed to little purpose, and ultimately reduced to forty thousand, they captured Jerusalem, won the Holy Sepulchre, as it was called, and, when the whole of Palestine yielded, Godfrey, of Boulogne, Duke of Brabant, was elected King; though, from modesty and devotion, he styled himself only Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre, and, instead of a golden crown, placed on his head a crown of thorns.

Thus was established what is called the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, which lasted about a hundred years. To defend this conquest was now the care of the victors, who found it necesary, from the attacks of the Mahommedans, to institute the two military orders of Templars and Hospitallers, the grand object of both of which was the defence of the Sepulchre, and to provide hospitality to pilgrims.

Without alluding to the wandering Crusaders, who amused themselves by going about from castle to castle, singing the adventures of the Holy War, minstrels, ape leaders, and the like, let us go on to the Second Crusade—excited, no doubt, by the preaching of good St. Bernard—when the King of France, with his Queen and Court, assumed the Cross, and set out at the head of 200,000 men for the Holy Land. This Crusade, however, had no result beyond bloodshed and rapine and the union of the French king's divorced queen, Eleanor, with Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Normandy, who afterwards succeeded to the English crown, and thus the King of Britain became master of a large portion of France, by virtue of the Queen's dowry, and not until the succession of Philip Augustus, the son of the last King, do we hear of a Third Crusade; when Philip, joining his fortune with Richard Cœur de Lion, set out at the head of considerable armies for the Holy Land. At Acre the royal Knights-errant joined the army of German Crusaders, under the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. Here the Lion-hearted Richard performed such prodigies of valor that the Saracen mothers used to frighten their children with his name. The city was at length captured at an expense, from first to last, of 300,000 lives; and Philip, being disgusted with the adventure, and with the superiority affected by Richard, returned to France. Richard, however, continued fighting his way to Jerusalem, and after gaining the battle of Ascalon, in which 40,000 Saracens fell, arrived in sight of the Holy City; but here, the other leaders declining to move on, Richard was obliged to conclude a treaty with the then Sovereign of Egypt, Saladin, an accomplished Tartar, on equal terms.

The next Crusade we read of occurred in the reign of Louis IX, who, on recovering from a fit of sickness, vowed he would lead a crusade against the Infidels. With a magnificent army, Louis and his Queen set out for Egypt. Damietta was captured, but there his troops falling a prey to sickness, and on advancing to Massoura, they were defeated and the King taken prisoner. On the news of Louis' captivity reaching his mother, she allowed a fanatical monk to collect a vast rabble to go to his rescue. This is called the Crusade of the Shepherds; but it effected nothing, and the banditti of more than 100,000 men were at last dispersed by force of arms. After the release of Louis, and several years of wise and prudent government, he determined on another Crusade; this time the King resolved to seek the infidels on the coast of Africa, in their city of Tunis, where once stood the famous Carthage; and there, after a disastrous voyage, landed the last Crusade. Here, from contagion, the troops, the King's son, and finally the King himself, died. Such was the end of St. Louis.

ANTI-MASONRY; A PROOF OF IGNORANCE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D., LATE PRESIDENT OF MASONIC UNIVERSITY, LA GRANGE, KY.

[*Offered in reply to Mr. Robert Blanchard's Lecture on Secret Societies, published in the* "*American Pulpit*," *May*, 1867.]

It might have been expected, after the collapse of political Anti-Masonry, about 1836, that religious and educated men would cease to pander to that kind of popular prejudice which assails everything wearing the veil of reticence; and so, for the most part, they have. Few are found outside the Papal Church willing to take up the weapons so unscrupulously wielded by our anti-masonic fathers. Even Mr. Seward, who began his career as an Anti-Mason, now freely admits, while participating in an outside capacity in Masonic proceedings, that it is an excellent and hardworking system of morals. So say Thurlow Weed, and the other few remaining Anti-Masons of that period.

In common, therefore, with other readers of *The American Pulpit*, the writer would express his suprise and regret that a teacher of youth, an evangelist, and the president of a respectable college, should come forward to resume those weapons of offense, long laid down, and run another tilt at Freemasonry. It shows no *courage*, because Freemasons are forbidden to enter the polemical lists; and, to the writer's mind, little *discretion*. A few thoughts only are offered in reply.

Mr. Blanchard has made the usual mistakes of his class, the same that ran through all the Anti-Masonic works that have escaped the turnmaker and confectioner. One or two of the least excusable of his blunders may be answered here. He says that "William Morgan wrote out and published the first three degrees,"—William Morgan did not publish anything; "That he was murdered by Masons;" it was never proved that he was murdered at all; the burden of proof is all against it. "That 300 Masons became sharers in the Morgan outrage;" entirely false. "That until the year 1826, Freemasonry was a mass of oral traditions and rites." If by this Mr. Blanchard means that Morgan was the first person who professed to *expose Masonry*, he exhibits a degree of ignorance upon the subject that is truly lamentable. The truth is that *more than* 100 *different expositions* had been published prior to 1826 (the oldest as early as 1728) one of them at Lancaster, Pa., in 1818, near the residence of Morgan; and all professing to give the genuine secrets of Masonry in 3, 9, 12, 33, and some of them as high as 90 degrees. The historical statements in Mr. Blanchard's lecture are equally unfounded, and authorize us to advise the president of Wheaton College to look up his authorities. It will not take him long to discover that the "Morgan affair" was simply a political episode in the long rivalship between Jackson and Clay.

As to the dissertation upon idolatry, from which the lecture starts, nothing need be said, except that it is not at all to the point. The writer has been a Mason for a good part of his life; has participated in thousands of Masonic meetings, and is, upon the whole, familiar with the effects of the institution in this country. His declaration, therefore, is worth something, and he feels safe in assuring the public that there is no idol-worship connected with it. *The Square* worn by the Master has no resemblance, either in form or use, to the golden calf, concerning which President Blanchard has *not* said anything new. *The Gavel* which, properly used, calls up or down a body of Masons with marvelous celerity, suggests nothing of a superstitious nature. The large "G" which attracts the attention of a visitor to the lodge-hall, conveys nothing idolatrous. The copy of the Holy Scriptures seen on the pedestal in the lodge, is the same work, unmutilated, which is issued at the public expense from the Bible House in the city of New York. And if, after a lodge meeting, any flavor of sulphur remains, as many of those who will greedily endorse Mr. Blanchard's Anti-Masonry, confidently affirm, it must have risen from some lucifer matches, and cannot be traced to the presence of the fallen "Son of the morning."

This strain of badinage, we admit, is out of place here, but the idea of Freemasons *worshiping* their society, or making idols of their emblems, appears to an experienced Mason so inexpressibly ridiculous, that it is difficult to discuss it with a sober face.

The only remark which Mr. Blanchard's lecture offers, worthy the name of argument, is "that all self-projected worships offered to God are impertinence and impiety." This, abstractly considered, is true. And were Freemasons to offer their institution *in lieu* of the scriptural method of divine worship, we would join the Anti-Masons at once. But such is not the truth. All the standard writings of Freemasons prove that it is not the truth. The writer is a professed member of Christ's Church, and finds no substitution for the divine services and duties in the Masonic lodge. He has questioned many Christian people, of various denominations, lay members and preachers, upon this subject, and they uniformly assert the same. He *has* met Christian friends who explained their absence from lodge, by stating that "religious calls, prayer meetings," etc., prevented, and the explanation was ever deemed a satisfactory one. It is not to the point then, to apply that apothegm to Freemasonry.

The present writer has nothing to say about modern societies, Odd Fellows, and the like. It may be that their ceremonies are idolatrous, and offered in lieu of Bible worship. True, when we look at the learning, intelligence, and Christian profession of their leaders, we can scarcely believe it, but would rather conclude that they who are familiar with the *esotery* and *exotery* are more competent judges than one who has shown himself so lamentably *unfamiliar* with even the exotery of those societies; yet, their defense is better left to themselves. But for the Masonic Institution—a society that traces a pure genealogy through twenty-eight centuries—an order established in every civilized nation on earth, and in every one the same,—a *system of morals* extracted from the Holy Scriptures,—a social band, whose pleasures are pure,—for Freemasonry we will say, as the result of long observation of its effects, and prayerful examination of its structure, that it is not obnoxious to any of the charges made against it in the lecture before us.—*American Pulpit.*

EXTRACT FROM THE

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE,

OHIO GRAND LODGE, OCTOBER 15, 1867.

PREPARED BY BRO. ENOCH T. CARSON, CHAIRMAN.

To the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Ohio:

The Committee on Foreign Correspondence respectfully report, in compliance with the duty assigned them, that they have examined the printed proceedings of twenty seven American Grand Lodges.

From the great mass of material at our hands we have culled such matters as we thought would be of general interest to the fraternity in our jurisdiction. Owing to the superabundant stock at our disposal, we have found it difficult, in making our selections, to circumscribe ourselves within the reasonable limits to which a report of this kind ought to be confined. In making these selections we have, with few exceptions, submitted them without comment, believing that it would be more satisfactory to the Grand Lodge to have a plain abstract of facts and opinions, as they exist in other jurisdictions, unencumbered with the individual views of the Committee.

One year ago, when we were assigned to this Committee, we had no idea of the labor we had before us, and the responsibility which we had reluctantly consented to assume, and it was only recently that we discovered that the printed matter submitted to this Committee for years past has averaged over four thousand pages annually.

Four thousand pages of official Masonic literature in one year! and yet this only comprises a part of the annual official Masonic literature of the world; probably the aggregate would reach ten thousand pages annually.

Our venerable institution appears to be in a wonderfully prosperous condition; never more so. Peace and concord reign in almost every jurisdiction, and schism and discord are unknown among the workmen.

Many of the Grand Masters, in their annual addresses, anxiously refer to the great and growing popularity of our order, and the unparalleled increase of new Lodges and memberships. At no period in the history of Masonry in this country, has it ever been so universally popular as now. This is confined to no particular locality, but from every jurisdiction—east, west, north and south—comes the same report, and the same anxious fears in regard to too rapid increase are expressed. A few Grand Masters have no fears on the score of increase of numbers alone. They think we should rather scrutinize the *quality* than the quantity of material presented.

It will be noticed that many of the American Grand Lodges are omitted in this report. In explanation of this, we would say we have only noticed those Grand Lodges whose official printed proceedings were placed in our hands by the Grand Secretary, and he informs us that none others than those named in this report have been received by him since our last annual communication.

In the course of our examination of the various proceedings, we have been struck with the many conflicting and contradictory decisions on questions of Masonic jurisprudence, as promulgated by different Grand Masters and Grand Lodges.

We have come to the conclusion that at present the question of a uniform code of Masonic jurisprudence is of more real importance to the general welfare of the fraternity than the old and comparatively insignificant question of "uniformity of work."

The subject of army or traveling Lodges is pretty fully discussed in these proceedings, and the general conclusion appears to be that these Lodges were not productive of any general good, and that the evil resulting from them far overbalances any good that they may have done. This subject is learnedly discussed by Bro. Albert G. Mackey, in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina for 1866.

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This year, 1867, is the third semi-centennial anniversary of the revival of Masonry. On the 24th of June, 1717, four Lodges in the City of London formed the first Grand Lodge, and elected Bro. Anthony Sayer the first Grand Master. From this small beginning came all the Masonic Lodges and Grand Lodges of the world.

One hundred and fifty years ago and there were only *four* Lodges in the world, all located in the City of London; now they are numbered by thousands, scattered throughout the civilized world.

In 1721, four years after the formation of the first Grand Lodge, Anderson's "Book of Constitutions of the Freemasons" was published, the first Masonic book ever printed. It is a small 4to volume of 91 pages. Forty-five pages of this work, equal to about 21 pages of the printed proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, is devoted to a history of Masonry from Adam down to the revival, in 1717!

The history of Masonry for the period of five thousand seven hundred and seventeen years, and all compressed into forty-five large-type pages. Mark the change, 1866–7—the history and proceedings for only one year of less than one-half the Grand Lodges of the world fill over four thousand five hundred closely-printed pages.

For many years after the revival, the literature of Masonry consisted of the Book of Constitutions, and a few short essays and speeches. January 4, 1738, the first Masonic periodical was commenced at Leipzig, in Germany, under the title of "Der Freymaurer," (The Freemason.) It was a weekly publication of eight pages in 8vo, and run through 52 numbers.

The second Masonic periodical was the "Etat du Grand Orient de France," commenced in 1777, ceased in 1788. 8vo. Paris.

The third was the "Freimaurer-Bibliothek,", (The Freemasons' Library.) 8vo. Berlin, 1778–1803.

The fourth—and the first in the English language—was the "Sentimental and Masonic Magazine," (No. 1, July, 1792, to No. 38, August, 1795.) 8vo. Dublin, Ireland.

The fifth—and the first published in England—was the "Freemasons' Magazine," (No. 1, June, 1793, to December, 1798.) 8vo. London.

The first Masonic periodical published in the United States was the "Freemasons' Magazine," (No. 1, April, 1811, to March, 1812.) 8vo. Philadelphia, Pa.

We will not attempt to trace the progress of Masonic periodical literature down to the present time, our design being merely to refer, in the briefest possible manner, to the "first foundation" of Masonic literature, and show it in contrast with the gigantic proportions to which it has grown at the end of the third *half*-century since its beginning by James Anderson, in 1721. Then the printed literature of Masonry consisted of *one book*, with no periodical literature. Now the bibliography of Masonry counts its volumes by thousands, and the Masonic periodical press has spread, and been established in almost every civilized country and language on the globe, and wherever Masonry prevails and *flourishes*, there we find the Masonic press.

THE DOOR OF THE HEART.

Lines composed and respectfully inscribed to the Freemasons of Chicago, Ill., for the Farewell Meeting, Jan. 10, 1868.

BY ROB MORRIS, LL.D.

Tyle the DOOR carefully, Brothers of skill,
Vigilant workers in Valley and Hill;
"Cowans and eavesdroppers" ever alert,
Tyle the DOOR carefully, DOOR OF THE HEART.
Chorus: Carefully, carefully,
Tyle the DOOR carefully,
Tyle the DOOR carefully,
DOOR OF THE HEART!

Guard it from envyings, let them not in,
Malice and whisperings—creatures of sin;
Bid all unrighteousness sternly depart,
Brothers in holiness TYLING THE HEART.
Chorus: Holily, holily,
Tyle the DOOR holily,
Tyle the DOOR holily,
DOOR OF THE HEART!

But should the Angels of mercy draw nigh,
Messengers sent from the MASTER on high—
Should they come knocking with mystical art,
Joyfully open the DOOR OF THE HEART.
Chorus: Joyfully, joyfully,
Ope the DOOR joyfully,
Ope the DOOR joyfully,
DOOR OF THE HEART!

Are they not present, those Angels to night,
Laden with riches and sparkling with light?
Oh! to enjoy all the bliss they impart,
Let us in gratitude open the HEART.
Chorus: Gratefully, thankfully,
Ope the DOOR thankfully,
Ope the DOOR thankfully,
DOOR OF THE HEART!

CAIRO.

The joltings in the desert; the furnace-heat of the Red Sea; the utter sandy wretchedness of Suez; the cindery dreariness of Aden, are all alike forgotten and forgiven by the traveler, when arrived at Cairo—the Grand Cairo of the Arabian Knights; the next-door neighbor of Thebes, the adopted of the Pyramids, the dweller on the lotus-banked Nile. Two short days and nights have scarcely passed away since I was the helpless victim of beery stewards, steaming cuddy servants, and greasy Lascars. To-night I am steeped in the odoriferous dreaminess of Oriental romance, lounging arm-in arm with the spirits of departed sultans, grand viziers, and chiefs of all the eunuchs, with the bright rays of an Egyptian moon lighting up mosque, palace, bazaar, and fountain, and lending an additional grandeur to the outline of the silent pyramids, whose dark forms stand out so heavily against the soft bright sky, like giant sentinels watching over the changing destiny of the land of poetry, romance, and fairy legend.

The night is one of surpassing loveliness. The air so soft and bland, as only to be found in this lotus-land. Not one restless breath of balmy atmosphere is found to stir the feathery leaves of palms, or move a ripple on the moonlit lake. Insects on leaf, and flower, and shrub, are busy in the coolness of the night, and give forth cheerful sounds. Fountains on many a marble terrace or flower-girt walk, send forth their cooling steams, whose rippling music lulls restless sleepers with its silvery notes. A fairy spell seems hanging on the city, whose teeming thousands might have been changed by some sorcerer's magic, into dead blocks of marble, so still, and hushed, and motionless the city of the Egyptian sultans.

I am moving through one of the principal open squares of Cairo alone, and regardless of cautions about Nubian bravos, eunuchs' bowstrings and sackings in the Nile. The square is considered a fine one in Egypt; a row of ghostly trees on one side, an invisible line of railings on the other. A shadowy, indistinct range of buildings along the western side, that may be old piano-forte manufactories or upholsterers' warerooms, with the wall of Bunhill burial-ground skirting the remaining frontage.

Away in one corner of this singular principal square is a narrow outlet that teems with hopeful promise of things as yet unseen. It is a street evidently, though partaking much of the dimensions of a London lane. Tall, frowning gables of strange-looking houses are on either side, while here and there, at uncertain distances, are suspended queer-looking dwarfy lanterns, sending forth a foggy sort of light, not sufficient to illume the gloom of an oyster-stall. The upper part of this Oriental lane is lit bravely by the moon, and there, far above, may be seen the strangest kind of windows, all latticed and carved like unpretending oriels in a private gothic chapel.

Below all this moonlit trelliswork and architecture are beetling heavy doorways and sombre wickets barely made visible amidst their darkness by the sickly twinkling of the baby lanterns. The walls are thick, the gates are massive, the bolts and locks are of Cyclopean magnitude, and carry on their rusty iron visages the features of dark tales and strange adventures.

There is a noble mosque, with its stately gilded minarets towering above the walls and gates below, and radiant with the brightness of the hour. Further on is a goodly building of polished marble. The moonbeams falling thickly on it, show how much time and skill the craftsmen of old Egypt have lavished on its form. It is a public fountain, where the halt and blind may rest and quench their thirst. Beyond it, again, adjoining a long low range of wall and peering gables, are a suite of baths of many-colored marble. Beautifully moulded by the carver's chisel, yet of less pretensions than the fountain, as a work of art. It stands forth grandly from the crowd of strange, fantastic dwellings that cluster round about it.

The whole scene, with its nocturnal stillness, its mosque, fountain, latticed windows, and fantastic gateways, conjures up vividly before me the legends of the Thousand and One Nights. It seems, indeed, like a picture cut out of that wonderful volume. Every curious building,—each dark, mysterious portal appears as though belonging to some portion of the Arabian Tales, peopled with emirs, merchants, calenders, and hunch-backed tailors.

There is a noble mansion of the Arabian Nights' description; massive, large, full of quaint doors and sly windows, doing their best to see, yet not to be seen. It is shaded by lofty palms, whilst over the thick wall of the garden and terrace may be seen the bright flowers and verdant leaves of the pomegranate and citron. The principal gateway is slightly ajar, and without running too much risk of being bow-strung, or sacked, I venture to indulge my curiosity by peeping slyly in through the narrow aperture left by the unclosed door. There were many lights inside,—lanterns, torches, and flambeaux, and by their combined light I obtain an uncertain vision of a busy multitude within a hall shut off from the court-yard by trellis-work and windows. There is a sound of revelry within; of merry voices, of stringed instruments, of dancing feet. They are evidently the domestic part of some establishment of quality, making holiday to celebrate some family event. Who can say but it may be the wedding-night of some vizier's daughter or son?

I could linger at the door longer yet, in the hope of gaining insight into the inner mysteries of this merry-making; but, certain unpleasant twinges about the neck warn me of what may possibly be the result; and, as I cannot be sure that the nightwatch of the Cairo police will hear me in the event of my requiring their aid, I yield to discretion, and move away from the fascinating gateway slowly and reluctantly.

The time, the place, and the scene before me, conjure up the incidents related in the early part of the adventures of Bedreddin Hassan; where the genie and the fairy transport that young and good looking adventurer from Balsora to the door of the bath at Cairo, just in time to upset the connubial arrangements of the Sultan's hunch-back groom. Who knows but this may be the identical street, and the gate yonder through which I have just been peeping, the selfsame door of Schemseddin's palace, in which Bedreddin Hassan's adventures commenced? And it was, perhaps, not far distant from this spot, that the terror-stricken Bedreddin was afterwards brought, secured in an iron-bound cage, from Damascus, under the instant apprehension of death for the treasonable act of omitting pepper in the concoction of his cheesecakes. How many more adventures may not have taken place in this same street? How many sultans may have perambulated this identical thoroughfare, on the track of suspected viziers or doubtful favorites? Who can say how many calender's sons, or emirs in disguise may not have rested on the marble seat of yon quaint old fountain, grotesque in the moonlight, and have quenched their thirst with its cooling waters? Every stone about me seems in some unspeakable way woven with the history of the past, and bound by endearing links to the bygone chapters of fairy romance.

The first living creature I have encountered this night in my perambulations, is an old decripit man on a donkey. Muffled in ample folds of muslin, it is difficult to say—save by his stooping form—whether he be aged or young. He starts at meeting me, at that unusual hour, but goes on his solitary way with the usual Moslem salutation, "God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet!" The voice dies away in the silent distance; and I wend my weary way to the hotel by the grotesque, principal square, to rest till daylight, and dream of caliphs, viziers, genies, hunchbacks, cadis, Ethiopians, and cheesecakes.

It is mid-day, that is to say early in the forenoon by the hour, though high-noon judging from the intensity of the sun's rays; I am equipped once more for a visit of Oriental research amidst the stone, and wood, and dust of Grand Cairo; and, forcing my hasty way through a regiment of bearded dragomen that are fain to make common property of me, I rush down the wide stairs into the court-yard, climbing upon the nearest of nine saddled donkeys that cut off all egress from the hotel. I give the creature the full length of the reins, with license to bear me whither he wills. The animal is quite up to the tastes of overland travelers, and trots away with me at a cheerful pace, towards and into the very busiest and narrowest thoroughfares.

I have frequently heard that the cream of daily life in Cairo is to be met with only in the by-ways and bazaars, especially in that devoted to the Turkish dealers in miscellaneous wares. I have not been misinformed. The interest of the scene becomes intensified with the narrowness of the thronged streets. As the width of the pavement decreases, the shouting of the donkey boys, the oaths of camel-drivers, the threats of Arab-mounted eunuchs, the shrieks for baksheesh become louder and shriller, and it requires some little presence of mind to make way through the noisy staggering throng.

I am now in the very heart of busy Cairo, with its many pulses beating quick and high about me. I am where I have for long years sighed to be, and whither in my dreams I have often wandered in imagination. But Cairo by moonlight and Cairo by sunlight—hot, glaring, suffocating high-noon—are, in appearance, two very different places. The softness, the coolness, the hushed romance of the night hide themselves before the dusty heat of mid-day. The arabesque windows, the latticed portals, the high gables, the gaunt palms, the carved fountains that, by the pale light of the moon, appeared so richly picturesque, so artistically finished, are now broken, deformed, and thickly coated with dust. The mosques are very much out of repair. The bazaars are fast falling to decay—I should say not let on repairing leases. The baths appear to stand in need of frequent purifying dips themselves. The motley crowd of merchants, devotees, fellahs, Copts, Turks, Arabs, eunuchs, buyers, and loungers are, on the whole, exceedingly doubtful about the skin and garments, and I cannot avoid feeling a strong conviction that a free application of whitewash and soap would greatly improve the appearance of the Cairo community and their tenements.

The street I am now quietly pacing along is of ample dimensions compared to many of the busy thoroughfares. The houses on either side appear as though inhabited long before the builder had any intention of finishing them off. They are the merest ghostly skeletons of tall old houses grown out of their bricks and mortar ages ago, and embalmed, mummy-like, in the dust and heat of the city of the Nile. Stretching across the entire width of the street, from the tops of either range of dwellings, is an unsightly cross-bar-work of bamboos, on which are scattered, at intervals of much uncertainty, fragments of tattered matting, carpets, sacking, worn-out garments, and, in short, whatever fabric gives promise of shielding the passer-by and dwellers in the bazaar from the scorching rays of the summer sun. It gives to the whole street an appearance of having bungling plasterers at work on a ragged and extensive ceiling.

I could rein in my ambling donkey in the midst of this most picturesque street, and spend a good hour in an examination of the passers-by, of the shops, their owners, and their frequenters. Why that sherbet shop at the corner of the narrow passage, with the Italian name over the doorway, the many-colored bottles in the windows, and the many vestured gossipers within seated on divans, couches, and easy-chairs, drinking and listening to some quaint story or touching scandal, are alone a fertile study for a lover of the novel and the picturesque.

But time presses, and I must allow my willing animal to amble forward amongst camels and water-carriers, gay equipages, and frightful mendicants. We proceed far up this street, and, as if perfectly aware of my desire to see all that is interesting and characteristic of Egyptian city life, my donkey bears me nimbly and wearily through the pressing throng, past the dilapidated, old, dusty mosque, as far as the bamboo scaffolding, with windows and doors stuck out about it, and now we are threading our less nimble way through the choked up, steaming mazes of the Turkish bazaar.

Of all the places of public resort in Cairo, excepting only the mosques, this bazaar is the most especially Oriental, and strikingly picturesque. Of great extent, it is divided into many different departments, in each of which goods and wares of a particular class are exposed for sale. In one or two lanes of shops there are only boots and slippers to be seen. Further on, mats, pillows, and cushions are the articles to be disposed of. In another quarter, clothes of every description are heaped up and stored in lofty piles; in another, jewelry and ornaments in utmost variety; further on, quaint copper and iron vessels; and yet further still, are the shops devoted to miscellaneous merchandise.

I know not which to admire most—the curious style and fashion of the shops, the strange variety of their contents, the picturesque garb of the many dealers, or their Oriental gravity and seeming indifference to all worldly matters about them. There is a bearded old gentleman seated in great dignity on a soft ottoman, cross-legged, like a European tailor. He is a noble-looking merchant of fancy articles, tastefully clad in ample robes, with a hookah of extensive dimensions in his mouth. It is impossible not to feel a deep interest in this stately dealer in miscellanies. His shop is at the corner of a passage leading to the bazaar of eatables; and not one of the many counters in the vicinity can boast of such a showy assemblage of wares as are here stored up in gay profusion.

Slipping from my saddle, and flinging the reins to the young Egyptian urchin who has charge of my donkey, I make my way to the solemn Turk, and, salaaming to him in such a way as my knowledge of the East enables me, I proceed to examine and admire his merchandise. An Oriental, whether in Egypt or Bengal, will never allow himself to be surprised at anything, nor to evince any of the most ordinary emotion. Accordingly, I do not look for any outward and visible signs of pleasure, or even of attention, from the cushioned, turbaned Mahometan. If he is looking at me at all—and I feel extremely doubtful on the point—it must be my shoes that are occupying his attentinn; for his eyes are bent most provokingly downward, calmly and immovably. I roam over his long array of articles, from the rich silk purses of Persia, and the embroidered slippers from Morocco, to the fine steel-work of Damascus, glistening in the sunlight like Elkington's best electro-plated wares. I nod my head and smile in approval of the goods; and as a reward for my Frankish friendliness, the Turk lifts up his deep, dark eyes, mutters something in soft Arabic, and motions gracefully to an attendant in the rear.

In a moment a tiny cup of smoking, black coffee is handed to me on a rich salver. I am too well versed in Oriental customs to decline the civility; besides which I am anxious to ascertain if Mocha coffee so near the place of its production, is the delicious beverage it is said to be. Rumor has, in this instance, been a faithful chronicler; the coffee is of exquisite flavor, though I confess my degenerate tastes desire a taste of milk with it.

Pleased with my ready acceptance of his coffee, and flattered by my signs of approval, he hands me a richly-jewelled snuff-box, of which I also avail myself, though detesting snuff, and go off forthwith into a paroxism of sneezes. Lastly, the mouth of his own particular hookah is handed to me. I am not usually a smoker of tobacco; yet, so fragrant and so delicately flavored, is this fine Turkish herb, that the fumes tempt me to some whiffs of wonderful vigor and length.

I wish to depart, and look around me for some memento of the time and place. A purse, worked in silver lace on a rich silk velvet ground, takes my attention. Whilst selecting this, my new acquaintance brings forward, wrapped in many careful folds of soft cloth, a box of curious workmanship and rarer materials. Gold, and silver, ivory, pearls and precious stones combined in its construction, and almost dazzle the eye with their brilliancy. It is a gem worthy the acceptance of prince. The world-famed Koh-i-noor might condescend to repose within its sparkling embrace, Cleopatra might have kept her love-letters in it. Alexander the Great could have condescended to call it his. The cost of it, I am assured, through an interpreter, is a mere trifle for an English emir to give; only a few hundreds of pounds sterling. But, as I have a tolerably vivid idea that my spare hundreds will flow in a more westerly and practical direction, I descend to the purchase of an African purse, much to the disappointment of the Turkish merchant, who, however, does not condescend to evince the slightest emotion, even of contempt. I pocket my purse, and depart laden with the ordinary stereotyped "Bismillahs," "In the name of the Prophet," &c., losing myself for another hour or two amongst the strange intricacies of rickety bazaars, dusty baths, and invalid mosques.

The day is still blazing hot. The main street is more crowded than the bazaars. Vehicles of many descriptions are passing in every direction, while foot-passengers, riders, camels, and donkey-drivers, mingle in extricable confusion. There are three young cadets on Arab steeds, hired at a dollar an hour, prancing about in an uneasy frame of body and mind. There is a sort of hybrid caleche brimful of overland travelers, amongst them my companions of the Desert, the Tipperary young lady, and her tall, brown-hatted friend, eating custard apples and laughing with true Hibernian vigor at the strange scenes about them. One of the young, innocent cadets backs his prancing steed into a jeweler's shop, and plays havoc with the glass cases. The others, flying to his rescue, upset a Greek merchant and a brace of Mollahs, or Moslem church-wardens, and damage a score of weak-eyed mendicants, much to the enjoyment of my friends in the caleche.

Alas, how fleetly the moments pass! I could yet wander for days amidst the by-ways of this fine old city, and well employ the time. There are quiet nooks and corners I could with pleasure dive into. There are grey-bearded old dealers, the very counterpart of the broker employed by the Christian Merchant in the Arabian Knights to sell his Bagdad wares. One of them keeps just such a quiet little place as did Bedreddin of old, where the veiled young lady was so conversationable with the owner of the silk stuffs. I feel certain that many a good story and strange adventure may still be heard at that counter.

But my time is up. Portmanteaus and carpet-bags tear me away from my meditations. Once more we are closely packed in vans, tearing madly over a chaos of stones and ruts, thankful at length to find ourselves streaming down the Nile in a dirty, odoriferous tub of a boat towards Alexandria and home.

IS THE SOCIETY OF FREEMASONS A SECRET SOCIETY?

One of the charges that are brought against Masonry is, that it is a secret society, and as such is of dangerous tendency, and from the secresy of its proceedings may be used as an instrument of great power against the right administration of government, or to subvert religion.

The fallacy of this charge, we propose briefly to show. In the first place, we claim that it is not a Secret Society. Its hours of meeting are regularly advertised in the papers, and its place of meeting, so well known by the public, that the best advertisement of a man's place of business is to give its direction and nearness to the Masonic Hall.

Neither is its membership secret. The men of which its body is composed, are well known to the public, and they are known to be "Masons," for nearly every one wears some emblem of the Order upon his person so that it can be readily seen.

Nor are these emblems a secret. Even the children recognize the "Compass and Square," of a Master Mason, or the "Key Stone" of the Chapter, or the "Cross" of the Commandery. Neither are its objects secret. It is openly proclaimed and well known to be true, that it has for its object the mutual benefit of its membership, by furnishing a means of mutual improvement and instruction, nor is this instruction and improvement confined to business forms merely. It is a means of mutual aid in case of sickness or distress, and no more to be condemned on that account than are "Insurance companies."

Nor are its Principles secret. Its "Monitors," its "Lexicons," its Systems of "Jurisprudence," and even its "Mysteries," are printed and published to the world, and may be purchased by any one at all the large book-stores. What, then is there secret about it? We answer, "It is only its methods of recognition," by which we guard against imposition. Its ceremonies of Initiation only furnish these means of recognition. And the folly of the idea that it can be made a means of subverting the government will readily be seen, when we remember that its membership is composed of all classes of political faith. This difference of political views in its membership, affords an effectual guard against its being made use of to carry forward political schemes of any kind. And the same argument has application against the charge of subversion of religion, for the membership of the different Churches and religious Societies are all of them represented in the "Roll of the Craft."

From these points briefly presented, we claim that the charge, that it is a "Secret Society," is no more just than it would be, if we should charge any family in the community with being a secret family, for what family is there that has not its secrets? Nor would we presume to intrude without knocking at the door for admittance.

THE TWINS.

Twin roses on one stem,
   Twin cherries on one bough,
Twin rubies in one diadem—
   A perfect pair, I vow.

I know not which is sweeter,
   I know not which is rarer,
         And if I had to grapple
         The question of the apple,
And *pulchriori detur*,
   I'd not know which is fairer.

Sweet music, and its echo sweet,
   A swan and its reflection—
Such is the pair of twins complete,
   A duplicate perfection !

Was ever poor mortal
   So troubled as I am ?
To Felicity's portal
   I feel that I nigh am,
   And not very shy am !
But what can I do
   When I can not discover
Of which of the two
   I am truly the lover ?
Then pity me, who
Am condemned for my sins
To be deeply in love with the beautiful twins.

There's Ethel, the fair,
With the rose in her hair,
I think she's the lov'lier—almost—of the pair—
Especially, too, when her sister's not there !
   But when Maud's in the way,
   Well ! I really can't say !
   For Maud has such eyes
   For color and size,
And they've both necks and shoulders
That dazzle beholders,
   And voices as sweet as the throstles in May.

Oh, blest is the fortunate fellow who wins
Either one of the beautiful, beautiful twins!

To what can the poet distracted compare
These beauties so rare?
At a loss for a figure I am, I declare!

They're the new double-barrel Dan Cupid is armed with
(His old bow and arrows no longer he's charmed with),
The prize double-bloom out of Beauty's own green'us,
A charming two-volume edition of Venus!
All nature admires them! The beasts and the birds
Find joy in their glances—delight in their words;
And no fish so cold-blooded but twiddles his fins
As he drinks to the health of the beautiful twins.

Oh, what shall I do
To decide 'twixt the two?
For each is so neat,
So sweet and complete!
Oh, my course of true love has arrived at a hitch,
For I musn't wed both, and I can't decide which!

I've tried to decide
Which to take for my bride,
But my puzzling all ends in the way it begins!
At a loss what to do,
For a choice of the two,
I exclaim to myself,
Poor unfortunate elf,
"Since I can't marry both—oh, why wasn't *I* twins?"

THE FIRST WEDDING.

WITH A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF "THE HAPPY COUPLE."

BY A DISTANT RELATIVE.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

A great many years ago—long before it had entered into the mind of man to build the Tower of Babel, or to lay out the city of Buffalo, or to do many other foolish and wicked things—there dwelt in a distant land a gentleman called Adam, whose surname was First Man, who became enamored of a beautiful young lady known as Eve B-Guild. His attentions appear to have been accepted and reciprocated by the young lady, and she became convinced that he was "the only man whom she could ever love," if we may judge from the following communication which she made to John Milton, who followed the rather singular vocation of advertising things "lost and found" upon her Father's estate. "Confirmed, then I resolve Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe; so dear I love him, that with him all deaths I could endure, without him live no life."

This being equivalent to the modest declaration that the lady is willing that her lover should begin to "pay her board," arrangements were immediately made to have the union consummated, and in the absence of any official clergyman, the ceremony was performed in the most simple and unostentatious manner, in the beautiful garden of Eden. The auspicious moment having arrived, the groom took the white and little hand of his bride, unadorned even by a "plain gold ring," and affectionately imprinted upon it a kiss, reverently said: "This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh." No cards. Thus was joined in the holy bonds of wedlock the first couple of which we have any knowledge. There was no "rotund spectacled" father-in-law, no interested mother-in-law, with her legendary smelling-bottle, and no dear unmarried aunt, present. Nor was the ubiquitous "Jenkins" there to "write up the affair," so the readers of the *Daily Post-Diluvian* could not take in, with their coffee and cakes, next morning, a detailed account of what was done, and said, and worn, at the wedding, much to the regret, doubtless, of the jolly Post-Diluvians. But Jenkins, had he been there, would have found it difficult to get up a sensation article, for there was an entire absence of all obtrusive display and reckless extravagance upon the occasion refreshing to contemplate. The outfit of the groom was plain and simple, perhaps the most noticeable thing about it being the absence of the "dress coat," prescribed for such occasions by "our best society." The bridal costume was marked by perfect simplicity, and the absence of all expensive and extravagant adornments. There must have been something very becoming in this costume, as certain ladies, in fashionable life, at the present day, imitate it as closely as possible, when in "full dress."

Dispensing with the practice, now so prevalent, of indulging in a wedding tour, and not caring to publicly proclaim themselves as newly married by the occupancy of the Bridal Chambers in the hotels and on steamboats, the happy couple settled quietly down to the joys and cares of married life in the Garden of Eden, and were noted for their plain and unpretending manner of living. They kept no carriage, hired no opera box, gave no costly entertainments, but contented themselves with the simple, inexpensive, and satisfactory pleasures and enjoyments incident to the circumstances and surroundings. Adam was a good husband, he spent his evenings (and a good many of his days) at home; he had no business engagements "down street" after dark, nor did he belong to a club. He spent his evenings at home with his wife, whom he never humiliated by coming home late o' nights with a "brick in his hat," and a very ambiguous dialect. He did not even "color a meerschaum," but retained in his cheeks the color which else had been transmitted in deeper hue to the bowl of a pipe. His sleep was undisturbed by the effects of dissipation or the nightmares of the stock market: hence was calm and refreshing. Undoubtedly he was an early riser and loved "the dewy morn"—as we are sure he did "the gentle Eve." Eve was, doubtless, a very beautiful woman. Milton testified that "grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and love." She deserved, if any of her sex ever did, the credit of caring little for the blandishments of dress. Her tastes and habits were eminently domestic, and for her in truth there was no place like home.

Her amusements were few; she cared little for opera or ball, but she probably attended the matinees of Nature's songsters, in the open air, where usher, programme, and reserved seats were unknown, and it is not unlikely that she frequently accompanied Adam to see the menagerie or collection of animals in the garden. We know that Adam went, for scripture tells us that upon one occasion he called the animals names.

Eve, so far as we know, spent little of time and money in "shopping," and it is not probable that she had ever heard of "Stewart's," that Mecca of American women. She never sent Adam to a restaurant for his meals on Mondays because they were "washing days," nor made his life miserable by reason of semi-annual "house cleanings." She was not a heartless woman of the world, nor did she ever indulge in gossip or scandal; she had no affiliation with Mrs. Grundy and kindred spirits, and never troubled herself about the ownership of any "extra pair of stockings" dangling from her neighbor's clothes line. Eve was frugal, contented and happy, moving serenely in first circles, and, undoubtedly, Adam loved her devotedly. Mr. Milton, who appears to have esteemed the family highly, intimated as much, and we have no doubt that he knew. We regret to add that misfortune eventually came upon this happy family. Eve unfortunately became involved in a transaction in fruit—apples, principally—in which Adam was involved, and their property, including the "homestead," passed out of their possession, and they were obliged to seek a residence elsewhere. From this time we know little about them except that Adam, by careful attention to his diet, managed to live to reach the age of 930, and died in the prime of manhood, his days being shortened, doubtless, materially by the loss of his property. Whether Eve survived him, or deceased first, we cannot say, but presume she did, after raising Cain.

FRANCE.

The French Free Masons have lately celebrated the reconciliation which has taken place between the rival societies known as "Le Conseil Supreme," whose headquarters are in the Rue Grenelle St. Honore, and "Le Grand Orient de France," of the Rue Cadet. Ninety years ago all the French Free Masons were under the "Conseil Supreme," whose statutes are the same as those given to the Free Masons by Frederick the Great, placing all appointments in the gift of the Grand Master, who has also the right of nominating his successor. When the revolution broke out this aristocratic system led to many disputes, the result of which was that a schism took place in the "Conseil," and the dissidents formed themselves into a separate society, the "Grand Orient de France," under Phillippe Egalite, father of King Louis Phillippe. This society made all appointments elective,and tenable for five years only. The "Grand Orient" rapidly rose in numbers and popularity, and has for some time been far more powerful than the "Conseil," which it did not recognize. Mutual friends of the two societies have long endeavored to establish friendly relations between them, but they did not succeed in their object until a few months ago, when the members of the "Orient" were entertained for the first time by the "Conseil" at a banquet.

"FREE WILL AND ACCORD."

There is one peculiar feature in the Masonic institution that must commend it to the respect of every generous mind. In other associations it is considered meritorious in a member to exert his influence in obtaining applications for admission, but it is wholly uncongenial with the spirit of our Order to persuade any one to become a Mason. Whosoever seeks a knowledge of our mystic rites must first be prepared for the ordeal in his heart; he must not only be endowed with the necessary moral qualifications which would fit him for admission into our ranks, but he must come, too, uninfluenced by friends and unbiased by unworthy motives. This is a settled landmark of the Order; and, therefore, nothing can be more painful to a true Mason than to see this landmark violated by yonng and heedless Brethren. For it cannot be denied that it is sometimes violated; and this habit of violation is one of those unhappy influences, sometimes almost insensibly exerted upon Masonry by the existence of the many secret societies to which the present age has given birth, and which resemble Masonry in nothing except in having some sort of a secret ceremony of initiation. And there are some men who, coming among us imbued with the principles and accustomed to the usages of these modern societies, consider it their duty to exert all their influence in persuading their friends to become members of the Craft. Men who thus misunderstand the true policy of our institution should be instructed by their older and more experienced Brethren, that it is wholly in opposition to our laws and principles to ask any man to become a Mason, or to exercise any kind of influence upon the minds of others, except that of a truly Masonic life and a practical exemplification of its tenets, by which they may be induced to ask admission into our Lodges. We must not seek —we are to be sought.

And if this were not an ancient law, imbeded in the very cement that upholds our system, policy alone would dictate an adherence to the voluntary usage. We need not now fear that our institution will suffer from a deficiency of members. Our greater dread should be that, in its rapid extension, less care may be given to the selection of candidates than the interests and welfare of the Order demand. There can, therefore, be no excuse for the practice of persuading candidates, and every hope of safety in avoiding such a practice.

It should always be borne in mind, that the candidate who comes to us not of his own "free will and accord," but induced by the persuasions of his friends, no matter how worthy he otherwise may be, violates by so coming, the requirements of our institution on the very threshold of its temple, and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, fails to become imbued with genuine attachment to the Order.—*London Freemasons' Magazine.*

THE GOOD OLD HYMNS.

Did you ever know any person who was brought up on the good old *Zion-hymns*, whom they ever failed to move to the foundations when heard? The feet moving on unholy errands linger on their way past the church door, as the melody floats out upon the air. That man—who has wasted life, and energy, and talent, which might have blessed mankind, to reap only the whirlwind—he is back again with his little head upon his mother's lap, while she sings that same hymn, which will never grow old, about the "beautiful river." His eyes moisten as he thinks how pained she would be, were she living, to know him now. The hymn ceases, and the low benediction follows, and as the worshippers emerge, he recollects himself, and with an impatient pshaw! passes on. What, *he* moved at a "conventicle hymn?" *He*, who for years has never crossed the threshold of a church? He? who believes neither in prayer nor priests. Bible nor Sundays? He, who has "outgrown all that?" Ah! but he hasn't. He *can't* outgrow it. It is *there.* It *will* come, whether he desire it or no. Come, in spite of all his efforts to laugh or reason it away. Come, though he live in open derision and mockery of that religion whose divine precepts he cannot efface from his mind. Come, as it did to John Randolph, who, after years of atheism, and worldliness, and ambition, left on record, "that the only men he ever knew well and approached closely, whom he did not discover to be unhappy, were sincere believers of the Gospel, who conformed their lives, as far as the nature of man can permit, to its precepts." "Often," he says, "the religious teachings of his childhood were banished wholly by business or pleasure; but after a while they came more frequently, and staid longer, until at last they were his first thoughts on waking and his last before going to sleep." Said he, "I could not banish them if I would."

"Now and then I like to go into a church," said a young man, apologetically, to a companion, who was deriding the idea. "Priestcraft! priestcraft!" exclaimed his companion. "Tell me, what possible good can it do you?" "Well," said the young man, "somehow, when I hear those hymns it is like hearing the pleading voice of my mother as I left home to become the graceless fellow I am now. I cannot tell you how they move me, or how they make me wish I were better. If I ever do become better, it will be because I cannot separate them from all that seems, in my better moments, worth embodying in the word 'home.'" Walter Scott said to his son-in-law, when he was on his death-bed, "Be a good man, Lockhart—be a good man; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." It were easy to multiply instances, where earth's gifted and greatest have borne similar testimony, after having tested all that the world had to offer, as an equivalent for "that peace which passeth all understanding."

Parents sometimes say, with tears, my boy has forgotten all my teachings. You don't *know* that. You can't *say* that till the grave closes over him. Said a good mother I knew, who kept on singing those hymns, and whose faith never faltered through long years, when her only son disgraced the family by intemperance, "John will come right by and by. He *must*." And day after day, when he was brought home, helpless, the mere wreck and libel of manhood, she smilingly repeated to all cavillers: "John will come right. I *know* it. Every day I ask God to *give him back to himself*, and I *know* he will do it."

And John *did* come right. Out of that horrible pit of degradation he emerged "clothed and in his right mind." He is now in good business standing, owns the house he lives in, is the comfort and pride of the patient wife who, with his mother, waited woman-like, *Christ-like*, all those weary years for his return. I myself have seen him in church, when the Sacramental wine was passed to him, bow his head reverently and humbly over the cup without raising it to his lips.

Never despair of a child who strays away from *those hymns*. Somewhere between the cradle and the tomb be sure those hymns will find him out. FANNY FERN.

MASONIC EXPLORATIONS OF PALESTINE.

Our readers are aware that for nearly a year, a plan has been on foot for a masonic participation in Holy Land explorations under the lead of Dr. ROB. MORRIS. Dr. Morris set sail from New York, February 1st. He goes *via* France directly to Beyrout, in Syria, where his headquarters will be during several months. A very large and general interest has been taken by the Masonic fraternity in the success of this enterprise.

Before his departure from New York, Dr. Morris prepared the following poem, of which he sends us a copy as his farewell, and requests its insertion.

MIZPEH.

Words of Farewell to "Brothers and Fellows of the Mystic Tie."
By ROB. MORRIS.

"They took stones and made an heap. And he said, This heap is a witness me and thee. Therefore was the name of it called MIZPEH; for he said, The LORD watch between me and thee when we are absent, one from another."—GENESIS xxxi., 46.

MIZPEH! well named the patriarchal stone,
  Once fondly reared in Gilead's mountain-pass!
Doubtless the EYE-ALL-SEEING *did* look down
  Upon that token of fraternal grace;
And doubtless he who reconciled those men,
  Between them *watched*, until they met again.

So looking eastward on the angry sea,—
  The wintry blast, inhospitably stern,—
Counting the scanty moments left to me
  Till I go hence,—and happily *not* return,—
I would, oh Brother, build a MIZPEH too,
  Beseeching GOD to *watch* 'twixt me and you.

It was HIS providence that made us one,
  Who "otherwise perpetual strangers" were:
He joined our hands in amity alone,
  And caused our hearts each other's woes to bear;
He kindled, in our souls, fraternal fire,
  Befitting children of a common SIRE.

In *mutual* labors we have spent our life,—
  In *mutual* joys, sported at labor's close,—
With *mutual* strength, warred against human strife,—
  And soothed, with *mutual* charity, its woes:
So, sharing *mutually* what God has given,
  With *common* Faith we seek a *kindred* Heaven.

Bring Stones, bring Stones,—and build an Heap with me!
  Rear up our Mizpeh though with many tears:—
Before I trust me to yon stormy sea,
  Hither with memories of many years!
Come round me, mystic Laborers, once more,
  With loving gifts upon this wintry shore!

Bring *prayer:*—the Watcher in the heavens will heed:
  Bring *types*, significant of heavenly hope;
Bring *words*, in whispers only to be said;
  Bring *hand grasps*, strong to lift the helpless up;
Bring all those *reminiscences* of light,
  That have inspired us many a wintry night.

Lay them on Mizpeh! and the names revered
  Of those who've vanished from our mystic band:
Are we not taught that, with the faithful dead,
  In *Lodge Celestial*, we shall surely stand?
Oh crown the pile then with the good and blest,
  Whose *memories* linger though they are at rest.

* * * * * * * * *

Finished:—and now I hope, whate'er may betide,
  Though wandering far toward Oriental sun,
He who looked kindly on that mountain-side,
  Will *watch between us* till my work is done;
Lord God Almighty! whence all blessings are,
  Behold our Mizpeh and regard our prayer!

* * * * * * * * *

Be my defender while in foreign lands:
  Ward off the shafts of calumny accurst;
My labors vindicate while Mizpeh stands,
  And hold my family in sacred trust:
Should I no more behold them, fond and dear,
  I leave them, Brothers, to Masonic care.

Finally Brothers,—if in careless mood,
Forgetting pledges sealed on Word Divine,
I've injured any of the brotherhood,—
Impute it not, this parting hour, a sin!
Forgive! lo, HE, by whom all creatures live,
Grant *us* forgiveness, even as *we* forgive!

MASONRY.

"Was Uncle Paul a Mason?" Ike asked of Mrs. Partington, as he stood looking at the rigid profile of the ancient corporal of the "Bloody Eleventh" that hung on the wall.

"No, he was a veteran sargent, naturally, though he took in gardening, afterwards, and raised the most wonderful squashes that always took the primer at the Horticultural Fair."

"I mean, was he a Free Mason?" continued Ike.

"O, dear, no," replied she, "and I am glad of it, for they are a great deal too free in throwing their plasterin' round, which is very mortarfying, and takes the color out of things so; and when they whitewashed the kitchen didn't they make free with the balmy bud rum which they mistook for a cordial? and I wish to gracious it had been a 'metic to have taught 'em a lesson to be a little less free next time."

"But, Free Mason," said Ike, petulantly, "ain't masons; I mean the fellows that built the temple."

"Oh!" she exclaimed; "them? Well, dear, I have heered of a good many things they did, and then again I have heard of a good many things they didn't, and so between 'em both I don't believe neither. It is a great mystery!" she whispered, "and, if they did kill Morgan, they ought to have done it if they agreed to, tho' 'twas a bad thing for him. But I never believed the story told of his sculling up Nigary Falls in a potash kettle with a crobar, which is preposterous, and as for the gridiron—thereby hangs a tale, and the Lord knows what they do in their secret cemeteries, when they get on one another's clothes by mistake and cut up all sorts of capers, to say nothing of the ridiculous aprons which do make 'em look so queer."

The interest of Ike had ceased, and he had turned his attention to annointing the cat with an application of soft soap.

In Memoriam.

William H. Riley, late of Indianapolis, Ind., died suddenly at New Orleans, La., November 16th, 1867.

The resolutions of condolence and fraternal memory adopted by his mother-lodge (Center, No. 23, at Indianapolis) are surpassingly beautiful, and we incorporate them in the present article:

Resolved, That we can scarcely realize that Bro. William H. Riley, who for years, and as but yesterday, was with us, and one of us, with a kind smile, a warm heart, and an open hand for all, buoyant with youth, health and manly vigor, with bright hopes beckoning to a smiling future, can indeed be dead. It is hard to believe that his graceful, springing step will never more tread this hall. It is hard to believe that that beaming eye and generous heart are now closed and pulseless in a distant grave. It is hard to believe that his kindly smile is for us no more. It is hard to believe that we shall never again clasp in friendly greeting that kindly hand, that his voice of grand music has died away, hushed and mute forever. We had looked to see the laurel wreath of histrionic fame woven for his brow, but ah, instead, the acacia sprig is planted at his early grave.

It is, indeed, hard to realize; but is, alas, too true, and again solemnly reminds us that youth, health, and heart of hope are all no shield from the fell destroyer—Death.

His was an example worthy of imitation in all the relations of life; in business energetic, honest and liberal; in his profession an ornament, laboring to elevate the drama into a teacher of the age; in charities generous; in his family devoted and affectionate; among friends genial and kind; as a man of knightly honor; as a Mason an honor to the Craft. The memory of his virtues will long be cherished in the hearts of his Masonic brothers.

With his sorrow-stricken widow, upon whom his loss has fallen with such terrible weight, the greater because so sudden, and just when entering a new and promising sphere, the heart filled with bright hopes and excited by happy anticipations, and then suddenly left alone in her widowhood, far from friends, a stranger in a strange land, with her we sympathize more than words can express, and commend her to the tender care and sympathy of our brothers of New Orleans.

It seems hard, too, if he must fall, that it could not have been among us, who knew and loved him, and would have cared for him with sad and tender care; yet it is to us great consolation that he died among brothers, and that brother Masons closed his eyes, and folded his hands to rest and with solemn ceremonies and due honors bore him to his grave, and dropped the acacia sprig upon his coffin.

To the Brotherhood of Louisiana Relief Lodge, No. 1, of New Orleans, we express our grateful thanks for their care of our departed friend. What they have done for him is grateful to us, too, as a living evidence that all Masons everywhere are indeed brothers, touching and strengthening cords in our hearts which bind us together in this great brotherhood; chords of sympathy and affection which we hope may never be broken, but grow strong with time.

That our altar, columns and working tools be draped in mourning for thirty days.

◆

CAUTION.

We have received a printed notice, issued under the Grand Royal Arch Chapter Seal of Delaware, and signed by the officers, George W. Chaytor, Gr. H. P., and D. C. Goodwin, Gr. Sec., to caution all Royal Arch Masons of Delaware, against the attempt of one John L. Lewis, of New Jersey, to organize a Royal Arch Chapter of Masons in Delaware, and locate the same in Wilmington, declaring the same to be clandestine—a usurpation—and any recognizing such action, will be dealt with according to Masonic Law, as provided.

Editor's Trestle-Board and Quarry.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago Masonic Election and Presentation. — Blair Lodge, No. 393, F. & A. M., held their annual election on Thursday evening, the 26th of December last. The following are the name of the officers elect:

Simon Quinlan, W. M.; Heury Scholfield, S. W.; S. H. Gallager, I. W.; S. J. Hays, Treasurer; W. W. Winters, Secretary.

After the election, a splendid tea-set, consisting of fourteen pieces, was presented to Dr. W. A. Stevens, the Past Master of the Lodge. The presentation speech was made by R. W. Bro. D. W. Thomson, Past Grand Lecturer and Chaplain of Blair Lodge, in his usual expressive and feeling manner. The inscription on the plate reads as follows:

"Presented by the members of Blair Lodge, No. 393, F. & A. M., to their Past Master, Dr. W. A. Stevens, as a token of their regard for him as a true friend, a faithful brother, an arduous Mason, and an efficient and exemplary officer.— Chicago, Dec. 25, A. L. 5867, A. D. 1867."

Mr. Thomson remarked that all the qualities of the perfect Mason, as set forth in the above inscription, had shone conspicuously in Dr. Stevens during the last two years; and it was from an honest conviction of his worth that this testimonial was proffered. He expressed a hope that the Doctor might live long to enjoy this token of brotherly affection, and ever maintain his high position in the esteem and confidence of the Lodge.

Dr. Stevens, in response, thanked the brethren for their very handsome present, which was so entirely unexpected by him, that he felt quite unable to make any remarks, beyond the expression of his affection for the brethren, with whom he had been so long associated.

EASTERN STAR—MIRIAM FAMILY.

The installation services of the new officers of this elegant system of adoptive Masonry, for the wives, daughters, sisters and widows of Master Masons, came off at Blair Hall, on Wednesday evening, Jan'y 22d last. The following are the officers installed:

W. A. Stevens, Patron; Mrs. Simon Quinlin, Correspondant Patroness; George Sawin, Conductor; Mrs. L. Pitkin, Correspondant Conductress; Joseph Winter, Secretary; Mrs. W. A. Stevens, Correspondant Secretary; G. W. King, Treasurer; Mrs. A. G. Butler, Correspondant Treasurer; Simon Quinlin, Herald; Mrs. Joseph Winter, Correspondant Herald.

On the occasion the invitation to visitors were numerous, and a considerable gathering of at least about 150 ladies and gentlemen were present to witness the ceremonies, many of whom were not Masons. At the close of the Installations, a grand banquet was given by the ladies of the Miriam Family, which was highly creditable, and indeed superior to many. Splendid coffee, tea, ornamented cake, bon-bons, Turkeys, tongue, confectionery, nuts, &c., &c., in the utmost abundance. J. C. W. Bailey was called to act as Chaplain on the occasion, after the performance of whose duties, ample justice was done to the good things provided. A very happy gathering, which, it is hoped, the Miriam Family will have many annual opportunities of perpetuating.

WISCONSIN.

—The Grand Commandery of Knights Templar, of the State of Wisconsin, met in Milwaukee, on Thursday, Jan'y 2d, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

Alvin Alden, R. E. G. Com., of Portage City; A. V. H. Carpenter, V. E. D. G. C., of Milwaukee; James Bate, E. G. G., of Madison; J. A. Horlick, E. G. C. G., of Racine; Samuel Fallows, E. G. P., of Milwaukee; E. M. Hall, E. G. S. W., of Watertown; C. P. Whitford, E. G. J. W., of Milton; F. J. Crosby, E. G. T., of Milwaukee; W. T. Palmer,

E. G. R., of Milwaukee; L. von Suessemilch, E. G. Sword Bearer, of Delaware; R. C. Tate, E. G. Standard Bearer, of Racine; C. S. Heimstreet, E. G. W., of Janesville; William Lohmiller, E. C. G.

—We are indebted to the Milwaukee *Journal of Commerce* for the following Masonic elections in Milwaukee, Wis.:

WISCONSIN COUNCIL, No. 4, R. & S. M.—The following officers were recently elected for the ensuing year, 1868:

H. O. Green, D. I. G. M.; F. J. Crosby, P. C. W.; A.V. H. Carpenter, Treas.; W. P. Vary, R.; W. G. Griffiths, C. of G.; L. Barrett, S.

KILBOURNE CHAPTER, No. 1, R. A. M.—The annual election of this body took place at Milwaukee. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year, 1868:

R. B. Miller, H. P.; Wm. W. Wilson, K.; D. Martin, S.; L. Ellsworth, Treas.; S. E. Rundle, Sec'y; H. Campbell, C. H.; J. McCullough, P. S.; G. Starkey, R. A. C.; H. Smith, 3d V.; J. J. Anderton, 2d V.; E. S. Elliott, 1st V.; Rev. S. Fallows, Chaplain; W. T. Bailey, Guard.

MILWAUKEE CHAPTER, No. 32, R. A. M.—The following officers were elected on Christmas evening, for the ensuing year, 1868:

L. Phillips, H. P.; D. Adler, K.; H. S. Mack, S.; L. Auer, Treas.; A. Wallber, Sec'y; Henry Bonns, C. H.; Hugo Mack, P. S.; J. A. Levy, R. A. C.; L. Harris, 3d V.; S. Rosenbaum, 2d V.; W. Kahn, 1st V.; H. Bruett, Guard.

DARLING CHABTER, No. 20, R. A. M.—The following are the officers installed at Fond du Lac, Wis., on the 11th day of December, for the year 1868:

Wm. Wiley, H. P.; A. M. Blair, K.; D. C. Lamb, S.; O. P. DeLand, S.; W. D. Conklin, P. S.; John Spence, R. A. C.; Chas. Marks, M. 3d V.; E. Hawkins, M. 2d V.; F. A. Hoffman, M. 1st V.

OMRO LODGE, No. 168, A. F. AND A. M.—The annual communication resulted in the election of the following officers for the ensuing year, 1868:

A. H. Howard, W. M.; W. W. Race, S. W.; W. A. Jamison, J. W.; G. W. Shaffer, Treas.; F. A. Hayward, Sec'y;

Samuel Shaw, S. D.; A. B. Cady, J. D.; C. C. Arnold, Wm. Nye, Stewards; J. H. Martin, Tyler.

WISCONSIN LODGE, No. 13, A. F. AND A. M.—The annual election took place recently, and resulted in the selection of the following officers for the ensuing year, 1868:

D. G. Hooker, W. M.; W. P. Vary, S. W.; O. Pritchard, J. W.; G. W. Perrine, Treas.; G. R. Wright, Sec'y; T. E. Baldwin, S. D.; C. H. Sweetland, J. D.; J. R. Goodrich, L. B. Rock, Stewards; Rev. James Dixson, Chaplain; L. Barrett, Tyler.

WISCONSIN.—The past month has been of great interest to the Fraternity, as within this time has occurred the annual elections and installations, and also St. John's Day, which was duly celebrated by many of the Lodges and Chapters throughout this State. The brethren of Fond du Lac, Fond du Lac county, united in an installation and social of the two lodges of that city, which were held in Amory Hall, on the evening of St. John's Day. The installation services were conducted by the Grand Lecturer, M. L. Youngs, P. G. M., of Milwaukee, and are said to have been of a very imposing character. The Royal Arch Companions of Berlin, Green Lake county, also had a reunion on the same evening, which passed off very pleasantly and was enjoyed by all. Many other Chapters and Lodges also celebrated the day, generally by an installation and festival.

—Brother A. V. H. Carpenter, V. E. D. G. C. of the Grand Encampment, and who is the General Ticket Agent of the Mil. & St. P. Ry., was recently presented with a magnificent chronometer, valued at about $400, by the agents and conductors of that road. This is a deserved tribute to a worthy officer.

—The Grand Lecturer of Wisconsin, M. L. Youngs, is now visiting the lodges throughout the State, and giving them proper instruction in the Work.

—Among the list of killed in the late terrible accident at Angola was the name of our worthy Brother, Charles Lobdell, assistant editor of the LaCrosse (Wis.) *Democrat*, and who had become extensively and familiarly known to the fraternity as the editor of the Masonic columns of that paper. He was a young man of excellent character, whose future prospects were of the brightest kind; but "Death loves a shining mark," and while on his way East, where he was to meet his affianced bride, this frightful accident occurred. Another faithful Craftsman called from labor in the Lodge below to the Grand Lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides.

TENNESSEE.

Athens.—McMinn Chapter, No. 74, on the occasion of the Installation of the officers, on the 2d of January last, an admirable address was delivered by P. G. H. P. John Fizzell, of Winchester, Tenn. The three principle officers of this Chapter are, E. W. A. Nelson, H. P.; John F. Stover, K.; Alex. Robinson, S.

Athens Council, No. 40.—At the same place, and on the same day, Comp. Fizzell organized and installed the officers of this Council, as follows: Comp. W. A. Neilson, T. I. G. M.; John F. Stover, I. D. G. M.; G. G. Stillman, P. C. of W.; W. B. McKilden, C. of G.; J. C. Starrat, Treasurer; Alexander McKilden, Rec. L. and T.

MISSISSIPPI.

West Point.—Blue Lodge officers are as follows: James H. Shipman, W. M.; W. F. Frankes, S. W.; D. W. Story, J. W.; J. S. Carothers, Secretary; W. D. Thomassen, Treasurer; F. R. Shipman, S. D.; J. E. Ellis, J. D.; W. H. Henly, Steward and Tyler.

Chapter Officers as follows:—J. H. Shipman, M. E. H. P.; F. E. Harris, E. K.; R. Cameron, E. S.; J. Cox, C. H.; R. S. Harris, P. S.; T. D. Williamson, R. A. C.; B. F. Copshaw, 1st Vail; W. H. Henly, 2d Vail; W. F. Franke, 3d Vail; J. D. Travis, Steward and Sentinel.

—It seems to us there is too little attention paid to learning the unwritten work and lectures of the Chapter Degrees. Very often it is the case that the candidate is exalted to the Royal Arch degree in less than two weeks after his election, and of course without knowing his A B C's in the work. Why not pursue the same course here as in the Blue Lodge? As it is now there is scarcely one out of ten that can prove themselves aright, and it can all be plainly traced to this lack of instruction, which should be given the candidate only as he has fully learned the preceding lectures.

BROTHER OLE BULL.—It affords us unmitigated pleasure to recognize this eminent artist and musician, as a Brother beloved and greatly esteemed. His return to this country, after an absence of some years to his native land—Sweden —and to other Continental cities of Europe, we hail with profound delight and genuine pleasure. His skill upon the violin is world renowned. His absorption into the glorious and wonderful strains he produces is marvelous and inspiring. Now the most delicate tones, when to listen is to hold one's breath, to gather in those ethereal strains. Anon, and the small instrument seems capable of producing the deepet Bass notes of Harmony. What is above all charming, is his courtly and gallant air, betokening the gentleman, and equal of princes and potentates,—into whose society his divine art has naturally and frequently thrown him. His friend, companion, and agent, Brother Widder, is also a bright Mason, both of whom we had the pleasure to meet in Oriental Lodge, No. 33.

DICTIONARY OF FREE MASONRY.—Bro. G. G. Stillman writes, I have given this Masonic Dictionary a partial examination, and must say, so far as I have examined, I like it better than any I have seen. Several have looked at it, and have expressed a determination of procuring a copy. I think that every informed mason at least should have one.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We have received the proceedings of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of Missouri, from Bro. G. Frank Gouley, of St. Louis, who will again accept our thanks for his attention.

Grand Lodge Proceedings for the State of New Hampshire.—We have to thank Brother Horace Chase, the Grand Secretary of New Hampshire, for this very acceptable record, for future use.

Grand Commandery of Iowa—Proceedings.—We presume we are indebted to Brother W. B. Langridge, Grand Recorder, for this admirably executed work, which reflects great credit upon the printers, as well as compilers.

Grand Commandery of Knights Templar, of the State of Alabama.—From Brother Edmund M. Hastings, Grand Recorder, who will accept our thanks.

Mystic Temple.—A new weekly Masonic magazine, quarto form of 8 pages, well printed, and containing many interesting articles, published by an association in New York. This is said to be in the interest of the Memphis Rite, as expounded by Brother Seymour.

Masonic Sun.—Another new magazine, quarto form, (without cover,) 16 pp., published at Wilmington, N. C., by Bro. Thomas B. Carr, M. D. A number of very interesting selections in this number—4 of vol. 1.

Masonic Mirror.—Is another weekly, of quarto shape, 8 pages, published by Levi & Nevins, of N. Y.

Of Literary Works, we have received the following:

The World at Home.—A new monthly magazine, published by Evans & Co., of Philadelphia. The first two numbers, January and February, are before us. We thought No. 1 good, but No. 2 is still better. We have not seen better stories in any monthly,—indeed they are admirable. The fashions and cookery are not forgotten, and the editorial department, summary of news, &c., make a fitting close of each number.

The Northren Monthly.—Is another work in its second volume, of which we have received the February number—96 pp., published by M. R. Dennis & Co., at Newark, N. J. Its articles are of sterling worth, and of greater diversity than usual. The "Thief in the Night" is a quaint story—they are all excellent.

The Children's Hour, by T. S. Arthur.—We have received Nos. 1 and 2, of vol 3, in which are a number of beautiful articles suitable for our juvenile friends.

Arthur's Home Magazine.—A very popular and very excellent magazine, greatly suited for the ladies.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

SANCTUARY OF THE NORTHWEST,
VALLEY OF CHICAGO,
Year of True Light 000,000,000.

To the Master Masons of the North-West:

The undersigned, Grand Representative and Special Deputy of the Sovereign Sanctuary of the Masonic Order of Memphis, of the United States, for the States of Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, deems it his duty, in obedience to instructions recenty received from the Grand Hierophant, to offer a fraternal caution to the craft within the limits of this jurisdiction, in reference to attempts that have recently been made to impose upon them a fraudulent and spurious Masonic Rite, as being that of Memphis.

The Sov: Sanc: of the United States, situate in the Valley of New York, and represented there by the Grand Hierophant, is the only source whence can emanate authority to confer the degrees of Memphis Masonry; and none but Masons in good standing can hold such authority. It is therefore important that persons pretending to propagate the Sublime teachings of our Rite, should first show conclusively their own good standing in the order; and, second, their authorization by the Grand Hierophant, by the Sovereign Sanctuary, or by a duly appointed Deputy.

BE IT KNOWN, that the Masonic Rite of Memphis consists of **THREE** grades or series, viz.:

The first, from the 34°∴ to the 42°∴—constituting the Senate.

The second, from the 43°∴ to the 90°∴—constituting the Supreme Council.

And the third series, from the 91°∴ to the 95°∴—(being degrees of merit) are conferred only as distinctions by the Gr: Hierophant, or his special Deputy.

Any pretended degrees, other than those above stated, and any person pretending to hold authority from any other than the above source, are hereby pronounced spurious, fraudulent and illegitimate, and M. M.'s are hereby fraternally cautioned of the same.

J. FREEMAN SILKE, 95°∴
Grand Rep. and Special Deputy.
Office—No. 106 S. Clark Street, Room 17.
Chicago, Jan. 2nd, 1868.

Seen and approved this 6th day of January, 1868,
ABR. G. LEVY, 96°∴ *Grand Hierophant.*

THE

VOICE OF MASONRY

DEVOTED TO

MASONIC AND GENERAL LITERATURE,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

VOLUME VI. MARCH, 1868. NUMBER III.

LETTERS* FROM ROB MORRIS.

LONDON, (Eng.) February 15, 1868.

To The Voice of Masonry:

On the 2d day of February, in the year of Divine Grace, 1868, we two "brothers and fellows," to-wit, the undersigned and D. W. Thomson, of Hemlo, Illinois, stood side by side on the deck of the iron steamship "France," Captain Grace, and saw her cast off her lines at Pier No. 47, North River, bound for Liverpool. It was a solemn moment this in which the last tie that bound me to my native land was severed. I could not join in the parting salutations with which our fellow-passengers indulged themselves and friends on shore, but felt like secluding myself in the retirement of my state-room and considering, in a spirit of prayerful enquiry, the question, shall I ever again set foot on these streets? It is no tourist's romance that has animated us, two elderly men,

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* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by J. C. W. Bailey, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Northern District of Illinois.

S. Hanson & Co. The Circular is post-addressed, "To any other Banker to whom this may be presented."

In regard to that universally dreaded malady, Sea-sickness, (in French, *mal de mer*,) I have made some deductions which, while they have no claim to novelty, may yet be of interest to your readers. Our voyage was of such uniform smoothness, that we were spared any very distressing cases of the disease, and our amiable ship-physician, Dr. ———, had almost nothing in his department to do. Yet the same symptoms and the same general course seem to pervade the complaint whether severe or mild. In my own case I make it a rule in sea-voyages to lie in my birth for the first day or two. This reconciles me in some degree to the motion of the vessel which imparts the horrible nausea so much dreaded. By this time my stomach becomes extremely sour, and a very slight effort enables me to vomit. After that I usually have a spell of vomiting two or three times a day, for several days, but not so as to prevent me from sitting up, reading, and even eating in moderation. With the first three or four days the whole attack passes off, and I not only recover my former strength, but become invigorated. The fresh air, the motion of the vessel, the cheerful company around, whose only care is to impart and enjoy cheerfulness, give me an elasticity of spirit and appetite and digestion such as I did not bring on board with me.

The worst sufferers from sea-sickness are those who vomit with difficulty. Such persons go through a two week's voyage with scarcely a moment's ease. Incessant nausea,—want of appetite,—sluggishness of the digestive organs, and the most obstinate costiveness, are their symptoms. It is such a person who is recorded as saying that "when he went to sea he was afraid, the first day, that he should be drowned; the second day he was afraid he *should not*." Of all the painful instances of low spirits, ill-temper, and very weariness of existence, commend me to a confirmed case of sea-sickness, about ten days out.

Ladies suffer, comparatively, far more than gentlemen. It is usual to laugh at the unusually hard cases as they emerge from their state-rooms, pale, staggering, and woe-begone; but the veriest misanthrope felt a pity for some of our female passengers who came on board rosy and gay, but left it sallow and sad. Poor creatures! the druggists of Liverpool must have sold them good lots of *rouge* and *lilly white* ere their roses and lillies bloomed again! How a bridal party could think of turning their honey-moon into a sea-voyage, surpasses my conception. I would sooner think of spending it in the county jail.

Strange to say that a class of persons who boast that "they are never sea-sick," suffer more, upon the whole, than those who are easily affected. For while the latter are well and hearty in a few days, and enjoying the reaction of a good appetite and sound digestion, the former mope about during the entire voyage, neither sick nor well.

As to remedies, in the way of medicines, onr ship Doctor says there are no specifics for sea-sickness. Some constitutions find relief from a little chloroform in water. The only thing that does me any good is *Citrate of Magnesia.* As a slight aperient and a corrective of that painful acidity of the stomach which is so distressing a symptom, it is sovereign. It is put up neatly in small bottles, for use, and I advise every traveler to supply himself with a couple of bottles. The only preparation for its use is a glass of cold water. In addition to this, I find pure Cordial Gin to be of service in warming and stimulating the stomach. But I do not believe that those passengers who have their wines and ales on the table at every meal derive any benefit from them. In addition to the *Citrate of Magnesia* alluded to above, take a box or two of Brandeth's Pills, a quart bottle of strong coffee ready made, a few lemons, with white sugar; and some good apples. Everything else you can get in abundance, on board. Dress warmly. Wear over-shoes. Go on deck a good deal. Be regular in your habits. Talk and sing freely. Read the

Bible and other good books, and don't forget that, on sea, as on land, the Almighty Hand will hold up all who put their trust in him.

Another piece of advice will not be out of place here, viz.: That no man shall think too highly of himself while traveling, or suppose that anybody particularly cares for him, his business or his history. A sea voyage is the greatest of levellers, and nobody will be valued at a groat beyond his powers of pleasing his companions for the time being. Dignity and fine airs and genteel breeding will pine in the corner, while the ability to sing, tell stories, and promote harmony, will bring you prominently forward.

A list of the names of Freemasons on board, so far as we can procure them, is thus given:

Rob. Morris, of Fortitude Lodge, No. 47, La Grange, Kentucky.

D. W. Thomson, of Fulton City Lodge, No. 187, Fulton City, Illinois.

William Dempster, of Commonwealth Lodge, No. 409, Brooklyn, N. Y.

George Catchpole, of Rose Lodge, No. 590, Rose, Wayne County, N. Y.

Thomas Hughes, of Amity Lodge, No. 323, New York. (He is Chief Steward of the ship.)

William Campbell, of British Oak Lodge, No. 831, Statsbourgh, England. (He is Fourth Mate of the ship.)

W. Thomas, of St. Johns, New Brunswick. (He is First Mate of the ship.)

James Wilson, of Mariner's Lodge, Liverpool, England. (He is Chief Engineer of the ship.)

Wm. Barrett, of Piatt Lodge, New York. (The Purser of the ship.)

Wm. Carroll, of Varick Lodge, No. 31, Jersey City, N. J. (Chief Baker of the ship.)

To procure a passport it is necessary to take a number of affidavits, before proper officers, such as the place of birth, age, &c.; loyalty to Government, &c. These must be endorsed by some friend personally familiar with the facts. These papers, with a fee of about five or six dollars, are to be sent to the Department of State at Washington. If the applicant is of foreign birth, he should give proper evidences of having acquired citizenship. The most convenient method of securing a Passport is to enclose all the papers and fees, (together with a small *douceur* for the trouble),to some friend at Washington who will assume the trouble of going to the Department of State for you. The following is a copy of my Passport:

> **"The United States of America, To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting: I, the undersigned, as Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern, to permit safely and freely to pass, *Robert Morris*, a citizen of the United States, and in case of need, to give him all lawful aid and protection.**
>
> **"Given under my hand, and the impression of the Seal of the Department of State, at the City of Washington, the 4th day of January, A. D. 1868, in the 92d year of the Independence of the United States.**
>
> **"WILLIAM H. SEWARD.**
>
> **"No. 35,615."**

This is followed by a minute description of the bearer, his age, stature, forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, hair, complexion and face; also, his signature.

How do we occupy our time? Well, variously, and for the most part, very usefully. There does not seem to be a studious person on board, unless Brother Thomson and myself assume a claim to the title. There are no books outside of our state-room, except a few novels, and it would, indeed, be hard to sum up the 12 day's labors of 22 of our saloon passengers with any larger figure than that which the Arabs term "aasherah." Checkers, back-gammon, and as much of card-playing as one 25 cent pack of cotton cards can yield, have enabled them to while away the hours between meals.

But few incidents can be recorded in a winter-voyage like this. On our eighth day out a westward bound steam-ship saluted us at night with a rocket, but at so great a distance we could not distinguish her name.

On my first Sabbath out I found some satisfaction in conning over lines and stanzas of hymns containing nautical allusions. Of these I note the following:

From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes
There is a calm, a sure retreat,—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
    Through waves, through clouds and storms
      He gently clears the way.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
  The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
  The wind that tost my foundering bark.
    Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
      In sacred peace our souls abide:

There is a home for weary souls
  By sin and sorrow driven;
When tost on life's temptations shoals
  Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
    And all is drear but heaven.

But after all, no one has depictured a sea-storm with such graphic power as David in the 107th Psalm:

> "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters; these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven; they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them to their desired haven."

After such a picture as this, how appropriate the Psalmist's exhortation:

> "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

But there was never a *truer* truth uttered than that which the cynic embodied in this verse:

Two things break the monotony
  Of our Atlantic trip:
That is, sometimes we *ship a sea*,
  Sometimes we *see a ship*.

For my own part my poetic soul all effervesces in these words, penned in sight of the Irish Coast :

> Now welcome to the solid land,—
>   Twelve days eagerly I've sought her:
> Give me the hardest rock and sand ;
>   Who like can have my share of water.

I cannot forbear to commemorate the attention yielded me in my sea-sick hours by Brother Thomson. Never for a moment sick himself. First at the table four times a day, and looking hungry between meals. Ever patient, cheerful and affectionate, his companionship has been one of the blessings of the voyage which I shall chiefly remember in days to come. I esteem myself fortunate in having an assistant in my Explorations who sets out with so good a will.

The unremitting attention of a large company of sea-gulls upon our voyage is a subject not to be overlooked. About a hundred of these strong-winged gentry attached themselves to us the very moment the pilot left us at Sandy Hook, and held their place as our rear-guard persistently to the last. How and where they rest, if indeed they ever do rest, is a problem I am incompetent to solve. Our sailors say that as soon as night comes they settle down on the water, and, in the words of Barry Cornwalls, once so popular a song, "ride and sleep;" rising again in the morning to their task with freshened pinions. Their object is, of course, to pick up the littles cast overboard from the pantry, steerage and forecastle, and this they do with the greatest expertness. Throw overboard a piece of cracker, an empty pill-box, or a bit of soap, and fifty pair of sharp eyes instantly detect it, fifty pair of iron-grey wings go in for it, and one strong black bill rises with it from the surface with a scream of exultation, and all so rapidly as to make your head giddy. When shot, as foolish cockneys will sometimes do, the sea-gull is found to have a body about the size of a duck, but poorer than ever was the lamest duck in Wall street. In fact there is nothing but feathers and an empty stomach. * * * My own theory of these birds is at least original, viz.: That they are the ghosts of newspaper reporters condemned, for their lies, to follow in the wake of ships and gather items. The thought makes one pity the poor fellows, and so, for their comfort, I will tear up the cover-pages of the last VOICE OF MASONRY, and distribute it among them. * * * Much good it seems to have done them.

As a specimen of our rate of travel, I append some of the figures officially reported every day at High Twelve:

Monday,	February	3d, 260	miles.
Tuesday,	"	4th, 260	"
Wednesday,	"	5th, 268	"
Thursday,	"	6th, 259	"
Friday,	"	7th, 265	"
Saturday,	"	8th, 272	"
Sunday,	"	9th, 272	"
Monday,	"	10th, 271	"

The remarkable uniformity of these daily reckonings will strike you with admiration. In fact steamship travel, under the guidance of such officers as ours, is more regular than the ordinary passenger trains on American railroads.

I have said but little yet concerning our vessel. The "France" is now making her fourth trip. She is of the "National" Line, entirely British, officers, crew, everything, down to the fine sirloins of roast beef served up daily. The only American thing aboard, (besides a small minority of the passengers,) is *the coal*, and judging from the Captain's expressed opinion, he would be glad if that were British too. Everybody talks of going "home," even to the hard worked, poorly-paid, bed-room steward. Money is counted in "tuppences," and their multiplies, and a British Unicorn, originally painted on the sheets, has transferred itself to the left sleeve of my night-shirt. The fare is excellent, the service good. At 8:30 a.m. (or one bell) we *Breakfast*. Such coffee! None save a Mrs. B——— can match it for strength, purity and aroma. All manner of provocatives to hunger accompany it. At noon (eight bells) is Lunch, whereat we are served with good soups, cold meats of many kinds, and a very garden of vegetables. At 4 p. m. (eight bells again) is Dinner, of which any language save the French would fail at description. Suffice that many a hotel in Chicago fails in providing so good a meal. At 7:30 p. m. (seven bells) is Supper, composed simply of tea, coffee and toast. Here then are four good meals a day and a passage to Liverpool, thirteen days board and lodging for *one hundred dollars.* Cheap enough, certainly.

The steerage passengers, of whom we have 64, pay only $25 each. They receive good, sound, wholesome cooked victuals in abundance, have the attendance of the ship's surgeon the same as ourselves, and are, upon the whole, a vast deal more comfortably situated than I have been in many a Western Hotel.

Our Captain, Grace, is the Commodore, or Chief Captain, of the fleet of vessels belonging to this line. He is a red-faced, weather-beaten man of 40, taciturn in his manners, but a thorough sailor. At all hours, by day and night, he is on the alert, stands his regular watch with his mates, and nurses his ship (in the affectionate description given me of him by the Purser) "like a mother watching over her baby." His manners would make him but an unpopular officer on a Mississippi steamer, but for ocean service he is, no doubt, just the man. His pay is six hundred pounds sterling, or $3,000, a year; not particularly extravagant that. His family resides near Liverpool.

His four Mates are fine, hearty business men, training up in good time to be Captains themselves. All the cares of the ship are apportioned among them according to the inviolable landmarks of naval service, which would not particularly interest our readers.

Then we have a Surgeon, an experienced professional, formerly in the Rebel service, who is paid by the ship to look after the limbs and health of all, fore and aft. The only use

I have had for him, however, was at the backgammon-board.

The Purser, Barrett, (a member of Piatt Lodge, New York City,) has in charge all matters relative to supplies of provisions. He is, in part, Quartermaster (as military books would style him) of the ship. He is a thoroughly genial gentleman; a perfect sailor, having begun as a boy "before the mast;" and, like the Captain, has his family in Liverpool. He has sailed in every part of the world.

Of Engineers we have six; the entire crew, including all employees, from Captain to Chambermaid, consisting of 104. All matters of official duty are regulated by the strokes of the ship's bell, which the passengers soon begin to understand. The series begins, after noon, as follows:

12:30	o'clock	1 bell.
1:00	"	2 bells.
1:30	"	3 "
2:00	"	4 "
2:30	"	5 "
3:00	"	6 "
3:30	"	7 "
4:00	"	8 "

Then a similar series goes on from from 4 to 8 o'clock; another from 8 o'clock till Low XII.; and so on every fourth hour. These series of four hours are termed watches, of which, it will be seen, there are six in each 24 hours. The traveler, kept awake by sickness, weariness, and utter *ennui*, hears the solemn chiming of the ship's bell from hour to hour with feelings that I cannot describe. Certainly I shall never forget these impressions.

A cheerful mind is able to derive amusement from almost any of the circumstances surrounding him. I found more genuine fun at watching the dinners during our three day's storm, than any thing else. Imagine 24 persons around the table. The table screwed to the floor; the passengers screwed to their seats, so far as human muscle can do it, and everything else in a state of motion. The cabin keels over to the right at an angle of 45 degrees. You hold your soup-plate in one hand, and yourself in your seat by the other. You "raise perpendiculars" to the utmost of your ability, but you miscalculate, and the hot soup slops on your hands. Away goes the cabin, keeling 45 degrees to the left. You "lay levels" with your soup-plate, but again erroneously, for now a second portion of the fiery fluid runs up your sleeve, and you anathematize the same. Again to the right, 45 degrees. You "square the work," this time with experienced judgment, feeling you have earned the right to be called a sailor, but *helas!* (as the Frenchwoman opposite shrieks out,) your soup pertinaciously scorns your judgment and away into your bosom it goes with a fire and a greasiness and a velocity known to no other object in nature, except hot soup. The whole dinner is eaten with a running accompaniment of china, glasses, chairs, and tables, such as the participant can never forget. And yet, after a few days, one learns to derive amusement from it. Good nature makes a dissert in a desert, and even the disagreeabilities of a storm at sea will leave places for "the laugh" to come in.

We go to Marseilles in time to sail on Tuesday, the 18th. Shall probably take a French steamer that coasts the Italian Gulf and Turkish coasts, to Beyrout. Therefore, my next epistle will be composed on the Mediterranean Sea.

Truthfully,
ROB MORRIS.

From the New York Ledger.

MOTHERS WILL KNOW THEIR CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

Mr. Bonner: You send me the following note from a correspondent, with a suggestion that I make some reply. I do so cheerfully. But it would not be worth while to go into all the questions which have been raised respecting the points here mentioned; nor, indeed, to enter into arguments at all.

I will give, in a simple manner, the results to which my own mind has been brought:

"DEAR SIR: A few weeks since a question came up before the teachers' meeting of the Presbyterian Church, where some of us very good naturedly disagreed. Part of the officers of the church, and one reverend, maintained that, though it were *just possible* we might recognize our friends in the other world, we should feel no more affection for them than for perfect strangers; and that the body with which our Savior rose from the dead underwent another transformation, and became etherealized before it ascended to heaven; and in like manner, at the resurrection of our own bodies, we will be furnished with vague, shadowy forms.

"Now, Mr. Beecher, last Thursday our little three-year old baby left us. She was the sunlight of our home here; and is it true that, when I, too, cross the river, I shall not know her, and, knowing, shall not love her? H. A. A."

The nature of the body to which we come by resurrection is a matter purely of speculation. Nothing conclusive is taught by the Scriptures. Paul declares that *flesh and blood shall not inherit the Kingdom of God.* So far as the negative reaches, the teaching is clear enough. Whatever the body is, it is *not flesh and blood.* But what conception can we form of a body except of that *flesh and blood* body in which we have always dwelt? The Apostle seems to teach that our spiritual body, without being material, will be one which shall correspond to our earthly one. It will answer our spiritual condition just as the mortal body does our earthly state. Beyond this all is fancy and speculation. Every one trying to fancy a conception of a spiritual body, will follow the peculiarities of his own mind, or his habits of thought and the tendencies in which he has been educated. As an exercise of the imagination such speculations may not be without some benefit. They will certainly be harmless if one does not fall into the conceit of thinking that his idealizings are literal truth.

Good men and learned men have in every age so differed among themselves as to the probable spiritual that no one need be afraid of differing from everybody else. Even Paul could not explain the facts to us. Instead, he drew illustrations from the vegetable kingdom, implying that as a kernel of wheat when planted, did not come up with the same body or form, but that it developed a new form out of the seed which was planted, so it should be with the human body.

The *main truth* to be cherished is, that we shall really live on after death; and that our identity will not be lost, but that the heavenly state will so develop itself out of the materials gathered in the earthly that we shall be the same beings, recognize ourselves as the same, employ the same faculties, and carry forward that very mind and disposition with which we left the world.

How shall we recognize each other in heaven? This precise question is neither put nor answered in the sacred Scriptures. But, beyond all dispute, it is implied, assumed as the very necessity of a moral state, that the *principle of memory* will exist; that the sufferings, temptations, triumphs of men over evil; that the divine helpfulness and fidelity displayed during the whole of men's earthly lives, will be an occasion of thanksgiving and praise. Now, if memory survives, why should its action be limited to one class of experiences? Why, if we remember earthly sufferings, should we not remember those who soothed or sympathized in them? If we remember adult friends, why should we forget little children who take hold upon the heart with a grasp even firmer than any grown person can? There is no authority for suppositions which parcel out the memory and limit its free activity.

It may be safely said, to all of that great company of mourners whose children have gone away from them, God has taken your babes! They are safe. They did not venture out into some great void, some vague and unexplored way, where the wanderers were left to find their own way. If there be use for angels, surely there is none more fit and beautiful than to bear in their bosoms, and convey to the presence of the *All-loving*, the tender spirits of little children.

Nor do we need to doubt that there is in the Father's house a place for them, and sweet company, and perfect blessedness, and gladness, innocence, and friendship, such as they could never have had on earth.

Our children are cared for. He that was grieved when little children were kept from Him, who took them up in His arms, laid His hands upon them and blessed them—is He any less a lover of children in Heaven than he was upon earth?

But, shall we know them? Why not? Where is there an intimation in Scripture to this effect? It is not positively affirmed; but it is implied that men, dropping at death all that is of flesh, will rise into the communion of Heaven, carrying the same affections, sentiments, will, and intelligence that they had on earth. Otherwise, of what use are discipline, education, earthly experience? It is the saint made perfect, not made up of a new pattern, that we shall meet in glory.

Let no mother be driven from the hope of meeting her children in heaven! Let mothers comfort themselves in believing that the loves of earth will go on in heaven, and that whatever was pure, noble, and true on earth will go on with them forever. Among all other griefs, let not this unnecessary one arise, that you have lost your children forever! He who keeps you for them will keep them for you. They will be more beautiful, sweeter, more glorious in preciousness. They will be enough the same to make you glad for all the growths, additions, and refinements of their charms.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Translated for Every Saturday from the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

THE ASTRONOMERS BEFORE THE GREAT PYRAMID.

From all time people have distrusted the interference of the exact sciences in the domain of historical criticism; it must be confessed that they had some reason for doing so, for mathematical certainty rests on bases and borrows processes of reasoning which are too narrow for the most likely and least contested events of the past. However, it is permitted to indulge in scientific speculations which endeavor to explain the indecisive testimonies of antiquity. It is on this title that we may judge worthy of attention the investigations of a Scotch astronomer, M. Piazzi Smith, on the origin and design of the pyramids, those curious monuments which have remained the most inexplicable of the hieroglyphics of Egyptian archæology.

Among the numerous pyramids which still stand in the valley of the Nile, the most high and perfect in construction is that which people usually designate by the name of the Great Pyramid of Djizeh, and which is distinguished from the others by special characteristics. It is, it seems, the most ancient; the Pharaoh Chafra or Chephren, who had it built, belonged to the second dynasty and lived, it is affirmed, forty or sixty centuries ago. The masonry has been cut with so much art and care that it is with difficulty one can distinguish, even now, in the interior of the narrow passages which intersect it, the seems of the immense blocks of which it is composed. The granite and limestone are superposed in an apparently studied order; may not this association of different materials have an enigmatic sense which escapes us? In short, this great pyramid is pierced with inclined or horrizontal galleries, chambers, obscure cavities in which certain combinations appear to have been sought after with particular care. Certainly it is not a shapeless mass, as one long believed it to be. Exact measurements have discovered exact proportions, relations of simple and uniform grandeur; on the whole these rough stones, in spite of the heaviness and bulk of their first appearance, have a mysterious sense, real or emblematical, of which it is irritating not to discover the key. It is beside the most colossal and solid edifice which men have ever raised, so much so that innumerable periods of years have passed over it without sensibly changing its form and structure.

Archæologists, confining themselves to the consideration of it from the point of view which is habitual to them, have compared it with the other vestiges of Egyptian antiquity, and have concluded from it, not without plausible motives, that it was a tomb more ostentatious than the others. Such a mass could only, if we believe them, have been destined to protect for an indefinite time the immortal remains of the king who ordered its construction. This interpretation is justified by numerous analogies. There is, as in the most authentic tombs, the same care used in concealing the sarcophagus in an impenetrable retreat, in barring the issues to the sepulchral chamber, in concealing by ingenious precautions the retreat where death was to wait for the future resurrection. If there had existed no indications of another destination, it would have been lawful to affirm that was the only design of so gigantic a work; but how accord this hypothesis with the more precise indications which explorers, rule and quadrant in hand, have ended by discovering?

Let us examine first the principal data of this singular archæological problem. The base is a perfect square, or at least differs so little from one that it may be doubted whether the deviation between the theoretical and observed form is to be attributed to the negligence of the constructors or to the uncertainty of the process of measurement. The four sides are turned very exactly towards the four cardinal points, and the faces all present the same inclination. The successive layers, unequal between themselves, each preserve an uniform thickness on the circumference of the pyramid. The gallery which is the only entrance to the monument and which prolongs itself in a right line to the subterranean chamber is just as much inclined below the horizon as is above it the ascending gallery which ends in the upper chambers. So far one could see in these different coincidences only proofs of the extreme care which the architect of the Pharoah Chephren employed in his work. Here is what reveals better a secret intention. The descending gallery is turned almost towards the pole of the earth, and must have been, four or five thousand years ago, at the time of its constructions, like the gigantic tube of a telescope directed on some shinning star which played then the role of polar star. The pretended sarcophagus in granite which the upper chamber conceals, has been cut in such a manner that the capacity of the inside is half the exterior volume. A final circumstance would be especially remarkable, if the state of dilapidation of the exterior of the edifice permitted the proof of its exact truth. The mathematical relation between the height of the pyramid and the side of the base is equal to the relation between the diameter and half the circumference of a circle, so that, if this fact was admitted as certain, we should have to admit also that the Egyptians knew at a very ancient epoch of the important parameters of geometry.

These metrical results have appeared the more worthy of attention that no traces of them are found in the other pyramids. Little or large, they are not, as one would be tempted to believe, a faithful reproduction of the great one. One observes in them neither the same process of construction, nor so many internal cavities, nor the same relations of dimensions. One would rather suspect that they were the work of more modern architects, who no longer knew how to interpret the enigmatic symbols which the old monument left before their eyes. This opinion seems the more probable that the image of the pyramid drawn in the hieroglyhics of a relatively recent epoch is only an undetermined triangle without any resemblance to the form of the primitive periods.

Must we believe with M. Piazzi Smith that the pyramid had in the beginning of Egyptian civilization a hidden meaning, the memory of which was afterwards lost, or that the priests, the faithful guardians of the religious mysteries, never revealed to their contemporaries? What could, then, this meaning be? It is a question asked numbers of times, and to which no satisfactory answer has yet been given. The common fault of the different interpretations proposed so far, is that they only take count of certain characteristics of the edifice, and neglect others which are not less essential. It is the same reproach which has been brought against those who found in it only a royal tomb. As much might be said of the explanation proposed by Sir John Herschel, who saw in it only an observatory fit to show, at the distant epoch when it was constructed, the true direction of the polar star. An Egyptian astronomer, Mahmoud Bey, enunciated, not long ago, a new theory, founded, like the preceding, on the coincidence with a celestial phenomenon. According to him, it must have been a monument consecrated to a star of the constellation of the Dog, Sirius, which represented the god of the dead in the ancient Egyptian mythology. The pyramid was inclined in such a way that the beneficient rays of Sirius fell perpendicularly on the southern face of the pyramid. None of these suppositions renders a satisfactory account of the minute details of the interior structure. The intention of the architect was, without any doubt, less elementary and more complex; that is at least what the geometrical particularities of this gigantic work seem to reveal.

It is assuredly more legitimate to think that the Egyptian priests wished to figure by it under a sensible and nevertheless hidden form teachings relative to the religion, the manners or the sciences of their time. M. Piazzi Smith pretends, with many other archæologists, that the traditions which are buried in it have relation to the weights and measures then in use. The hypothesis is not new, but it rests on more certain data than those which have preceded it in this field of research. Thus the length of the base would represent a certain multiple of the unity of length, and this unity would be nothing else than the ten millionth part of the terrestrial diameter. The pretended sarcophagus would be a unity of weight in relation with the density of the earth. Even the decimal numeration would be expressed in symbolical characters on several of the walls of the edifice. In a word, the Egyptians of four or five thousand years ago would have possessed a complete metrological system more perfect, we are told, than the metrical system of which we are so proud, and have engraved the indelible memory of it on this mass of stones. We should then have time to suppose that they possessed an extensive knowledge of astronomy and physics. As to know whence so much science came to men whom Herodotus represents as very ignorant, M. Piazzi Smith contents himself with saying that they had received the notions of it by divine inspiraton. It would be difficult for us to follow him so far. It is an irrational and inconsequential step to explain a mystery by a miracle.

If M. Piazzi Smith lets himself be carried too far in the way of deductions under the empire of an exclusive idea, there remains to him at least the merit of having advanced the study of the Great Pyramid by consecrating his leisure and his practiced skill as an astronomer to the obtaining exact measures of this indecipherable monument. After the conscientious and sagacious researches of the French savans of the expedition of Egypt, after the persevering labors of Colonel Howard Vyse, who applied himself, thirty years ago, to the minute exploration of this stone colossus to its most secret recesses, there remained still much to be done. The subject is not exhausted, since these efforts have not ended in a solution of which the truth is evident. Perhaps the mystery will remain forever impenetrable, a manifest sign that the primitive peoples had ideas, acquaintances prejudices, or sentiments which the modern mind, bewildered by the immense increase of civilization, is no longer apt to conceive. After braving revolutions and conquests, the ravages of time and atmosphere, and the more redoubtable attacks of the human race which have struggled at its feet during thousands years, the Great Pyramid is still standing, an unique work in the world of grandeur and originality.

LONGEVITY.

An amusing article in the new number of the Quarterly Review carries on the long controversy as to longevity originally strated by Sir G. C. Lewis. The Reviewer believes that his incredulity was gradually giving way in the case of women, although he still maintained that no male had ever lived to the age of a hundred. The argument can only be effectually closed by producing some case resting on thoroughly satisfactory evidence. The Reviewer is inclined to believe in Old Parr and the Countess of Desmond, but he must admit that there is enough of the fabulous mixed up with their stories to justyfy any one who takes the sceptical side. The strongest argument in the negitive direction appears to be that on which Sir G. C. Lewis relied, that, since the Christian era, no case has been alleged of any person of royal or noble birth having reached the magic limit. It is not quite sufficient to reply that such persons are exposed to greater risks than those of lower rank; though there is, of course, some weight in the consideration. The case is as if we should find that, wherever we have been able to measure accurately, we have never found men above (say) eight feet in height, but that the alleged stature increases in proportion as we listen to travelers from remote districts, or examine prehistorical records. Such a result would necessarily follow if travelers despise a servile adherence to the truth, and if popular traditions exaggerate. Seen through the mist which obscures distant ages or remote countries, the giants appear still more gigantic, and we should naturally infer that the ten or twenty feet monsters, when brought into clear daylight, might shrink to the dimensions of accurately recorded cases. Now the cases of longevity are in a similar predicament. If we are never told that kings and nobles have lived to a hundred, the reason may be indeed that they lead more perilous lives, and therefore could not be said truly to have lived to a hundred. But it may also be that, as the dates of their births and deaths were notorious, nobody had the impudence to assert falsely that they lived to a hundred.

In short, if in all the cases which admit of an easy test centenarians are unknown, there is at least a presumption against the obscure centenarians who generally grow up in places where the system of registration is unknown, and where scepticism is more common than a love of the marvelous. This presumption may, of course, be rebutted by one clear case to the contrary. We cannot say *a priori* that no man can live two or three years beyond the age of 99, of which there are numerous well-authenticated instances, any more than we say dogmatically that no man can grow to a height of 8 feet 2 inches, after several historical giants have already reached 8 feet. The Quarterly Reviewer produces two or three instances which appear to rest upon a fair amount of evidence: but we cannot point to any conclusive and crushing blow to the sceptic. One of the best cases probably is a Mrs. Williams, who died at 102, in 1841, and who made a speech to her tenantry, upstanding, on her hundreth birthday. This story is told by her great-grandson, and has the advantage that the lady was in a position of life in which the date of her birth would probably be easily ascertainable. One or two old incumbents, a class notorious for living, are still better authenticated.

The whole controversey is a rather curious instance of the importance of round numbers to the imagination. If we had reckoned in years of a slightly different length, no one would have fixed upon the corresponding number in a new scale, say 107 or 93, as the absolute limit of age. The question as to the two or three years more or less, at that age, does not seem to be one of special interest; a man of 30 would probably consent to be put to death at 100 for a very moderate consideration,—say a five-pound note, or a dinner at Greenwich. But we should all be glad to know how to made a decent approximation to a patriarchal age. Here the records of extreme longevity are curiously defective in their teaching. In a general way, it is of course better to be regular, of virtuous habits, and cleanly life; but these things do not seem to be essential. There was a story the other day, in the American papers, of a teetotaller who called upon some nonagenarian and asked for the secret of his long life; he had heard that he was regular in his habits, and hoped that he was a total abstainer. The venerable patriarch admitted the regularity, but added that it consisted in regularly chewing tobacco, "liquoring up" with the regularity of a steam-engine, and regularly going to bed drunk. This possibly mythical person does not seem to be entirely exceptional. May persons have lived to great ages in spite of the usual sanitary rules. A charming old lady of 106 never washed, but steadily smeared her neck and face with hog's lard and her cheeks with rouge. An old parson, of nearly equal longevity, never took any exercise for 35 years, but consumed buttered rolls and ate roast-meat for supper; while amongst other heroes we find a hard-drinking smuggler and a "soaking fox-hunting squire." And the Reviewer is reduced to mention as the principal cause of living long "a certain mental and bodily predisposition to longevity," which is scarcely a satisfactory conclusion. It is much like saying that, if you wish for a good appetite, your best chance is to have a strong mental and bodily aptitude for taking food.

Certain more definite conditions, however, are tolerably well made out, and are worth a moment's consideration. Few people make it a distinct aim to live as long as possible, though, if a simple expedient were offered them for securing old age, they would probably adopt it. If an elixir, made according to old recipes of powdered vipers, could renew our youth, vipers would doubtless rise in the market. Long life, however, is offered to us on very different terms. If a man's heart or intellect had been good for anything, as was said of one of those determined lingerers in this world, they would have worn out his body long ago. There seems to be a good deal of truth in the doctrine. Excitement is clearly a bad thing; it keeps the machinery working at too high a pressure; but, never to be excited, a man must never take a keen interest in anything. Steady work may be on the whole conducive to health, but the kind of work which involves sudden or very strenuous exertion is necessarily prejudicial; it will strain the machinery in some weak place, and leave some fatal flaw certain to be found out by time; therefore we must avoid any enthusiasm which will hurry us into momentary forgetfulness of ourselves. Warm affections, again, are distinctly prejudicial; they subject their owner to constant anxiety, and are as wearing as the excitement produced by gambling or politics. A warm-hearted man will be put out if his wife is dying, and will forget his regular hours for taking his sleep or his meals.

Nothing is more exhausting for the time than nursing a friend through a long illness, unless you can say with a good conscience that you don't take much interest in the result; and that you can put him out of your mind, and retire calmly to rest, at a moment's notice. Of course, there are some persons who have lived to great ages in spite of enthusiasm or warm affections or energetic work; but so there are people who have lived in spite of drinking, and filthy habits, and indifference to regular exercise. Many men have survived battles in spite of the bravest exposure to danger; but the man who fights and runs away has an advantage which the poet has pointed out with undeniable force. To be thoroughly cold-blooded and selfish is to rise a few points in the betting upon the great event; in the race against time, such a man has a better chance of rising a comparative winner. In short, the conditions of individual longevity resemble those which are favorable to the permanence of species in the world.

It appears from geology that the simplest animals are those which live through the greatest number of epochs. The animal which consists of nothing but a stomach remains unchanged from the most distant point of time down to the present day; it survives races with higher organizations; and every new faculty involves a new chance of decay, because it requires a more special adaptation of conditions. In like manner, to live long, a man ought to be as little as possible beyond a stomach; he should sacrifice everything to keep his digestive apparatus in good working order; he should never allow his pulse to quicken, or any external event to prevent him from reposing properly after his meals, or, still more, from neglecting that essential part of the day's business. To row a University boat-race is a dangerous thing, according to experienced surgeons, because it involves a certain unusual strain; a lad should take his exercise in strict moderation, walk his ten miles a day at the rate of four miles an hour, and never indulge in gymnastic pursuits without feeling his pulse and consulting his doctor. He should carry the same theory into more mature pursuits. He should set before him, as a warning, the case of Old Parr, who was killed, at the age of 152, by coming to the excitement of London instead of vegetating in Shropshire upon a regular allowance of bread and cheese; and, as an example, that of the admirable Cornaro, mentioned by the Quarterly Review, who had arrived at such perfection that at the age of 95 "neither the death of grandchildren nor of other relations or friends could make any impression on him but for a moment or two." Tennyson has admirably described this state of mind in the grandmother's apology; but she scarcely deserves her longevity after the degrading confession, "Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best."

The moral is not, at first sight, a very improving one. The Quarterly Reviewer suggests an escape from such unpleasant conclusions by expatiating on the advantages which old men derive from mixing with the young. It saves them, he urges, from the dangers of stagnation; but then it seems that stagnation is, in this point of view, a desirable consummation. If we prefer living long to living much, the ideal state would be that of a gentlemen with a thousand a year in the Three Per Cents living in a healthy district on £500 a year, never reading the newspapers, keeping regular hours, eating and drinking the same weight of food daily, and employing his intellect upon the solution of double acrostics. We may find a more satisfactory answer by disputing the advantages of over-long life. Under the Jewish dispensation, length of days was held out as a reward; but the Jews lived in comparatively quiet times. A man who could sit under his own fig-tree without a newspaper, or an electric telegraph, or any of the thoughts that shake mankind could doubtless devote himself to the pursuit of long life at a smaller sacrifice; he would not be under the necessity of throwing overboard such a number of fine feelings and enthusiasms as beset us in these exciting days. We must console ourselves with the reflection that it is very bad policy to be dull in one's youth in order that one may enjoy a placid—or, in other words, a stupid and monotonous—old age. If we are to consider ourselves as entitled to draw upon a certain fund of pleasurable excitement, with the power of taking it all at once or spreading the expenditure over a considerable time, it is probably pleasantest to take our pleasure as quickly as may be, consistently with avoiding a shortsighted greediness.

If we cram too much into a day, we enjoy nothing. But on the theory that our pulse is to beat a certain definite number of times, and that every instinct which makes it beat quicker, only burns the candle the faster, it would appear that there is a certain rate of waste which gives a maximum of pleasure, and that any deviation in either direction is so far a mistake, It is not worth while to put ourselves under a glass case, for the sake of a few more years in such unpleasant confinement.

THE CREDIBILITY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

The objections urged against the credibility of Holy Scriptures, are generally based on the inconsistency between the teachings of these and the ascertained facts and principles of science, upon historic inaccuracies found in the Holy Scriptures, when compared with other authentic and reliable sources of information concerning the same historic events spoken of in those Scriptures, and upon the contents of the Scriptures themselves, when compared with other parts and teachings of the same Scriptures, or with the common sense and objections of mankind. It must always be remembered that the Bible was not given us to teach us Science, but rather the way of Salvation, and he who has closely considered the history of Science, how it has progressed with but faltering and erring steps, how many of its most vaunted teachings in one age have been repudiated as errors in the next, will certainly be very cautious about repudiating, on any such grounds, that which has been of such inestimable value as, in all ages, the Holy Bible has proved itself to be. Dear as Science may be to the Mason, yet if need be let it perish, we can live without it; but, without the hope of immortality, based upon the truth of God's teachings in the great light of Masonry, he cannot live, and may not dare to die. The historic inaccuracies alluded to, are based upon recent discoveries in ancient history, from which the objectors infer that the Scriptures are so full of historic errors and mistakes, that they cannot be regarded as worthy of much credit, yet nevertheless, in fact, no such discrepancies have been brought to light, that is discrepancies between its statements and the ascertained facts of ancient history, and especially discoveries and developments made in quite recent times, and every discovery that can be regarded at all beyond dispute as to its meaning and relations, is altogether and entirely confirmatory of the Scripture statements in every point and particular where there is any connection at all between the two. Objections founded upon alleged contradiction between different passages of Holy Scripture, when compared with one another, and those based upon preconceived notions concerning what the contents of the Scripture ought to be, are also set up. The Scriptures, as we have them, have been in the hands of believers, and accessible to sceptics for several centuries; in fact ever since they were written, and, notwithstanding all we may claim on the score of improvements in the art and principles of criticism, nothing new has been discovered by that means, in this department of evidences of Revelation. Experience, and the testimony of all candid students and observers will confirm, that the number of supposed contradictions and discrepancies does not increase, but rather diminish with the amount of study devoted to the investigation of the contents of Holy Scripture. It is only at the first glance that these discrepancies and contradictions, as they are called, appear; they are on the surface, and catch the eye of the superficial reader only. The four Evangelists, for instance, give four different accounts of the superscription over the Cross; now if it was one, it could not be another of these sentences, since no two of them are alike; and if Matthew has given the Hebrew, Mark the Latin, and Luke the Greek, and they were not the same, word for word, in each of the same languages, yet, a verbal discrepancy with the others may be said to remain. But what of it? Does this discrepancy raise or sustain any doubt that Christ was crucified, or that a superscription was placed over his head? Assuredly not, but on the contrary, on every well established principle of evidence, such discrepancy in the unessential details, when there is an agreement in the main fact, confirms the strength of the testimony of that fact. Short as this notice of objections to the credibility of the Scriptures is, it may not be deemed unworthy, perhaps, the consideration, even, of our ancient craft.

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From Every Saturday.

SHUSHAN THE PALACE.

At the beginning of this century, when the field of Western Asia was for the first time, in modern days, laid open for the exploration of Western travelers, search was immediately made for every object that could enable comparative geographers to verify the sites of the most remarkable places of which we read, as well in profane as in sacred history. Sir John Malcom, and those who accompanied him in his missions to Persia, left no stone unturned to effect this object; and so successful were the researches of Macdonald, Kinneir and others that, in the course of a few years, the veil which for hundreds of years had lain over that portion of the world was lifted up, and European travelers could enjoy the satisfaction of following the route of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, and of standing on the spots which has witnessed the captivity of the Children of Israel.

Among the other sites which were made the subjects of investigation was that of Shushan the Palace. From the similarity of the name, it was for a time supposed that the modern ruins of Shus could be no other than those of the city that, in the days of its glory, had witnessed the triumph of Esther and the disgrace of Haman. But as new light was thrown on the question, it came to be admitted that another spot possessed a better claim to be the site of "the palace," than did the ruins of Shus. Tradition told that at Hamadan—which was identified with Ecbatana—there existed an ancient tomb, which went by the name of the sepulcher of Esther and of Mordecai. A few weeks ago, I had an opportunity of visiting that tomb, and it may interest the reader to know in what state it now stands. That Hamadan is a city of the utmost antiquity one learns at a glance. The ancient avenues, that extend in all directions from the town, betoken the presence of a quantity of water that could only have been collected in the dry plain in the course of many centuries. The mounds found within the wide range of the city walls disgorge from time to time coins of gold and silver, bearing the superscription of Alexander, and of Kings known to have flourished before the Macedonian conquerer; tables cut on the sides of rocks in the picturesque valleys below Mount Elocud contain inscriptions of the ancient Persian language; and lastly, there are Jews there in hundreds whose genealogical tables prove them to have been descended from Jews who have lived in Hamadan many generations back. One of these venerable descendants of Israel conducted me to the spot which is the object of pilgrimage to so many of his race.

In the midst of an open space within the walls of Hamadan stands a vaulted building of brick and stone, the entrance to which is by a narrow doorway, having a thick door of solid stone, whtch swings on two hinges. The custodian of the place opened this solid safeguard, and led us into a small outer vestibule, which, being partly underground, was damp and dark, but we were not kept long there, for he quickly admitted us into the inner chapel, where stand two sarcophagi, which are those of Esther and Mordecai. The chapel is of small dimensions, there being only room to pass between the tombs and round them, and to contain a congregation of twenty or thirty persons, who assemble here from time to time to pray at the shrine of the Hebrew Princess who was the means of effecting so great a deliverance to her people. The tombs themselves are of carved wood—I think walnut—and I was told that they did not contain the ashes of the dead to whose memory they are raised, but that the saints whose names they bear are supposed to lie beneath them. There is nothing unlikely in the fact that the Queen Esther should have been buried apart from her royal husband, for at the present day the wives of the Kings of Persia do not find admission into the chapels consecrated to holding the ashes of Shahs; and the body of the successor of Vashti may in all probability have been consigned at her death to the hands of her people, and buried in the sepulcher of Mordecai the Hebrew. The two tombs are covered with inscriptions in the Hebrew tongue, and the walls of the chapel which contain them with the names of the pilgrims who have come from far and near to perform their devotions at the tomb of the Hebrew Queen.

I left the chapel with the impression that I had never seen anything which gave me so much the idea of extreme antiquity. The personal interest which attaches to the spot attracts one more than the grand but vague ideas which are conjured up by the knowledge that one is standing on the ruins of Babylon, or amidst the sculptured palaces of Nineveh. My guide, seeing the interest I took in the place, became more communicative than he was inclined to be at first. He said that within the memory of living man, a gallows of stone had been removed by orders of the secular authorities of Hamadan, and that local and Jewish tradition said that that gallows was the same upon which the ill-fated Haman had met the death which he had designed for the Jew who had refused to humble himself to the man who was the foe of the exiled Hebrew race. It may be thought that these traditions justify comparative geographers in assigning to Hamadan the honor of representing the site on which stood Shushan the Palace.

CENSURE,

It is said, is the tax which eminence of every kind pays for distinction. The tendency of our times especially, and somewhat of our fraternity, is to pander to a morbid taste that craves continually for signal spectacles of failings and imperfections of persons in exalted stations, for exhibitions of eminent people depreciated or defamed. The readiness of men to minister to the prevailing appetite for gossip by violating the sanctity of private life, and even the sacred ties of friendship, is not only to be lamented, but the crime is to be denounced, especially when occurring among Masons.

When the Masonic press indulges in it, it should not only be frowned upon by the fraternity, but its perpetrators should be brought to speedy and condign punishment. If there are private grievances, let the remedy be sought in the Masonic way. They who so use the press show not only that they are unfit for a public position, but also that they are unworthy members of a noble institution.

When the press is made the vehicle of private scandal, the means of promoting sordid interests, when it looks into every imperfection of human nature through a medium which magnifies small imperfections and exagerates large ones, it becomes infamous. It is the last and lowest stage—lower than this it cannot go. We have heard the term "Satanic" applied to a portion of the secular press; can it ever truthfully be applied to any portion of the "Masonic?"

LOUIS BURGER AND HIS BARBER.

As Louis Burger, the well-known author and philologist, was walking in the Avenue des Champs Elysee the other day, he heard a familiar voice exclaiming, "Buy some nuts of a poor man, sir; twenty for a penny!" He looked up and recognized his old barber.

"What! are you selling nuts?" said he.

"Ah, sir, I have been unfortunate."

"But this is no business for a man like you."

"Oh, sir, if you could only tell me of something better to do," returned the barber, with a sigh.

Burger was touched. He reflected a moment; then tearing a leaf from his memorandum-book, he wrote for a few moments, and handed it to the man, saying, "Take this to a printing office, and have a hundred copies struck off; here is the money to pay for it. Get license from the prefecture of the police, and sell them at two cents a copy, and you will have bread on the spot. The strangers who visit Paris can not refuse a tribute to the name of God, printed in so many different ways."

The barber did as he was bid, and was always seen at the entrance to the Exposition selling the following hand-bill:

THE NAME OF GOD IN FORTY-EIGHT LANGUAGES.

Hebrew, *Elohim* or *Eloah*.
Chaldaic, *Elah*.
Assyrian, *Ellah*.
Syriac and Turkish, *Alah*.
Malay, *Alla*.
Arabic, *Allah*.
Language of the Magi, *Orsi*.
Old Egyptian, *Teut*.
Armorian, *Teuti*.
Modern Egyptian, *Tenn*.
Greek, *Theos*.
Cretan, *Thios*.
Æolian and Doric, *Ilos*.
Latin, *Deus*.
Low Latin, *Diex*.
Celtic and Old Gallic, *Diu*.
French, *Dieu*.
Spanish, *Dios*.
Portuguese, *Deos*.
Old German, *Diet*.
Provencal, *Diou*.
Low Breton, *Doue*.
Italian, *Dio*.
Irish, *Die*.
Olala Tongue, *Deu*.
German and Swiss, *Gott*.
Flemish, *Goed*.
Dutch, *Godt*.
English and Old Saxon, *God*.
Teutonic, *Goth*.
Danish and Swedish, *Gut*.
Norwegian, *Gud*.
Slavic, *Buch*.
Polish, *Bog*.
Polacca, *Bung*.
Lapp, *Jubinal*.
Finnish, *Jumala*.
Runic, *As*.
Pannonian, *Istu*.
Zemblian, *Fetizo*.
Hindostane, *Rain*.
Coromandel, *Brama*.
Tartar, *Magatal*.
Persian, *Sire*.
Chinese, *Pussa*.
Japanese, *Goezur*.
Madagascar, *Zannar*.
Peruvian, *Puchocamae*.

A few days after, Burger met the barber.

"Well," said he, "has the holy name of God brought you good luck?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. I sell on an average a hundred copies a day, at two cents each, or two dollars; but the strangers are generous; some give me ten cents, and others twenty. I have even received a half a dollar for a copy; so, that, all told, I am making five dollars a day."

"Five dollars a day?"

"Yes, sir; thanks to your kindness."

"If I were not a literary man," thought Burger, as he walked away, "I would turn peddler or publisher; there is nothing so profitable as selling the learning or wit of others."

Written expressly for the Voice of Masonry.

SPARKS FROM A MASONIC ANVIL.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN,
OF TRURO, ENGLAND.

MANY Masonic writers in the United States fall into a common error regarding the number of Royal Arch Chapters in England, owing to the system of numbering them being misunderstood. The plan is, that each Chapter having to be in connection with a Craft Lodge, it simply takes the same number as that Lodge; hence, although the latest Chapter would be called say No. 1056, it would not follow that we have over a thousand Chapters of the Royal Arch degree. We have in and under the Grand Lodge of England, at the beginning of 1868, some 1200 Craft Lodges, about 400 Royal Arch Chapters, 100 Mark Lodges, 110 Knight-Templar Encampments, 25 Rose Croix Chapters, 1 Supreme Grand Council of the 33d, and 6 Red Cross Conclaves. There are also several side degrees worked, but none especially requiring mention, excepting the Rose Croix degrees in connection with the Baldwin Encampment, Bristol, and some two others of the Ineffable degrees, properly belonging to the Ancient and Accepted Rite of Great Britain. The Knights of the Holy Sepulchre degree is worked in connection with the Red Cross Knights.

There are five separate jurisdictions, and five separate Grand Masters or Presidents, namely, Craft and Royal Arch, (Earl of Zetland); Mark degree (W. W. B. Beach); Knight Templar (William Stuart); Ancient and Accepted Rite, 33d, (Dr. H. B. Leeson); Red Cross (Lord Kenlis): the only degrees *recognized* being the *Craft and Royal Arch degrees.*

In the Grand Lodge of Scotland there are some 500 Lodges, 100 Royal Arch Chapters, 13 Mark Lodges (mostly abroad, as the Mark is worked with the Royal Arch degree), 10 Provincial Grand Lodges of the Royal order (mostly abroad), 4 Priories of the Knights Templar, and 1 Ancient and Accepted

Rite, 33d degree. There are five separate jurisdictions; the only degrees *recognized* being the *Craft* and the *Mark* (not the Royal Arch). There is, however, a reciprocal arrangement made with the members of the higher degrees, which might be advantageously followed in England namely: a member of the Royal order, after receiving the Royal Arch, can be admitted to the Rose Croix, *but not before.* This Grand Lodge has a library, but we are sorry to say that it is much neglected, and almost covered with dust.

In Ireland Masonry is well managed, and placed on a most secure and equitable footing for all the degrees. Although the newest Lodge is numbered 1014, there are not more than 320 Lodges under the Grand Lodge of Ireland at present, as the vacancies are due to expelled and extinct Lodges, extending over very many years. There are about 90 Royal Arch Chapters, 30 Encampments of Knights Templar, and 9 Rose Croix Chapters. The members are advanced in the degrees according to a certain series of laws, and progressively, so that no Mason can become a Rose Croix until he has passed the chair of a Lodge, become a Royal Arch Mason, Mark Master, Knight Templar, used the sword both East and West, and been seven years a Master Mason; hence the degrees are prized more than in England or Scotland, because in the latter countries they get them too easily.

In all—working under the three Grand Lodges of England, Scotland and Ireland, in the British isles and abroad—there is an aggregate of 2000 Craft Lodges, 600 Royal Arch Chapters, 120 Mark Lodges (besides the Lodges of that degree in connection with 100 Royal Arch Chapters), 150 Knight Templar Encampments, 35 Rose Croix Chapters, 6 Red Cross Conclaves, and 3 Supreme Grand Councils, 33d degree; making a grand total of 3000 different branches of the British Masonic family.

Written for the Voice of Masonry.

REVIEW OF FREEMASONRY IN DEVON AND CORNWALL FOR 1868.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHLAN, P. M., &C., EDITOR DEVON AND CORNWALL MASONIC CALENDAR, (OF TRURO, ENGLAND.)

The Provinces of Devon and Cornwall have increased so rapidly since the first issue of our Calendar in 1865, that we feel compelled to omit to some new features of the last edition, and confine ourselves exclusively to presenting a Record of the progress of Masonry in the West of England during 1867, together with accurate and authorized Rolls of Lodges, Chapters, and Encampments, Dates of Institution, Times of Meeting, Lists of Officers, and such other information respecting any of the degrees worked in the two counties as may fairly be looked for in a Progressive Calendar, *embracing the past year to March of* 1868.

When the editor commenced his honorary duties in 1865, there were 46 Craft Lodges, 9 Mark Lodges, 15 Royal Arch Chapters, and 6 Knights Templar's Encampments, in the two counties, *but now* there are 58 Craft and 18 Mark Lodges, 23 Royol Arch Chapters and 8 Encampments, besides other Masonic bodies; in all about fifty per cent. increase in the short period of four years! In consequence, the Calendar has been enlarged to three times its former size, and is more than twice as large as any of its compeers, hence nothing but a liberal patronage by the Craft in 1868 will secure Brother John R. H. Spry, (the Publisher,) from loss, as he still determines to retail it at the same nominal price as at commencement.

The Provincial Grand Lodge of Devon was held at Newton Abbott, on Monday, the 19th August, under the presidency of the much respected Provincial Grand Master, the Rev. John Huyshe, M. A., (Past Grand Chaplain,) who was supported by a large number of influential Masons of the

Province. The memorial stone of the "Devon" Lodge, No. 1138, was laid by the P. G. M., and an oration was delivered by Brother L. P. Metham, (G. D. and D. P. G. M.,) which for eloquence and beauty has seldom been equalled or surpassed.

According to the Provincial Grand Secretary's carefully prepared report, we rejoice to find that the Province has not only increased numerically, but its financial position as well, is in a most satisfactory state.

The "Fortescue Memorial Fund" is steadily on the improving scale, three annuitants of £26 per annum have been elected, and another vacancy is shortly to be created. The P. G. M., (in acknowledging the kind reception he had received from the brethren,) gave a graphic sketch of Masonry in Devonshire, and stated that "when his most excellent predecessor, Earl Fortescue, was installed, there were only 500 Members in the Province, whereas now there are 1,500." The Rev. John Huyshe also expressed his "gratification at the brethren building temples suitable for the transaction of their business apart from houses of public entertainment, so that they were not lured to stay away from their homes and families after they had engaged in their holy and mystic ceremonies."

We should mention also that the "Huyshe Masonic Hall," Stoke, Devonport, was consecrated by the P. G. M., on 13th June, and thus the members of Lodge No. 1099, although but recently started, may congratulate themselves upon having one of the largest Halls in the Provinces.

We are much gratified in the West, because two out of our ranks have been appointed to office in Grand Lodge by the M. W. G. M., the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, Kt., &c., &c., viz.:—Right Hon. Lord Eliot, M. P., W. M. No. 1164, (Cornwall), to be Senior Grand Warden, and R. W. Brother L. P. Metham, D. P. G. M. Devonshire, to be Junior Grand Deacon of England. In consequence of the latter appointment, a presentation was made by the brethren of "Sincerity"

Lodge, No. 189, Stonehouse, Devon, to Brother L. P. Metham. The testimonial consisted of a full-dress apron and collar to match, pair of gauntlets, and a rich enamelled jewel as J. G. D.; as also a collar for the office of Director of Ceremonies in the Grand Chapter of England. The Provincial Grand Master, who presided, very ably expressed the feelings of the Members in tendering the handsome gift to the worthy D. P. G. M., "as a proof of the affectionate regard in which he was held by all the brethren." We take the present opportunity of supporting so well merited an eulogium, and trust Brother L. P. Metham may live long to enjoy the distinguished honor the M. W. G. M. has conferred on him.

In the Province of Cornwall, the "Druid's" Lodge, No. 589, Redruth, was selected by the Provincial Grand Master, for the honor of entertaining the Provincial Grand Lodge for 1867. The arrangements were of a very complete character, and we never remember witnessing a larger attendance, or a better Masonic spirit exhibited at any previous assembly. Our charities were not forgotten, and the "Cornwall Masonic Annuity Fund," though but a youthful institution, has become thoroughly established in the Province, and has obtained a good share of support from the Members.

We consider the appointment of a Charity Steward in each Lodge, whose business it should be to collect subscriptions for our noble Institutions, would work well, and found to be the best plan to secure a liberal response from those who are bound to remember that charity has been aptly christened "the distinguished characteristic of a Freemason's heart." The P. G. M. having suggested that a Steward for each Lodge be elected by the Members, whose duty it shall be, to act for the "Cornwall Masonic Annuity Fund" for 1867–8, and the Lodges having done so, we shall soon be able to judge of the system, and already we are informed of large donations having been obtained by so simple and effective an arrangement.

Whilst on the subject of officers and their duties, we cannot but be reminded of the lack of "uniformity of work" too evident in some Lodges in isolated parts of the Province, or far removed from the "centre of attraction." Some, we are told, have had no official visit for many years, and look upon a Provincial officer as a great curiosity. Such brethren may remember that a Provincial Grand Lodge was held once during their lifetime in their town, but even then, they were left in ignorance as to their duties, becauses such matters are rarely ever mentioned at the Annual Meetings. To remedy this palpable evil, we would suggest the appointment of Provincial Grand Lecturers, or empower the Provincial Grand Registrars to visit each Lodge officially once a year, for the express purpose of instructing and counselling the various officers and members, and for forming Lodges of Instruction. This plan has been observed for years in the Grand Lodges of the United States, and we know of nothing to prevent the same being advantageously adopted by the Craft in the old world; at all events the official visits might, and should be made by the Provincial Grand Registrar or Secretaries of each Province.

Two Lodges have been consecrated by the indefatigable P. G. M. the R. W. Bro. Augustus Smith. The "Eliot" Lodge, No. 1164, St. Germans, and the "St. Andrew" Lodge, No. 1151, Tywardreath, so that the P. G. L. has not been long without work to do ever since the excellent and able Freemason, the P. G. M., has been the Ruler of the Craft in Cornwall. There are now some twenty-three Lodges in the Province, and these are mostly in a flourishing state. The Foundation Stone of the New Public Buildings at Truro was laid on Tuesday, the 10th of December, with the greatest *eclat*, by the Provincial Grand Master. The procession formed a most imposing sight, and in accordance with the desire of the respected Mayor of Truro, Bro. Thomas Solomon, (Senior Provincial Grand Warden of Cornwall), the day was observed as a general holiday. The P. G. M., in a few, but apt sentences, expressed the object of the grand assembly, and explained the uses of the "Central Building," the "Bishop's" Library, and more particularly the Masonic Hall, which he considered "a proof of the increase of the fraternity, and of the hold which the principles of Masonry has upon the community at large." The ceremony was well arranged, and the whole of the proceedings were of a most interesting character.

The **Mark Degree** has been most successful, and has received that support which it deserves, as few out of the many degrees now worked in England can boast of a more ancient origin than Mark Masonry, and fewer still are so intimately connected with Craft Masonry. It certainly is not recognized by the Grand Lodge of England, but it is by the ancient Grand Lodge of Scotland, and wherever else the English language is spoken. Of course none but the Three Craft and Royal Arch degrees are submitted as a part of "Pure and Ancient Masonry" in England, so that the Mark is but on a par in that respect with Knights Templary, and the degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Rite. In Devonshire, the "Metham" Lodge, No. 96, has been opened at the Huyshe Masonic Hall, Stoke, on the 1st of January, 1867, and on 23d of January, 1868, the "Pleiades" Lodge, No. 96, was opened at Totnes, under the Mastership of our friend and brother, Dr. Henry Hopkins, P. M., &c. We anticipate a revival of Mark Masonry in this country, through this worthy brother, and distinguished Mason, having come to reside at Totnes, as few in the West are so well acquainted with the degree as he is, or have worked more effectually and continuously on behalf of Mark Masonry. The principles of the Mark Degree have taken root so quickly and thoroughly into the Cornish soil, wherein it was planted some three years ago, that a Provincial Grand Lodge has been constituted, and the R. W. Bro. Frederick Martin Williams, M. P., was installed Provincial Grand Master by patent, in the presence of a large body of Masons, at the "Fortitude" Lodge, Truro, on Tuesday, 1st October, 1867. The Grand Secretary, R. W. Bro. Frederick

Binckes, attended in honor of the occasion as Acting Grand Master, and installed the P. G. M. in a most impressive manner. Without doubt, the fact of the P. G. M. being so popular in Cornwall has contributed greatly to the prosperity of Mark Masonry, and it augers well for the future when we see so many influential Craft Masons rallying round the standard of the P. G. M., and supporting him so numerously at the various meetings in the Province. The "Meridian" Lodge, No. 73, has been removed from Millbrook to Redruth.

In Royal Arch Masonry, and the "hautes grades," we have to report a continuance of the experience in the past, and here and there an advance. There are such a number of degrees worked, that some brethren are frightened at the time and expense necessary to attain a knowledge of the whole, but still, notwithstanding the numerous Craft meetings—which should always receive our first and undivided attention—several members join the higher degrees, and certainly some are retained in our midst by the beauties and Christian character of such as the Rose Croix, and other degrees of the ancient and accepted rite. It is also no uncommon thing to find the most distinguished Craft Masons zealous members of the Christian Rites of Modern Freemasonry.

The Province of Devon and Cornwall has been divided in Knight Templars, and a Provincial Grand Conclave of Cornwall, constituted with the Right Hon. Lord Eliot, M. P., as Provincial Grand Commander. The eminent Sir Knight was Enthroned at Tywardreath, on Tuesday, the 24th September, 1867. The ceremony was under the immediate superintendence of the Deputy Grand Master (Bro. the Rev. John Huyshe), and Sir Patrick Coloquhoun, LL.D., Grand Chancellor. It is rarely that a Provincial Grand Conclave is privileged with such a distinguished deputation, and hence it may be supposed that the proceedings were of a most imposing character. After the conclusion of the business, "the Knights having been formed into order by the Acting Director of Ceremonies, preceded by their banners, walked bareheaded to the parish church of Tywardreath, and formed the arch of steel at the door, under which the Deputy Grand Master, Provincial Grand Commander and Grand Chancellor passed. The sermon was preached by Bro. Rev. George Ross, M.A., (Deputy Provincial Grand Commander,) and the service was conducted by that worthy Sir Knight, and Sir Knight the Rev. Dr. Treffry, and other clergymen.

In concluding this sketch, we think that the Lodges in the Provinces who still meet in "houses of public entertainment" cannot do better than follow the example of those who are more favorably situated. We hail the increase of Masonic Halls and Private Rooms as one of the most significant and healthy signs of the real progress of the Craft. It must be admitted that through Masonic meetings having been held in Public Houses more irregularities have been committed, more improper persons have been initiated, and more immoral members have been thrust into the fraternity, than by all other causes put together. Hence we shall find that the principles of our ancient and honorable society will be more esteemed, and their practical utility, together with their moral and Christian character generally, recognized by society when all connection of Freemasonry with Traverns is severed, and the members avail themselves of the excellent accommodation offered them in the handsome and commodious Public and Private Buildings erected over the country.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing the "Elms" and "Metham" Lodges have been consecrated, and added to the Province of Devon, and a Conclave of the Red Cross Knights has been granted for Truro, Cornwall.

For the Voice of Masonry.

TIDINGS FROM INDIANA.

It affords us pleasure to be able to report good tidings from the craft from Northern Indiana, in detail as follows:

Laporte has two Lodges, one Chapter and one Commandery; all doing well. They work well in all the branches, and there is perhaps a better feeling among the craftsmen now than there has been for some time. Our Commandery has just commenced work. It is in charge of S. K. E. G. Hamilton, as E. C., who is one of the most energetic, liberal and devoted Masons we have seen. He is sparing neither time nor money to make it a success; and with the co-operative aid of an energetic set of officers, and the blessing of the Grand Overseer, we think there is little doubt that we shall have one of the best working Commanderies in the country. Masonry in Laporte owes a great deal to the indefatigable labor of P. G. M. J. B. Fravel. Bro. Fravel is an earnest Christian gentleman, and an old and devoted Mason. Whatever he does he believes in doing well. He has spent a great deal of time and money for the promotion of Masonry in Northern Indiana.

Next in order is Rolling Prairie Lodge, No. 291, in Laporte county. They have proved one thing there—that is, that a good Lodge can be sustained in a small village. They have a good working Lodge, an energetic membership, own a good hall, take thirty copies of "The Voice of Masonry," and are well supplied with text books in the Lodge. John Roswell, the present Master, is a good worker, and is doing well. They have what every Lodge needs—a good Secretary, who is a bright Mason for a young man; and we think they are building up a permanent branch of our grand Masonic edifice. They take thirty copies of the "Voice."

South Bend, the county seat of St. Joseph county, has three large and flourishing Lodges (one German), one large Chapter, and one Commandery. They are all doing well.

They are receiving a number of the best young men in the city and surroundings into their Lodges. They do good work and square work. There are, perhaps, more Masons in South Bend than in any other town in the State of its size. Masonry there owes a great deal of its present position and power to the energy, zeal and perseverence of Comp. R. J. Chesnutwood, D. G. H. P. of Indiana, than whom there is not a more devoted and thorough-going Mason and Christian gentleman in the State. He has charge of the Commandery there, and is doing well, as he always does. Comp. Nevis, H. P. of the Chapter, is a bright Mason, a good worker, a bright Masonic light, and much beloved by the craft.

The Blue Lodges are all doing well. We witnessed, a few evenings since, the conferring of the third degree by Bro. Bruzee, S. W. of South Bend Lodge, No. —. He is a young man of more than ordinary Masonic intelligence; he evinced a proficiency in ritualistic and symbolic Masonry that we have rarely seen excelled, and he bids fair, if he lives, to become one of our wise men in Masonic lore, and a successful master-workman. They take fifteen copies of "THE VOICE OF MASONRY."

Mishawakee, in the same county, has one large and flourish-Lodge, doing a good work. They have one of the best working Councils in the State. It is conducted by our much esteemed Comp. George Milburn, who, as a worker, in all the relations of life, in business, church interests, as well as in Masonry, has few equals and no superior. His name, as an energetic worker, has a power to move men where he lives and works.

New Carlisle is a small village in the same county. They have a large and prosperous Lodge—"Terre Coupee, No. 204,"—an energetic membership, mostly good men. They have the best hall of any village Lodge we know of. The W. M., J. H. Service, has served them in that capacity for several years. He is a good worker, a true man and Mason in every sense, and very much beloved by the craft. He draws his designs well, and gives good and wholesome instruction, and the craft take due notice and govern themselves accordingly, still traveling in search of light. Twenty copies of "THE VOICE OF MASONRY."

Elkhart, in Elkhart county, at the junction of the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana and the Air-Line Railroads, has two Lodges (one under dispensation). They are both succeeding well; they are taking from the quarry good material—such as will add greatly to the erection of a strong and beautiful Masonic edifice there. They are doing a great deal of work, and doing it well. Bro. O. H. Main, W. M. of the old Lodge, is a thoroughly posted man in Masonry, and one of the best workers we have. The officers of the new Lodge work finely. Time has proven the wisdom of our Grand Master in granting a dispensation for a new Lodge there. I think the spirit of fraternal harmony is at a higher point now than it has been for years. "So mote it be," and still there is room for improvement. And here let me say, that in all our large and growing towns we should have two Lodges, at least. They need a good hall, and we earnestly hope they will soon join and build one, and prepare for organizing a Chapter, Council, and Commandery; as they have the material. Elkhart bids fair to be one of the largest towns in Northern Indiana. The two Lodges take thirty-three copies of the "VOICE."

Bristol is a small village, situated nine miles east of Elkhart. They have a large, prosperous, healthy, energetic and bright working Lodge. It has no superior in any town of its size in the State.

Kendleville is on the Air-Line road, in Noble county. They have one large Lodge and a Chapter there. They are under the best moral discipline, as a Lodge, of any we know of. Bro. W. W. Hildreth, the present Master, is a first-class man and Mason; is a very fine ritualist, well versed in Masonic law, a good officer, and draws such designs for the craft and gives them such instruction as enables them to pursue their labor cheerfully, and with harmony and good will.

The H. P. of the Chapter, Dr. S. T. Williams, is a young man of promise, a bright Mason, a fine worker, studies Masonry very closely, reads a great deal, and is doing good work in the Chapter. The Chapter there is made up of an energetic class of Masons, mostly young men, and bids fair to be one of the best working Chapters in the State. They owe a great deal to the fine start given them by P. G. H. P. William Hacker, who organized their Chapter, gave them instruction, set them to work, and who is a prince in the Chapter work, as in almost everything else connected with Masonry, for he has made it a life study. They are erecting a new hall, which, when completed, will not be excelled for capacity and beauty by any in the State in a town of its size. It is to be arranged for a Council and Commandery, which they will have at no distant day. We prophesy a bright future for Masonry in Kendleville.

Lagrange is the county seat of Lagrange county. They have a Lodge, Chapter and Council, all doing very well, we believe, under the leadership of Comp. Dr. Collins, H. P. of the Chapter. He is an old veteran Mason, has seen a great deal and knows a great deal about it. More anon about Lagrange. One subscriber to the "Voice" here.

Wolcotville, ten miles south of Lagrange, has a Lodge under dispensation. It was organized some time last July, and is doing very well. They have plenty of good material, and they are working it as fast as it is presented and passed upon. They are surrounded by one of the bitterest anti-Masonic communities, perhaps, in the country; but as the light increases, the darkness recedes, and we think they will succeed in building up a good village Lodge. One subscriber to the "Voice" here.

Galena Lodge, No. 335, is situated in the country, in Laporte county. Although doubts have been entertained as to the propriety of organizing Lodges in the country, they are, nevertheless, doing well. They have plenty of good material, and are doing good work. They are about procuring a hall of their own, and we think they bid fair to become a permanent and respectable block in our grand Masonic building.

Near by Calena Lodge is Three Oaks, Michigan, on the Michigan Central Railroad, in Berean county. They have recently organized a Lodge there. They are making Masons of the very best men in the county, and it bids fair to be a decided success. Bro. Henry Chamberline, the W. M, is a live man, a devoted Mason; he is a man of means, of fine sense and great energy of character, and spares neither time nor money to prepare himself to be worthy of the place he holds. With such a man for Master, and such material to work upon, and the blessing of the Great Architect of the Universe, success is certain. May their future be bright and prosperous! "So mote it be." Ten subscribers to the "VOICE" here. More anon.

INDIANA.

Editor's Trestle-Board and Quarry.

ILLINOIS.

MOMENCE LODGE, No. 481.—The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

W. D. Lane, W. M.; J. B. Chapman, S. W.; H. B. Hall, J. W.; L. S. Rowe, Sec.; E. M. Vankirk, Treas.; Sials Metcalf, S. D.; W. P. Watson, J. D.; Wm. Astle, Tyler.

WISCONSIN.

—A Masonic Memorial Service, in honor of our lamented brother, Charles Lobdell, whose death was noticed in the February number of the VOICE, was held on January 26th, in the Episcopal Church, at La Crosse, Wisconsin. There was a large attendance of brethren and mourners, and it is said that over 1,000 persons failed to gain admittance into the church. The services were very beautiful and impressive, being similar to the ritual for a Lodge of Sorrow, as given by Sickles in the Ahiman Rezon. This was the first Lodge of Sorrow ever held in the State.

—The brethren at Milwaukee, Montello, Waupun, Eureka, and many other places in this State, have held social gatherings during the past month, all of which have passed off pleasantly, and left many pleasing remembrances of these cheerful reunions in the hearts of those that were in attendance.

—The following are the officers elected at the annual convocation of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of this State, which was held in Milwaukee last month :

M. E. A. V. H. Carpenter, Milwaukee, Grand High Priest; R. E. Thomas B. Tyler, Sparta, Deputy Grand High Priest; R. E. Joseph Yates, Beloit. Grand King; R. E. J. A. Horlick, Racine, Grand Scribe; R. E. John M. Levy, La Crosse, Grand Treasurer; R. E. W. T. Palmer, Milwaukee, Grand Secretary; E. Rev. J. T. Prior, Mineral Point, Grand Chaplain; E. J. M. Stebbins, Kenosha, Grand Captain of the Host; E. Joseph Keys, Menasha, Principal Sojourner; E. W. D. Lyon, Elkhorn, Grand Royal Arch Captain; E. J. W. Blanding, Lancaster, Grand Master 3d Veil; E. James Winslow, Fort Atchinson, Grand Master 2d Veil; E. C. P. Mead, Waterloo, Grand Master 1st Veil; E. Ebenezer Clewett, Woodstock, Grand Guard.

They were installed on the evening of their election, after which the members of the Grand Chapter partook of a collation, to which they were invited by Wisconsin Chapter, No. 1, which was got up under the supervision of Comp. Thompson, of restaurant fame.

—On Tuesday evening, February 18th, the Knight Templars of Wisconsin Commandery, No. 1, of Milwaukee, held their annual reunion and ball, in the Masonic Hall of that place. There was a full attendance of Sir Knights, who were arrayed in regalia, while their fair companions were not a whit behind them in the gorgeousness of their custumes. The entire affair was conducted with that eclat for which the Sir Knights of that city are so noticeable.

—The Grand Lodge of Wisconsin was formed in 1843, at Madison, by representatives from three Lodges, that being the whole number then in the Territory. The coming Communication of the Grand Lodge will thus be the 25th anniversary of that event, which will be composed of representatives from over 170 Lodges, representing a membership of upwards of 7,000.

JURISRRUDENCE.

ILLINOIS.

No. 18.—A candidate for initiation is rejected in No. 4; he removes into the jurisdiction of No. 19, and desires to petition the latter lodge; he must have the unanimous consent of No. 4 before his petition can be lawfully entertained by No. 19.

No. 19.—A brother suspended for non-payment of dues must pay up all dues chargeable at the time of his suspension, before he can be re-instated, unless his dues be remitted.

No. 20.—The fee for initiation must accompany the petition; if it does not the W. M. should not entertain it or refer it. His installation obligation forbids it.

No. 21.—Officers of lodges U. D. cease to be such officers when their dispensation is returned.

No. 22.—If No. 10 *gives permission* to No. 20 to confer degrees, No. 20 must receive a petiton for the F. C. and M. M. degrees and ballot; but, if No. 10 *requests* No. 20 to confer degrees for No. 10, then No. 10 must do the balloting.

GENERAL.

No. 8.—When the Grand Master visits a lodge to inspect its work, records, discipline, or as a courtesy, he is entitled to preside as Master, with the W. M. at his left hand.

No. 9.—When the Grand Master visits a lodge for the purpose of constituting it, installing officers, laying corner-stones, dedicating halls, presiding at a funeral, or at any general meeting of the Craft, he may open a temporary or emergent grand lodge. He can clothe any deputy, or past or present Master with his powers.

No. 10.—No Mason is entitled, *by law*, to a demit except to join another lodge, or to assist in forming a new one.

No. 11.—A Lodge U. D. works in the name of the Grand Master; any member of a chartered lodge may hold position in a lodge U. D. without demit, and without prejudice to his privileges or any official position in his chartered lodge. Some Grand Lodges have enactments to the contrary.

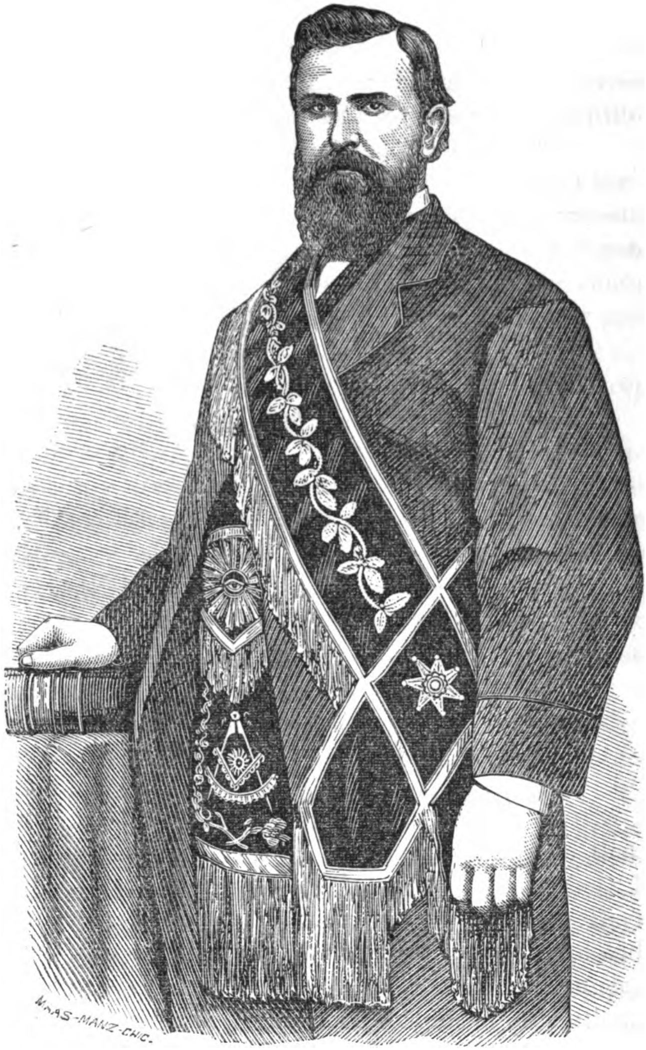
No. 12.—It has been repeatedly decided, that service of summons or notice through the postoffice is not legal Masonic service.

ADDRESS OF BRO. ROB. MORRIS.

We are requested by Dr. Morris to announce that his head-quarters, during his entire stay in Syria, (the "Holy Land,") will be at the "American Consulate, Beyrout, Syria," where his correspondents are requested to address him. The postage on letters weighing one-fourth ounce, and less, *prepaid*, is 15 cents; heavier weights in proportion.

Dr. Morris will be glad to get letters from correspondents, old and new, suggesting lines of exploration and enquiry, and making application for specimens and relics, historical and scientific. To all such he will give due attention and reply.

☞ Country presses please copy.


MAAS-MANZ-CHIC.

M. W. C. W. NASH, G. M.,

OF THE STATE OF MINNESOTA.

See page 161.

THE

VOICE OF MASONRY

DEVOTED TO

MASONIC AND GENERAL LITERATURE,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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From the London Freemasons' Magazine.

LE GRAND-ORIENT DE FRANCE.

The Cosmopolitanism of Freemasonry renders it desirable that members of the Craft should be made acquainted, as far as possible, with the progress and working of the Order in foreign countries. We have, therefore, thought that some remarks on the present position of Masonry in France would not be uninteresting to our readers.

There are in France two Great Masonic authorities, viz., "Le Grand-Orient de France, Supreme Conseil pour la France et les Possessions Francaises," and the "Supreme Conseil du Rite Ecossais Ancien et Accepte." Between these two powers there has been and still exists great contention. The Grand-Orient is, however, much more extensive than the Supreme Conseil, and it is, moreover, the recognized Masonic Body in the Grand Lodges of Great Britain. It is hoped that, ere many years are passed, the unsatisfactory rivalry between the associations we have named may be ended, and that the Grand Orient may become the sole centre of the

Masonic hierarchy in France. This is most devoutly to be desired by all true Craftsmen, for at present there exist many things which bring discredit on our Order, and which are opposed to the spirit of brotherhood, which is the basis of all true Masonry. As a case in point we may mention the fact that when a number of persons in Jersey wished to form a French lodge, and were refused a charter by the Grand-Orient, which properly referred them to the English lodges working in the island, those individuals applied to the Supreme Conseil, and had no difficulty in obtaining a charter from that body. It will be seen, therefore, that the Grand-Orient works in harmony with the Grand Lodge of England, whilst the Supreme Conseil preserves what our French brethren denominate a separate and distinct "autonomy." The Grand-Orient consists of nearly 400 lodges, chapters, and consistories, whilst the Supreme Conseil has less than 100 lodges and chapters affiliated to it.

It is beyond our limits to go into the details of the history of the Grand-Orient, nor do we think that it would be profitable to our readers. It is undoubtedly the fact that Freemasonry has never yet had fair play in France; and, although Napoleon III. is himself a Mason, he has not scrupled to interfere with his brethren in a manner which to English Masons will appear equally strange and perplexing. On the 9th of January, 1852, Prince Lucien Murat, son of King Joachim Murat, of Naples, and cousin of the present French Emperor, was elected Grand Master by the "Assemblee Generale du Grand-Orient." At this time the brethren were in dread of a decree of suppression or suspension, and they thought by electing Prince Murat to conciliate the Emperor. Our brother Jouaust in his great work, the *Histoire du Grand-Orient de France*, which is now before us, says, quaintly enough, that the Masons sought "un protecteur par la nomination d'un Grand Master assez haut place pres du chef de l'Etat, pour servir de garant a la Maconnerie contre ses preventions." From 1852 to 1861 Prince Murat occupied the Grand Chair, but at the latter date he had to retire in consequence, it is believed, of the jealousy of the Emperor at the influence and favor which his cousin derived from his connection with the Freemasons. In 1862, His Excellency Marshal Magnan was appointed Grand Master *by Imperial decree*, and remained in office until 1865, when the brethren were *permitted* to elect the present Grand Master, General Mellinet. To English brethren who are accustomed to regard their Masonic lodges as places where for a while they may cast aside all sectarianism and political contention, these proceedings will appear curious. But probably our brother Napoleon III. has not forgotten that in 1848 the Grand Orient presented an address to the Provisional Government, in which, while admitting that they were not a political organization, they expressed their sympathies "pour le grand mouvement national et social," which the Revolution had inaugurated; reminding the "Citoyens Ministres" that "Les Francs-Masons on porte de tout temps sur leur banniere ces mots, *Liberte*, *Egalite*, *Fraternite*," and assuring the Government that they admired "the courage with which you have accepted the grand and difficult mission to found upon a solid basis the liberty and the happiness of the people," and that "40,000 French Masons with one heart and one spirit promise you here their help to achieve happily the great work so gloriously commenced." The presentation of such an address by the Masonic body was, in our judgment, not only injudicious, but a positive violation of the universal canon of Masonic law, and we cannot but think that those who sanctioned it must now feel that they thereby proved themselves false to their Order. It is not for us to write for or against republican, royal, or imperial principles; for, happily, Freemasons are, as a body, above political strife; and, if we number Napoleon III. and the King of Prussia amongst us, we can also point to Garibaldi and Victor Hugo as notable brethren. We trust that the experience of the past will in future teach our French brethren to consistently avoid politics. Probably the mistake of 1848 was the work of only a few restless spirits who, in the disorganized state of the Order, had obtained place and power to which they were not entitled. We believe the great body of French Masons are men of whom we may be proud, and in recent years they have conducted their affairs with remarkable discretion and ability. General Mellinet, the Grand Master, is considered an able man, and is generally liked. Although not much known in England, he is a Knight Commander of the Bath, and fought with great bravery in the Crimean and Italian wars.

The Conseil, or governing body, of the Grand-Orient is composed of 33 members, elected by the Assemblee Generale of the Order from among its members. A member of the Conseil must be at least 30 years old. The members are elected for three years by the majority of votes, and a certain number retire each year, being eligible for re-election. The Grand-Orient is composed as follows:

1st. Of all the Presidents or delegates of affiliated lodges.
2nd. Of the Grand Masters.
3rd. Of the Council of the Order.

The Deputy Grand Masters and the Grand Officers are permitted to attend, but only *avec voix consultative*, unless they are otherwise qualified for seats in the Assemblee. Each *atelier*, or lodge, may, in default of its President, elect another delegate, but this must be done at a meeting specially convened for the purpose. The delegate must be above 30 years of age, and have belonged to the lodge which elects him for at least one year.

The Grand Master names to the Assemblee each year the following Grand Officers, who take rank accordingly:

1st. Un Premier Surveillant.
2nd. Un Deuxieme Surveillant.
3rd. Un Orateur.
4th. Un Secretaire.
5th. Un Premier Experte.
6th. Un Deuxieme Experte.

7th. Un Hospitalier.
8th and 9th. Deux Maitres des Ceremonies.

The *Surveillants* are, in point of fact, Senior and Junior Grand Wardens, and the Experts are Senior and Junior Grand Deacons. The Orator is an officer unknown in English Masonry, and he is charged with the guardianship of the constitution and of the statutes and general laws of the Order. Any point of Masonic law which may arise in the debates of the Assemblee is referred to his judgment, and he is "authorized to give his conclusions without his reasons for the same," an exceedingly wise regulation, as it will be in the recollection of our readers that a celebrated English judge was thought a great legal authority until he was induced to explain the reasons which had led him to pass a curious opinion in a certain case, when the reasons were found to be so silly that his lordship was henceforth consigned to the paradise of fools. The offices of Secretary, Hospitaller, and Master of Ceremonies, sufficiently explain their own character.

The Freemasons of France are able, if they wish, to take the whole 33 degrees of Masonry, the Grand-Orient recognizing them all, and being consequently less exclusive than the Grand Lodge of England. The three higher degrees are regulated by *Le Grand College des Rites*, which is composed of 33 Masons of the thirty-third degree, and including, *ex officio*, the Grand Master and two Deputy Grand Masters of the Grand-Orient. The Secretary-General of the Grand-Orient is also Secretary to the Grand College of Rites. The following are the names of the officers of the Grand College, who are elected annually on St. Andrew's Day:

1st. Sovereign Grand Commander.
2nd. First Lieutenant Grand Commander.
3rd. Second Lieutenant Grand Commander.
4th. Minister of State.
5th. Grand Chancellor and Secretary.
6th. Grand Hospitaller.

7th. Grand Keeper of the Seals and Stamps.
8th. Grand Master of Ceremonies.
9th. Grand Captain.
10th. Grand Standard Bearer.

The members of the Grand College of Rites do not, in virtue of their high position, hold any prerogative in the Assemblee of the Grand-Orient.

The thirty-three degrees of French Masonry are divided under the Scottish rite into seven classes: The first class is composed of *lodges;* the second, third, fourth, and fifth classes meet in *chapters;* the 6th class, and the 28th, 29th, and 30th degree are convoked in *councils;* the 31st degree is summoned as a *tribunal;* the 32nd degree sits as *consistory;* and the 33rd degree form the *Supreme Conseil.*

The thirty-three degrees are, in consequence of their facilities, much easier of attainment than in England, and the gradation of the degrees is precise and regular. At no distant date the attitude of the Grand Lodge of England in reference to the matter will have to be again considered, and without believing that the French system would necessarily work well with us, we think that some simple and effective means of regulating the higher degrees might be adopted.

ROB. MORRIS, LL. D.

His expected monthly letter has not reached our hands yet, from some unknown cause, and, as it is now the 8th of the month (April), must defer it for the May issue, as it is doubtful now if it will be in time. The magazine has been much delayed the past two months waiting for his monthly letter, which distance and other uncertainties has procrastinated, and we now think it will be better to omit it for one month, rather than delay the magazine in future issues.

GRAND LODGE DECISIONS.

California.—Session of 1866.—"An E. A. applying to a Lodge, other than that in which he was made, for advancement, must do so by petition, to be referred, reported on, and balloted for."

Delaware.—Session of 1866.—"A brother having been elected as Master, who had not served as Warden, could not be installed the Master."

Illinois.—Session of 1866.—"To discontinue publishing the lists of members in the subordinate Lodges."

"That a lodge cannot assess a tax on its members for Lodge purposes, and make it collectable the same as dues."

Indiana.—Session of 1866.—"A Lodge under dispensation possesses all the legal rights and privileges granted and conferred by the Grand Lodge upon a Lodge working under charter, except the right to elect officers, or to celebrate, by public procession, the festivals of the Saints John." "It is not competent for a brother to be elected a Master of a Lodge, who has not been elected and installed as Warden." "A Lodge of Master Masons can only recognize as Past Masters those who have been regularly elected, installed, and served as Masters of a legally constituted Lodge of Master Masons."

Iowa.—Session of 1866.—"No time is required for dimitted Masons to reside in the State before petition for affiliation." "An E. A. or F. C., maimed after taking his degree, can not be further advanced." "A Lodge cannot ballot unless seven members be present." "A brother may object to the advancement of a candidate other than by ballot." "A Lodge has a right to tax its members in a proper way for Masonic purposes." "A dimit having been voted, and the vote recorded, dismisses a brother without a dimit." "A Master has the right to summon the brethren to attend a Masonic trial." "The fee accompanying a petition should be retained by the Secretary until the candidate is accepted." "A Lodge under dispensation has a right to try unaffiliated Masons for unmasonic conduct."

Maine.—Session of 1866.—A Grand Master has no power to grant a dispensation to fill a vacancy in the office of Master or Senior Warden while the office of Junior Warden is not vacant." "A Master should not unseat a member of his Lodge by admitting a brother not a member, if the member objects, although without stating its nature." "Lodges have nothing to do with a Royal Arch Mason who desires to be buried by his Chapter." "One who has been rejected by a Lodge, and has never received its consent to take the degrees, may be refused admission in it without other reason." "Lodges may ask consent to receive applicants without its jurisdiction as often as they please, and may be as often refused." "No part of the record can be altered or erased after being approved, which should be at the close of each meeting." "An application may be withdrawn before the ballot, when the Lodge has no jurisdiction." "Drunkenness is a proper cause for charges, and the Master cannot overrule it." "A Chapter Past Master cannot be recognized as such by a Master Mason." "Consent must be given before initiating any from another jurisdiction." "Where there are two or more Lodges in a town, that Lodge to which the candidate first makes application acquires exclusive jurisdiction over him." "A brother unable to attend may, by written notice to the Master, cause the candidate to be ejected." "After initiation a candidate cannot be tried for an offense previously committed, when it was, or might have been, ascertained on due enquiry." "A Lodge rejects a candidate whose petition it had consented to receive, and thus transfers the candidate to the consenting Lodge, and this restores to the latter exclusive jurisdiction."

MICHIGAN.—Session of 1866.—"The Senior Warden has no right to convene and work a Lodge, the Master being at home in the same village." "A Lodge seal is not essential to the validity of a summons." "A harelipped man, unable to articulate distinctly, cannot be made a Mason." "It is a Master's duty when he learns that an accepted candidate is unworthy to refuse to initiate him, to tell him so, to return his fee, and to see that investigating committees be more careful." "An attorney cannot be disciplined for giving legal advice against a brother Mason when he knows him to be guilty of a crime, nor is he prevented from conducting a suit against any brother Mason."

NEBRASKA.—Session of 1866.—"That it is not lawful for a Lodge of Masons to convene for work on the Sabbath (?) day." "That it is not lawful to confer the degrees on an applicant who cannot read or write." "A Lodge under dispensation cannot admit Master Masons to membership on dimits." "A person who has lost the index finger of the right hand, and whose middle finger of the same hand is stiff, so that he cannot straighten it, is eligible for initiation." "A Grand

Lodge has not the power to dimit members from subordinate Lodges."

Nevada.—Session of 1866.—"That it is correct to exclude Mormons from Masonry." "That profanes cannot be present at a trial during the examination of other witnesses." "That 'tape-line' governs the jurisdiction of Lodges." "A majority of Commissioners present may proceed with a trial."

New Hampshire.—Session of 1866.—"A resolution prohibiting the use of written rituals was negatived."

ANECDOTES OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Mrs. Stowe's new book, "Men of the Times," relates some anecdotes connected with the early life of her brother Henry. We extract the following:

When Henry was eleven years old he was placed in his sister's school in Hartford. All the other pupils were girls. Here is a school scene:

The school room was divided into two divisions in grammar, under leaders on either side, and the grammatical reviews were contests for superiority, in which it was vitally important that every member should be perfect. Henry was generally the latest choice, and fell on his side as an unlucky accession—being held more amusing than profitable on such occasions.

The fair leader of one of these divisions took the boy aside to a private apartment to put into him with female tact and insinuation those definitions and distinctions on which the honor of the class depended.

"Now, Henry, A is the indefinite article, you see—and must be used only with the singular number. You can say *a man*—but you can't say *a men*, can you?" "Yes, I can say *Amen*, too," was the ready rejoinder. "Father says it always at the end of his prayers."

"Come, Henry, now don't be joking; decline He." "Nominative he, possessive his, objective him." "You see his is possessive. Now you can say his book—but you can't say him book." "Yes, I do say hymn-book, too," said the impracticable scholar, with a quizzical twinkle. Each one of these sallies made his young teacher laugh, which was the victory he wanted.

"But now, Henry, seriously, just attend to the active and passive voice. Now, 'I strike' is active, you see, because if you strike you do something. But 'I am struck' is passive, because if you are struck you don't do anything, do you?"

"Yes, I do—I strike back again!"

Sometimes his views of philosophical subjects were offered gratuitously. Being held rather of a frisky nature, his sister appointed his seat at her elbow, when she heard her classes. A class in natural philosophy, not very well prepared, was stumbling through the theories of the tides. "I can explain that," said Henry. "Well, you see, the sun catches hold of the moon and pulls her, and she catches hold of the sea and pulls that, and this makes the spring tides?"

"But what makes the ebb tides?"

"Oh, that's when the sun stops to spit on his hands," was the brisk rejoinder.

After about six months Henry was returned on his parents' hands with the reputation of being an inveterate joker and an indifferent scholar. It was the opinion of his class that there was much talent lying about loosely in him, if he could only be brought to apply himself.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

While Mr. Beecher was in Amherst College, he led the life of a merry Christian, being something like a converted "bob-olink."

Mr. Beecher, on one occasion, was informed that the head tutor of the class was about to make him a grave, exhortatory visit. The tutor was almost seven feet high, and solemn as an Alpine forest; but Mr. Beecher knew that, like most solemn Yankees, he was, at heart, a deplorable wag—a mere whited sepulchre of conscientious gravity, with measureless deep of unrenewed chuckle hid away in the depths of his heart. When apprised of his approach he suddenly whisked into the wood-closet the chairs of his room, leaving only a low one which had been sawed off at the second joint, so that it stood about a foot from the floor. Then he crawled through a hole in his table, and, seated meekly among his books, awaited the visit.

A grave rap was heard.

"Come in."

Far up in the air, the solemn, dark face appears. Mr. Beecher rose ingenuously, and offered to come out.

"Oh, never mind," says the visitor, "I just came to have a little conversation with you. Don't move."

"Oh," says Beecher, innocently, "pray sit down sir," indicating the only chair.

The tutor looked apprehensively, but began the process of sitting down. He went down, down, down, but still no solid ground being gained, straightened himself and looking uneasy.

"I don't know but that chair is too low for you," said Beecher, meekly. "Do let me get you another."

"Oh, no, no, my young friend, don't rise, don't trouble yourself, it is perfectly agreeable to me; in fact, I like a low seat," and with these words the tall man doubled up like a jack-knife, and was seen sitting with his grave face between his knees, like a grasshopper drawn up from a spring. He heaved a deep sigh, and his eyes met the eyes of Mr. Beecher, the hidden spark of native depravity within him was exploded by one glance at those merry eyes, and he burst into a loud roar of merriment, which the two continued for some time, greatly to the amusement of the boys, who were watching to hear how Beecher would come out with his lecture. The chair was known afterward by the surname of "Tutor's Delight."

WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

Quite an Improvement.—Bro. C. Moore, of Cincinnati, has at last, by force of necessity, been compelled to heed the very pointed lessons we have given him, relative to trying to pass off other people's work for his own, and he now endorses his own articles (so-called) "by the Editor." That is right. It also shows that the "Freemason" has been able to teach an editor who has been in the business a "quarter of a century," that which he should have learned twenty-five years ago in the Chapter. Our only regret is, that all we can do will not teach him a Masonic spirit and the first principles of Masonic language. For this lesson we will have to leave him to the scorn of the craft. Perhaps he feels sore over our first lessons. He should take it coolly, however, for we have to see the first instance in which a Mason ever lost anything by being a gentleman.—*St. Louis Freemason.*

A WINTER SONG.

The fields are white with raiment fine,
Gold tinted in the sun's new shine,
The azure air is still;
As crystal bright,
A silver light
Gleans over yonder hill.

The sunbeams on the ice divide,
With white and rosy glimmer wide,
In ever-changing hue.
Out of the snow
The bushes show
Their thorn-twigs bare and few.

Jeweled with hoar-frost are the trees;
But stirs one branch beneath the breeze
Where sleeps the small white grain,
Then sudden all
Those jewels fall
As summer-blossoms rain.

The fir's long boughs are bending low.
And threaten with their weight of snow
To hide the whistling wight,
Who there must pass,
The way of glass
Paved by the frozen night.

With icicles the roof is decked,
The sluggish brook by ice-walls checked
Creeps on, the fount is still;
With water gush
In frozen hush
The wheel waits in the mill.

There the blue titmouse carols clear,
The sparrow comes, who knows no fear,
To glean beneath the eaves;
The green-finch shy
Sits moping by
In hedgerows reft of leaves.

There may one climb the distant hill,
And gaze, and having gazed his fill,
May dream in silence there;
What mighty hand
On that broad land
Could cast a veil so fair!

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"THE EVERGREEN" AND "AFRICAN LODGES."

Our good brother of the *Evergreen*, (edited by Bro. E. A. Guilbert, of Dubuque, Iowa,) takes the *Freemason* into hand for so emphatically opposing the legitimacy claimed for negro lodges. This is all right enough as a matter of opinion, but for the sake of history, we desire to enter our demurrer to the argument upon which the *Evergreen* assumes to establish negro lodges in the United States, or to prove their validity. It alludes to the original charter granted to Prince Hall Lodge in Boston, but does not (we suppose, unintentionally,) mention the fact that that charter was withdrawn, and that those who were made under it had all their Masonic authority and standing withdrawn with it. We have no particular objection to the *Evergreen* being recognized as the organ of Masonic negro equality, for this is entirely a matter of taste, and we must say that we rather admire the nerve of a brother who has the manliness to *speak* his mind, in an age when so many merely *think* it, but we must insist that the truth of history be maintained, .and as Masonic history is all on the side of the white race, we must be excused for maintaining the supremacy of the white man in our ancient and honorable Fraternity.

M. W. Bro. Philip C. Tucker, P. G. M., of Vermont, has put it upon record, that the charter spoken of by Bro. Guilbert, was stricken from the roll nearly seventy years ago. In May number of 1867 we gave the history of this matter, and it is too late to talk about the " flourishing condition" of lodges worked by " the man and brother."—*St. Louis Freemason.*

MASONIC BAPTISM.

Brother Gowley, of the St. Louis Freemasons, pitches strongly into this innovation, as performed, or instituted, by Brother Albert Pike, Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council of the *Southern Branch* of the Scotch Rite.

We think Brother Gouley goes out of his way to attack the Scotch Rite, which is by no means antagonistic to the York Rite, it being long known to all unprejudiced Masons that their are no better lovers of the Ancient Blue-Lodge than those who have also taken the Scotch Rite Degrees. When, however, any officer of the A. & A. Rite presumes on Masonic Baptism, he is doing an act that would justify the "*Blanchards*" in opposing Masonry. Masonry is not Christianity, but it cannot be doubted by an intelligent Mason, that the best Christian makes the best Mason. We should be jealous of all innovations.

Since writing the above we see in the *National Freemason* that Brother Pike was not in New Orleans on the day this was performed, and that Quitman Lodge is responsible for this act of folly, who are of the York Rite, and composed of American Masons, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, which Grand Lodge met a few days after and expressed no disapprobation.

KING WILLIAM II.

This Prussian monarch and brother (Carle Schurz, on a visit to Germany, says) is a conscientious man. He spends no time in hunting or reading novels. He reads every document submitted to him, and sometimes asks his ministers for such as have not been submitted. He is a hard worker. He resides in a small mansion near the Linden, and has his office in a corner on the ground floor. He can be seen every day, through the window, busy with the documents. He enjoys xcellent health, and, notwithstanding his 71 years, walks very straight and with the elasticity of a young man.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF M. W. CHARLES W. NASH, GRAND MASTER OF MINNESOTA.

WRITTEN BY OSSIAN E. DODGE, OF ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

When a man at the early age of thirty-seven years is found to occupy a place of great honor, fame and responsibility, the public always inquire by what *power* he has thus so rapidly risen to a pinnacle of exaltation and influence.

This is because the highest honors are seldom achieved until after years of closest study, untiring energy, and the influence of moneyed friends.

Grand Master Nash is one of the few exceptions. He has never sought office or honors; but with a nervous-sanguine temperament, a clear, vigorous brain, indomitable energy, a just and loving heart, and a firm, fixed, unbending will to *do right*—to act as his conscience dictated, regardless of consequences, he has steadily and rapidly risen to his present honorable position by the combined power of TRUTH, LOVE and GENIUS.

C. W. Nash was born on the 5th of December, 1830, in the county of Orleans, New York. He studied law with Hon. T. A. Osborne, of Mayville, Chautauqua county, and graduated at the "State and National Law School," Poughkeepsie, in the class of 1855, and was immediately admitted to practice at Rochester, New York.

He very soon, however, like thousands of other young men of the East, yearned for a newer and wider field; and in the fall of the same year he emigrated to Des Moines, Iowa, where he at once applied himself vigorously to his profession.

In 1857, at the early age of twenty-six years, he was by a handsome majority elected Mayor of Fort Des Moines, the prosperous and enterprising capital of Iowa.

In March, 1859, he removed to Hastings, Minnesota, where his ability, his clear, active brain, and sleepless, untiring energy in successfully managing whatever in his profession he had once taken in hand, attracted the attention of all with whom he came in contact; and during the fall of 1861 he was elected State Senator from the county of Dacotah, for two years.

In the summer of 1863 he entered the army, and received the appointment of Captain in the Quartermaster's Department. His superior financial and executive ability,—with his characteristic plan of thoroughly systimatizing all labor, here quickly won him hosts of friends among both officers and privates; and when he retired from the army in June, 1866, he held the rank of *Major*, and was *Chief Quartermaster of the District of Minnesota.*

In June, 1866, in company with Major H. L. Carver, he purchased the St. Paul *Daily Pioneer;* and soon afterward formed an incorporated organization, under the name of "*The Pioneer Printing Company.*" This company,—possessing a large capital, and the leading influence of the State,—includes many of Minnesota's most prominent merchants, lawyers and statesmen; and Mr. Nash has, by a unanimous vote, held the office of President and controlling manager of the organization, since the day of its incorporation.

As brilliant as the record of his legal and financial life appears, it is even surpassed by that of his Masonic. It is in the latter capacity that his great personal influence,—high sense of honor,—quick perceptions of the right,—firm integrity, and calm, impartial justice to all,—are most preeminently made manifest.

Commencing at the bottom of the ladder with a full determination to thoroughly study and comprehend each and every step, his decisions are now models of brevity, terseness and Masonic jurisprudence.

He was *initiated* into Masonry in Tecumseh Lodge, No. 69, in the State of Michigan, on the first day of December, 1854, just four days before completing his twenty-fourth year. In the same Lodge he was *passed* and *raised* in the month of January, 1855.

He received the Degrees of the Royal Arch, in Corinthian Chapter, No. 14, at Des Moines, Iowa, in 1857; and the Encampment Degrees in Des Moines Commandery, No. 4, in the year 1858, from the justly renowned Masonic *Poet, Antiquarian* and *Lecturer*, P.·. G.·. M.·. ROB MORRIS, LL.D.

He received the Degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scotch Rite, up to the 33d, from *A. T. C. Pierson, T. G. M., of Minnesota.*

In the year 1856, he was Junior Warden of Pioneer Lodge, No. 22, at Des Moines; and in 1860 he was W.·. M.·. of Mount Moriah Lodge—under dispensation—at Hastings, Minnesota. After a charter had been granted to the latter Lodge, he held the important office of W.·. M.·. in the same Lodge for two terms, and in 1860 and 1861 was High Priest of Vermillion Chapter, No. 2, for two terms, at Hastings, Minnesota.

In 1860, he was elected Grand Scribe; in 1861, Grand King; in 1863, Deputy Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Minnesota. To the latter office he was *unanimously re-elected* in 1866, but his other duties were so arduous, that he was obliged to decline serving.

During the session of 1866—when but *thirty-five years of age*—he was elected the fifth Grand Master of Minnesota, and was *re*-elected to the same office the following year with but *one* dissenting vote.

There are now 71 lodges in Minnesota, with a membership of between four and five thousand; and it is safe to say that never in the history of masonry in this country, has a Grand Master enjoyed the unmeasured, profound respect and *warm affection* of the Craft to a greater degree, than does Brother Nash at the present time in Minnesota.

His private life of virtue, temperance and strict integrity, is a constant and impressive lecture, not only to his fellow travelers, but to the profane world, a man *should* be and *must* be, in order to be a CLEAN MASON.

Minnesota, like some of her sister States, has experienced the evil effects of "variety and looseness of work,"—and strenuous advocates thereof; but from the moment that Bro. Nash took an active part in the Councils of the Craft, his influence for harmony and uniformity, has been constant and unceasing, and to-day there is hardly a dissenting voice or a turbulent spirit in the State. Weekly meetings of instruction for "*uniformity of work*" under the direction of District Deputies, have, by the order of the Grand Master, become the programme in every Lodge in Minnesota; and from all directions, the cry comes, UNIFORMITY, HARMONY and HEALTHY PROGRESS!

In fact, it may be truthfully said, that by the Grand Master's geniality of disposition, purity of morals, dignified but courteous bearing to all,—from the wealthy and influential Sir Knight, to the poor and lonely apprentice, and tenacious enthusiasm wherever his heart is enlisted,—a healthy and glowing *Masonic Revival* has arisen in the State which is steadily inducing the craft to more closely sift their material, to more fully comprehend the beauty and majesty of masonic history and jurisprudence, and to more lovingly cultivate a genuine masonic sociality, without which, our revered and ancient order would be merely A NAME.

To write the lives of those "who work for their fellow man," and who have ever shown that there is something in this world to live for beside the gratification of depraved animal passions, and the "almighty dollar," is usually a sincere pleasure to the biographer. A slight exception in the present instance, is the fact that the over-sensitive modesty of Brother Nash has prevented him from furnishing data which was important for the production of a more complete sketch, and also that the present article, in order to reach the hands of the publisher, is necessarily forwarded without a personal supervision by its subject.

HEBREW CEREMONIES.

Dear Sir and Brother :—I beg leave to hand you the following paragraph, which I found in the *Jewish Chronicle* of December last, abridged from the California *Evening Bulletin* of September 16th ; and as every article relative to Freemasonry must be interesting to the readers of your valuable paper, perhaps you will find a nook for it.

Yours fraternally,
Thomas M. Campbell.

" During a portion of last week special invitations were circulated among the friends of Henry Danziger, to distinguished military and civic personages, and to the representatives of the press, to attend the synagogue Ohabai Shalom and witness the ceremony of circumcising his three infant sons, products of one birth.

" The hour for the performance of the ancient and solemn rite was fixed at half-past eleven a. m. yesterday. Before the hour appointed arrived there was a large throng of people in waiting about the doors of the synagogue, but none were allowed to enter who did not present the cards of invitation. At an early hour the building was crowded to excess, and a large number of ladies occupied the galleries. General McDowell and Hon. John Conness were present, as was also Governor Henry H. Haight, but he was obliged by another engagement to leave before the ceremony was finished. The various Jewish religious and benevolent associations were fully represented. Surrounding these persons were tables on which were placed goblets and medals of beautiful design, gifts to the triplets, glasses of choice wine, &c.

" At about the hour of noon, Mr. Galland advanced to the alter, and exclaimed in the Hebrew tongue, 'Barach Habo,' which translated signifies 'Blessed be the comer.' Upon this the doors of the synagogue were opened, and three ladies, wives of presidents of Hebrew churches, bearing each one of the babes, came down the aisle and delivered them at the altar to the godfathers selected for the ceremony. The infants were arrayed in elegantly-ornamented dresses and caps. They were named respectively Abraham Lincoln Danziger, Isaac Andrew Johnson Danziger, and Jacob John Conness Danziger. Major-General Irwin McDowell held Abraham in his arms, Mr. Wasserman, for Mr. Haight, held Andrew Johnson, and Hon. John Conness supported John Conness in his arms. A few preliminaries were had, and then the appointed surgeons performed the ceremony of circumcision. While it was in process each rabbi christened each babe as he held it in his arms and placed a medal of gold about its neck. The infants were then handed to their nurses in attendance at the side of the altar. The medals were of solid gold, and were inscribed as follows:—1st. On the one side Pillar of Strength, with inscription (name of child, Abraham Lincoln,) and on the reverse, 'Abraham offering up his son.' 2d. Same design (name of child, Isaac Andrew Johnson,) and on the reverse, 'Isaac's blessing to Jacob.' 3d. Same design (name of child, Jacob John Conness,) and on the reverse, Jacob sleeping, and the angels ascending and descending the ladder. These gold medals were presented by Progress Lodge, No. 125, F. and A. M., through their Secretary, Louis Kaplam, Esq. Their value is at least one hundred and fifty dollars."

THE USE OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

For several thousand years the object for which the "Great Pyramid" was constructed was a mystery to the whole world, and most of the learned savans have exhausted surmise and speculation in their fruitless efforts to solve the riddle. A few years ago a gentleman in London, a Mr. Thomas Maylor, conceived the idea that the structure was inspired by Divine Providence to afford the Egyptians a standard for their weights and measures. This theory found but few proselytes among the scientific men in Europe; but fancied and far-fetched as it is, has recently found an advocate on this side of the water in the person of Prof. Eaton, of New York, who read an elaborate essay on the subject the other day before the University convocation at Albany. In support of this view he said that the Pyramid was perfectly symmetrical, with five sides and five angles. It was originally 762 feet on each side, and is now the highest and largest building erected by man. Sir Isaac Newton had devoted his time in analyzing the ancient cubit, and came to the conclusion that it was 25 inches and a little more. The circle which forms the correlative to the Pyramid consists of 365¼ of these cubits, thus corresponding to the year.

The Pyramid was made plane to the meridian, without hieroglyphics or secret inscriptions, as all burial places of antiquity did have, which are found everywhere else. The box which was found in the centre of the body has been commonly supposed to be a sarcophagus, but there is no appearance to bear this theory out. No procession of priests could enter, and it is indeed difficult for any one. The granite of which a portion of the Pyramid is made is not found near at hand, and indeed not closer than Mount Sinai. The structure seems to be built on the most correct principles of geometry. It concludes in pointing with the north star, or that star which, in the precession of the equinoxes, four thousand years ago, was the north star. Prof. Eaton then proceeded to show that the temperature of the central room was uniform throughout, thus affording a place for keeping weights and measures; that the box affords an exact liquid measure; that water was found in the Pyramid itself, thus giving pure material for careful examination; that the opening in the Pyramid looked out on the lower culmination of the north star at the time of its erection, and not the upper, because the Pleiades would interfere with this view; and that it is on the exact spot for the purpose of taking astronomical observations.

ENGLISH MASONIC FESTIVITIES.

SUFFOLK—MASONIC CONCERT.

On Thursday evening, the 12th inst., the members of the Prince of Wales Lodge (No. 959,) Ipswich, gave their annual concert at the Masonic Hall, Brook street. As in former years, the admission was strictly confined to members of the Lodge and their lady friends.

The Lodge-room was devoted to the concert, and this was arranged with elegant flags and banners pertaining to the various degrees of the Order. The vocalists took up their position on the dais at the east end.

The banqueting-room was most tastefully arranged with flowers in pots, which were placed on side tables round the room. The effect of this room when lighted was very brilliant and pleasing. In this room, between the first and second parts, the company assembled and partook of light refreshment.

The musical arrangements were under the sole direction of Bro. William Norman. The *artistes* engaged were Miss Mabel Brent and Bros. Theodore Distin and G. T. Carter. The concert was of a miscellaneous character, and all the music secular. In previous years the first part of the programme consisted of sacred music, but it was thought by the committe that the proposed alteration would not render the concert less attractive. In our opinion the programme was in every way suited to the occasion, and no previous concert could have afforded greater pleasure and gratification.

As each lady entered the concert-room she was presented with a handsome perfumed programme, prepared by Bro. Westgate.

Bro. Norman, P. Prov. G. Org. Norfolk, presided at the pianoforte.

Miss Brent has a very pleasing soprano voice, and before the close of her first song she had become a favorite with her audience. Her best song of the evening was the Scottish air, "'Twas within a mile of Edinbro'." In reply to an encore she gave "Home, sweet Home," which was very finely and feelingly rendered. Bros. Carter and Distin were in fine voice, and their songs were so well selected as to insure a large amount of applause, and afforded unlimited gratification. In the second part, Bro. C. J. Cooke executed the "Carnival de Venice" on the violin, in a brilliant manner, which was loudly and deservedly applauded.

The brethren first appeared in Craft clothing, and at the second part assumed the R.A. degree. The ladies, in going from the banqueting-hall to the Lodge-room, prior to the second part, passed under the Arch of Steel, the brethren appearing in the K.T.'s dress.

About one hundred and twenty were present, and the ladies especially appeared thoroughly to enjoy the evening, which was one of considerable pleasure and gratification.

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MASONS' SECRET SIGNS.

Masons' secret signs are not supposed to have been used in Germany until the year 1452.—*From a bundle of Masonic memoranda in Bro. Purton Cooper's manuscript collection.*

"MASONIC BALLS."

The above title constitutes a part of the programme of very many of the anniversary celebrations and festivals of the various branches of the Masonic Fraternity in this country.

Now, we do not propose, under this head, to write an essay on the moral qualities of dancing, but simply to offer a few thoughts on the impropriety of making dancing a part of a "Masonic Festival."

It is self-evident to every reflecting, well-informed Mason, that there are very many of the best Masons in the country, and—one or more of these connected with, perhaps, every organized branch of the Order in the land—whose social relations are such as not to admit of their being present at, or participating in, any festive occasions where dancing is a part of the exercises.

It is plain that the obligations contained in the three symbolic degrees of Masonry—which forms the basis of all Masonic obligations—is supposed to embrace a synopsis of all that Masonry prohibits and allows.

And at the very threshold the candidate for our mysteries is told that there is nothing in the obligations he is required to take that will conflict with any of the duties he owes to his God, his country, his neighbor, or himself.

Now there are very many Masons whose covenanted obligations to God and his church are such as to forbid their participation in such festivals; for every Mason owes it to him self, the Craft in general, and his Lodge in particular, to pursue such a course as will preserve his character unsullied from the world, and this he cannot do if he violates any of the pledges he has made to his God.

When we take a man into our circle of the "Mystic Tie," who sustains the reputation of a consistent Christian, his public and private character is measured by that standard, anything that impairs his character as a Christian man tends to detract from his character as a Mason, and our enemies will take hold of that and urge it against the institution.

But we are told by the advocates of dancing that those brethren whose consciences and standing as professed Christians prohibit, need not attend, or if they do, they need not stay after the dancing commences. But we regard this a weak apology, and simply trifling with a brother's feelings.

We hold that a Lodge has no Masonic right to set apart any of the days held sacred by Masons from time immemorial, to be celebrated in a manner not purely Masonic, and appropr-ate the funds owned by all for preparing for such celebration —a part of the exercises of which, one or more of its members cannot participate in without subjecting themselves to reproach, and even to discipline—for these days are sacred to all true Masons, and should be celebrated in a manner that can be participated in by all, without reproach to any. Now, the reasonableness of this, we think every well-informed, thinking Mason, will, upon impartial reflection, admit.

And when a Lodge, or any branch of the Order, enters into an arrangement for a "Masonic Ball," in connection with an anniversary festival, it violates a sacred obligation it owes to such of its members as are prohibited from being present by relations they hold sacred.

As Masons, we teach, that before entering upon any important undertaking, we should first implore the blessing of Deity upon it. Now, who ever heard of a Lodge calling on a Chaplain to open the exercises of a "Masonic Ball" with prayer! Such a thing would not only be regarded improper, but even wicked and absurd in the extreme, and mocking at sacred things, even by non-christian Masons.

Again, there would be just as much propriety, and more consistency and symbolic fitness in closing a Masonic festival with a prayer meeting, than with a dance, for Masonry does recommend prayer daily, but it does not dancing.

And yet those who are opposed to "Masonic Balls," would be opposed to having religious meetings connected with such celebrations, for the simple reason that there would be a want of fitness, and besides, very many could not consistently participate in such exercises.

A universal law of mutual courtesy, brotherly love, and fraternal duty, would teach us, that that courtesy we would from others ask, we should to others show; and besides, there is no necessity for such exercise, on the plea for something to put in the time, as there is that which can be participated in by all, which is highly intellectual and purely Masonic, and so pure, morally, as not to shock the most refined and intelligent Christian Mason or his family.

There would be just as much propriety and Masonic courtesy in the Christian portion of one of these anniversary, or festival gatherings requiring some of their brethren either to go home or be present at a prayer meeting, as there is in requiring them, either to go home or be present at a dance in the name of Masonry. In the first case it would simply be an impropriety without any reproach, while in the latter case it would be an impropriety and a reproach also.

Now, in all candor, we cannot look upon this matter in any other light than that the connecting dancing with Masonic anniversaries and festivals is uncourteous to those who are conscientiously opposed to dancing, and consequently unmasonic.

Again, that portion of the Fraternity who are not professed Christians are the "loudest" in proclaiming the institution of Masonry to be religious. In the name of that God to whom our ancient Grand Master, "*Hiram Abiff*," always went at high "*twelve*" to offer up his devotions and draw his designs, can we suppose them sincere in their professions of faith in the religious character of Masonry, while they want to connect with our anniversary festivals a performance that the most profane have never claimed to be religious in any sense?

Very few, if any, well-informed Masons would consider a public celebration of the Order in keeping with the spirit of Masonry, unless prayer was offered at the commencement, by which the blessing of the Grand Architect of the Universe would be invoked to rest upon the exercises of the occasion, and that it be sanctified to the good of all present, and that the sacred principles of Masonry might be more deeply imbued in the hearts of all the brothers and fellows.

No Masonic procession would be perfect, and such as our rules and regulations require, unless the Holy Bible and the Chaplain, or minister of religion, be in it, which is presumptive evidence that religious service is a constituent part of all Masonic celebrations.

Now, in all this talk about religion as a fraternity, we either intend to show our true colors, or palm off a deception; the latter every Mason will deny promptly. Again, if it be proper to connect dancing with the exercises, then the fiddler with his fiddle should have a place in the procession.

Again, all public anniversary celebrations are intended not only to afford the Craft an opportunity for enjoyment, but also to make a favorable impression upon the outside world, and to show them that we are what we profess to be—an institution that reverences God's laws, the Bible (our Great Light), and renders a respectful deference to the Christian religion.

In all cases where Lodges have suffered this encroachment upon the rights and feelings of the Christian portion of its membership, Masonry has lost cast in the community where such Lodges exist; whereas, in all cases where Lodges have respected the feelings of those opposed to such things, and kept themselves aloof from worldly amusements in their public festivals, Masonry has steadily increased in power and influence for good, until they have outlived the strong prejudice that frequently existed against them, and they have commanded the respect and admiration of all liberal-minded, intelligent, thinking, good men; and at the door of such Lodges the very best men in the country have knocked for entrance, and where such men go, bad men seldom try to go.

Now, what we have written we have written as a Mason, and we think on purely Masonic grounds, and to call in question the truth of what we have written, we should call in question the truth and veracity of perhaps every man who has written upon the subject of Masonry, whose works have been indorsed by the craft to any extent. Notwithstanding we might have written as a Christian, yet we have not done so, but have chosen to write from a Masonic stand-point exclusively, and have based our plea upon Masonic considerations alone, namely, upon the basis of Masonic courtesy, and the necessity of observing that Golden Rule presented to us in our Great Light: "as ye would that others should do to you, even so do ye to them."

And we may further say, we have had the kindest feelings toward our brethren with whom we may differ in regard to the moral quality of the subject discussed. We have been prompted by motives induced by our devotion to the interests of Masonry, and that it might be respected and admired by all for the harmony of its practices with its teachings. In conclusion, we ask of all our brethren the favor of giving the subject a careful review, and may the Great Master-Builder direct us all in the search of truth, and may the spirit of Masonry set forth in our motto, viz., brotherly love, relief and truth, soon become the controlling spirit of the universal brotherhood of man. "So mote it be." INDIANA.

THE SECOND TEMPLE.

Some time in the first year of Cyrus, King of Persia, a proclamation issued, to build the Second Temple, whereupon the exiles of Judea, and large numbers, hastened to Babylon to make preparations for their journey to Jerusalem. It was a second exodus to seek the land of promise. The first caravan was organized and directed by Zerubbabel, the grandson of King Jehoiachin, and by Jeshua, a grandson of the last high priest, Jozadak. The number of those who joined them was about 50,000, including about 7,000 servants of both sexes. Before they started, Cyrus caused to be restored to them the most valuable of the sacred utensils which had been carried away from Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar; thousands of vessels of gold and silver were now again to be devoted to the service of the Sanctuary. Zerubbabel was also intrusted with large contributions towards the expense of rebuilding the Temple, from the Jews who remained in Babylon. On reaching Palestine, the caravan repaired at once to Jerusalem, which was found in a state of ruin and desolation. Before the travelers separated to seek habitations for themselves, they raised a large sum by voluntary contributions towards the rebuilding of the Temple. In a year from the departure from Babylon preparations were sufficiently advanced to allow of the great work of restoration, and the foundations of the Second Temple were laid amidst the noise of trumpets, cymbals, and shouting! For fifteen years the faith and patience of the people of Judea were tried by the opposition of the Samaritans, whose offers to aid in the restoration of the Temple had been refused, and by want of zeal and earnestness in many, which produced an apathy, from which they were roused in the second year of Darius Itystaspes, by the stirring appeal of the prophet Haggai. The appeal was not in vain. Filled with fresh zeal, Zerubbabel, Jeshua, and the people, hastened to resume the work of building, and amid the difficulties and discouragements which beset them, the Temple gradually rose, far inferior, indeed, in splendor to that erected in the days of Israel's great King, when gold was abundant and silver so plentiful. The renewal of the work, however, aroused afresh the opposition of the adversaries of the Jews, but this being overcome by the decision of Darius, the work again proceeded with vigor, and four years after it was completed. The dedication was celebrated with great solemnity and joy; and the people flocked to the courts of the Temple to perform again with thanksgiving and rejoicing the rites of their holy faith. This occurred about 516 B. C.

THE JEWS, AND THE FINAL DESTRUCTION OF THE LAST TEMPLE.

No people ever stood upon such a pinnacle of moral elevation—fell into such an abyss of crime. No nation ever possessed such true grandeur, or ever groaned in such a depth of misery, as the people of Israel. The history of the seed of Abraham is a history of miracle. Their independent existence was effected amid the most stupendous supernatural plagues upon their oppressors, and by mighty signs and wonders on their behalf. They marched through a divided sea. The fiery law was given them with the sound of a trumpet and the voice of words, and in the darkness and thick cloud, in which the Great Jehovah himself descended, the cleft rock assuaged their thirst, and they fed upon the bread of Heaven, while their forty years' wandering in the wilderness was guided by the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night. Jordan rolled back its waters to give them entrance into the promised land, and the sea arrested its course to help them to subdue it. Without recalling the numberless instances of divine interposition scattered through the sacred record, two prominent ones claim attention: the oracular responses by Urim and Thummim, in the High Priest's breastplate; and, above all, the constant in-dwelling of the Shekinah, or visible glory, first in the Tabernacle, and then in the Temple, until the Babylonish captivity. How this highly favored people fell, or failed to render a faithful obedience, their history tells. In the year of our Lord sixty-six, whilst smarting under the oppression of Flories, an out-break took place, first at Cæsarea; then followed the siege of Jotaputa. The once flourishing little town of Joppa, the principal seaport in Palestine, had been burnt to the ground by Cestius, but had since been rebuilt by refugees, who had engaged in indiscriminate piracy in the neighboring seas, and made this their resort. These inhabitants on the approach of the troops fled to their galleys, but being unable to escape, all met a violent death. Then came the subjugation of Galilee. Jerusalem, in which the spirit of faction had long been brooding, now began to feel that her last days were approaching. Not only were the national councils divided by party strife, but every house suffered thereby, so that every family was a scene of bitter, and often bloody contention. Not in the metropolis only, but in every city and village yet unsubdued, the same spirit subsisted. The Temple's sacred floors were deluged with blood. Early in the year seventy, Titus led on his army to the siege of Jerusalem, and to the destruction of the glorious Temple, with the holy association of which, Titus, heathen as he was, could have no sympathy, as he beheld Mount Moriah standing forth to the eye, like "a mountain of snow studded with jewels." The Roman legions encamped around the city, and notwithstanding the valor of the zealots, whose bravery frequently repulsed the Roman Commander, yet the battering ram in a short time made a breach in the outer wall; then the second wall was opened by the falling of one of the towers, and Jerusalem was laid open to the besiegers. On the 17th day of the month Tamuz (July) a bitter cry rose up from the Temple, and was echoed by the city, "that the daily sacrifice was no more." It was the object of Titus to preserve the Temple, but this Holy House was not to become the pride and glory of a pagan, nor could the earnest endeavors of Titus preserve it from destruction, and upon the 10th day of the month Ab (August), by a wonderful coincidence, the same fatal day as that on which the first Temple raised by Solomon had been destroyed by the King of Babylon, the fire reached the Holy Place; later, the Roman General, with his own hands, raised the veil, and with his Commanders stood within the Holy of Holies, but only for a short time, although the precious gold of opher, the rarest and most radient gems, costly and fragrant woods, shaped in beauteous forms, did excite the desire to save the "perfection of beauty," yet the flames bursting in, compelled the Commanders to fly, and the Holy House became a shapeless ruin.

ROSE CROIX.

Second Annual Refection of the Chapter—Preliminary Election and Installation at Blair Hall—The Supper at the St. James Hotel—The Dining Room and Decorations—The Toasts and Responses—An Evening of Unalloyed Enjoyment.

On Saturday evening, April 11, Cœur de Leon Sovereign Chapter Rose Croix, gave a second annual refection at St. James hotel. The tickets of invitation were tastefully engraved, and bore in the centre the symbol of the order, a red cross, with its rose, crown, triangle, heart, and lion's head. The following is the ticket:

Cœur de Leon Sovereign Chapter Rose Croix, De H.·. R.·. D.·. M.·. A.·. & A.·. S.·. Rite, Chicago, Illinois:

SIR KNIGHT: *Greeting*—You are courteously solicited to grace the installation ceremonies of this Sovereign Chapter, to be holden in Blair Hall, at 7 o'clock, P. M., and the annual refection, to be holden at St. James hotel, at 9 o'clock, P. M., prompt, on 19 Nifan, 5628, answering to the 11th day of April, A. D. 1868, V. G.

H. S. AUSTIN,	A. C. MILLARD,
D. R. CREGO,	W. G. PURDY,
H. C. PERRY,	

Executive and Invitation Committee.
J. WARD ELLIS, M.·. W.·. & P.·. M.·.

THE ROSE CROIX.

This order belongs to what is known as the Scottish rite, and dates back to the Supreme Grand Council at Kilwining, Scotland, 1692. Anterior to this time the record of the order is much obscured; but it is unanimously believed by all members to extend back of this period for many hundred years.

In the 18th century, the Grand Orient was removed to Berlin, and Frederick the Great became the supreme head; and to-day the grand East is still located at the Prussian capital. There are Supreme Councils in nearly all parts of the globe; but all are subject to the German centre.

The bodies of which Rose Croix is co-ordinate—Perfection, Princess of Jerusalem and Consistory—were established in Chicago in 1866, since which time they have progressed; until now they are among the most powerful, wealthy, and influential bodies of Masonry on the western continent. All of them have the facilities for conferring degrees possessed by few if any other lodges in the Union.

The lodge room of these bodies is in the Blair Hall, and is one of the best adapted in the city. Nothing more complete and imposing can be imagined than the spacious hall, with its gorgeous jewels, its magnificent symbols, and luxurious furniture. Taken in all, the Masonic craft of the northwest has reason to be proud of the pre-eminence obtained by Rose Croix and its co-ordinate bodies in Chicago.

THE OFFICERS ELECT.

Saturday night, the 11th, was the occasion of the election of officers for the ensuing year. The following were chosen as officers of Cœur de Leon Sovereign Chapter Rose Croix:

Sir Knight J. Ward Ellis, M. W. and P. M.
Sir Knight H. S. Austin, M. E. and P. K., Senior Warden.
Sir Knight Ed. Goodale, M. E. and P. K., Junior Warden.
Sir Knight J. B. Bradwell, M. E. and P. K. Gr. Orator.
Sir Knight D. W. Clark, Jr., P. K. Gr. Secretary.
Sir Knight J. C. W. Bailey, P. K. Gr. Treasurer.
Sir Knight A. L. Brown, Res. and P. K. Gr. Master of Ceremonies.
Sir Knight G. W. Kincade, Res. and P. K., Guard of the Tower.
Sir Knight J. P. Ferns, Res. and P. K. Gr. Sentinel.

RECEPTION OF VISITING BRETHREN.

This business was transacted early in the evening, after which the visiting brethren and invited guests, among whom we noticed several members of Occidental Consistory, and many "Blue Lodge" or Master Masons, were received and welcomed, and a season of pleasant, social intercourse followed, until the Grand Marshal called to order, and the assemblage was formed in line, to proceed to the refection hall, at the dining room of the St. James hotel. Thanks to the excellent preparations beforehand, and the thorough drill of the Sir Knights, this was soon accomplished, and the procession was speedily *en route* for the scene of the evening's festivities—where, as the Most Worshipful and Perfect Master very aptly said, a very important portion of the lodge "work" was to be performed.

LE GRAND ENTREE.

This was accomplished with Masonic ceremonies. Twenty-four members in full regalia having been admitted, they, under orders of their officers, formed in double column, and, having crossed swords, the main body follows, passing between the files, and under the arch formed by the swords. All this to the music of the band and under the direction of the Grand Master, the members marching up and down, side and centre, till the tables were surrounded. "Is every member in front of a plate?" is the query from the Grand Master, and no negative reply being heard, the members of the Rose Croix sat down.

THE SUPPER.

The place where a supper is eaten forms an important item in the matter of a supper. The arrangement in the present case was such as to envelop a superb supper with an atmosphere in keeping and in character. The spacious and elegant dining room of the St. James itself, a stately apartment, was decorated with Masonic symbols, and with canvass designs, a description of which would not be appreciated or understood by aught but Masons, would occupy far more space than can be spared on the present occasion. The chandeliers were decorated with transient fixtures, displaying in characters of light upon this one the character "Faith"; upon another, "Hope," and upon another "Charity." Other triangles of light, emblematical of the order, hung from every available place, flooding the room with brilliancy.

The main tables were arranged in the form of a grand cross whose size was limited only by that of the apartment, while in the unoccupied spaces were tables similarly arranged, but upon a smaller scale. The confectionery and whatever other viands admitted of it, were fashioned all in the form of Masonic emblems. The regular order of the lodge having been been suspended, the members fell to with a will, to dispose of the supper. This was prepared in the most approved style of the St. James hotel, after which it is hardly necessary to say more.

We omit the very extensive bill of fare.

The supper was enlivened with music by the band, which played at stated intervals.

At the east President J. Ward Ellis, 32d, M. W. and P. M. Gr. Master. Cœur de Leon; on the west response by H. S. Autin, 32d, Deputy Grand Master of Chicago Grand Lodge of Perfection; on the south and north Brothers Goodale and Brown, and upon the right of the Grand Master, dignitaries, 33d, from Illinois, Iowa and Michigan.

THE TOASTS

were then announced, and brief speeches were made in response, as follows:

1. The President of the United States.

Response by Philip A. Hoyne, 32d Past M. Gr. Chancellor of the Sovereign Grand Consistory of the State of Illinois.

2. The Supreme Council of A.·. & A.·. S.·. Rite, Grand East at Boston.

Response by E. G. Hamilton, 33d D. D. I. C. of Supreme Council U. S. N. J. for Indiana.

Mr. Hamilton being absent, Mr. Ellis, of Goshen, Indiana, responded.

3. The Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Grand Council of A.·. & A.·. Rite for the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States.

Response by Walter A. Stevens, 33d Past Ill. Gr. Commander in C. Sov. Gr. Consistory of the State of Illinois.

4. The Grand Lodge and Master Masons of the State of Illinois.

Response by D. C. Cregier, Grand S. W. of Grand Lodge of State of Illinois.

5. The Grand Chapter and other Grand Bodies of the jurisdiction of the State of Illinois.

Response by W. H. Turner, Corinthian Chapter.

6. The memory of the brethren of these degrees whose labors here below have ceased during the present year.

Response by J. B. Bradwell, 32d Ill. Grand Orator of Chicago Consistory of S. P. R. S.

7. All Masons and Masonic bodies of all rites and degrees over the surface of the earth—Honors and laurels to the worthy, health to the sick, comfort to the needy, and succor to the oppressed everywhere.

Response by H. S. Austin, 32d, Deputy Grand Master of Chicago Grand Lodge of Perfection.

8. Chicago Lodge of Perfection—The first link in the chain that opens the way of the Master Mason to the Grand Orient.

Response by J. C. W. Bailey, 32d, Ill. M. E. J. W. Chicago Princes of Jerusalem.

9. Chicago Council Princes of Jerusalem—By Eating and Drinking Together.

Response by A. C. Millard, 32d, Past Ill. Gr. Hospitaller of Sov. Gr. Consistory, State of Illinois.

10. Cœur de Leon Sovereign Chapter Rose Croix, De H.·. R.·. D.·. M.·.—Her Past—Her Present and her Future.

Response by H. C. Berry, 32d, Ill. Past Gr. Master Ceremonies of Sov. Grand Consistory of State of Illinois, and Past M. W. and P. M. of Cœur de Leon Sov. Chapter R. C. D.·. H.·. D.·. M.·.

11. Chicago Consistory—With the lost word restored, we may fight unitedly and valiantly in the cause of Truth, which is mighty and must prevail. May her Members ever act worthy of keepers of the Royal Secret.

Response by J. D. M. Carr, 32d, Ill. Gr. Commander-in-Chief of Chicago Consistory.

12. The Officers Elect of Cœur de Leon, Sovereign Chapter Rose Croix De H.·. R.·. D.·. M.·.—Under their reign may Knights increase though nights decrease.

Response by J. Ward Ellis, 32d, M. W. & P. M. Grand Master Cœur de Leon.

13. Symbolic Masonry—Old as the Hills and Solid as the Rock—Her foundations never shall be removed.

Response by Judge Samuel M. Moore, M. M.

14. The Press—May she maintain her liberty to publish the truth only from good motives and for justifiable ends.

Response by Jas. D. Fields, 33, Past Illinois Grand Secretary of Sovereign Grand Consistory of the State of Illinois,

The assemblage dispersed at 12, the rules of the Order being imperative against trenching upon the Sabbath. "Auld Lang Syne" was sung in a beautiful and impressive manner, and the "Second Annual Refection" became a pleasant memory.

We have been compelled to omit the speeches for want of space. But that they were appropriate and excellent was evinced by the applause they elicited. Bro. H. C. Berry's was the grand speech of the evening, although the others were all that could be expected.

We may be pardoned for inserting the compliment paid to the editor of this magazine by the Chicago *Times*, when alluding to the Chicago Lodge of Perfection:

> "He thought none would now dispute that this branch of the ancient and accepted rite was a legitimate body. He then alluded to symbolical Masonry, and outlined the several degrees of the order, together with a description of many of them and their significance. The response was replete with information, of use to members of the order.

M.W. BRO. ROBERT MORRIS.

To the Editor of the Freemasons' Magazine—

Dear Sir and Brother: W. Bro. Captain Stab, P.D.G. W., P.M. of the St. John's and Debran Lodge, writes to me from Smyrna, in Asia Minor, that my recommendation of M.W. Bro. Robert Morris had arrived in good time, and had been received with great satisfaction by the brethren in that E. "Bros. Morris and Thompson arrived here," writes he, "on the 25th February, and left on the 26th for Palestine. We gave as good a reception as the short notice allowed. We assembled about thirty brethren of various nations, and were agreeably surprised with some of Bro. Morris's eloquence. He recited some of his poetic compositions on Masonry, and gave us the Gavel Song and the Rosicrucian, which were much admired." M.W. Bro. Morris was attended on board the steamer for Syria by several of the members.

Yours fraternally,
Hyde Clark, P.D.G.M. Turkey.

32 St. George's Square, S.W., March 11.

SONG OF THE CENTURY.

WRITTEN BY JOHN G. SAXE FOR MASTERS' LODGE, NO. FIVE.

Sung at the Celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of Masters' Lodge, No. 5, New York.

Air, "Auld Lang Syne"—Solo by Wm. Tillinghast.

SOLO.
A hundred years have rolled away
Since first our mystic band
Assembled—as we meet to-day—
At friendship's sweet command,
And still the golden tie is dear
And kind affections flow,
As when our Fathers gathered here,
A hundred years ago!

Chorus, *by the Audience.*

And still the golden tie is dear,
And kind affections flow,
As when our fathers gathered here,
A hundred years ago!

SOLO.
A hundred years! how past the range,
Beyond prophetic thought,
Of good and ill that chance and change
O'er all the land have wrought!
Yet still unchanged our altar stands,
And Love and Friendship glow,
As when our Fathers clasped their hands,
A hundred years ago!

CHORUS.
Yet still unchanged our altar stands,
And Love and Friendship glow,
As when our Fathers clasped their hands
A hundred years ago.

The celebration closed with a magnificent banquet, at which toasts, speeches, etc., were the order of the day.

May God bless the venerable Lodge, and enable her members to have even many such anniversaries as the one just past.

THE REJECTED STONE.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, thus appropriates a well known Masonic tradition:

I have heard a story—I cannot tell whether it is true or not—out of some of the Jewish rabbis; it is a tale concerning the text: "The stone which the builders refused, the same is become the headstone of the corner." It is said that when Solomon's Temple was building, all the stones were brought from the quarry, ready cut and fashioned, and there were marked on all the blocks the places where they were to be put. Amongst the stones was a very curious one; it seemed of no desirable shape, it appeared unfit for any portion of the building. They tried it at this wall, but it would not fit; they tried it in another, but it could not be accommodated; so, vexed and angry, they threw it away. The Temple was so many years building that this stone became covered with moss, and grass grew around it. Everybody passing by laughed at the stone; they said Solomon was wise, and doubtless all the other stones were right; but as for that block, they might as well send it back to the quarry, for they were quite sure it was meant for nothing. Year after year rolled on, and the poor stone was still despised; the builders constantly refused it. The eventful day came when the Temple was to be finished and opened, and the multitude was assembled to see the grand sight. The builders said, "Where is the top-stone? Where is the pinnacle?" They little thought where the crowning marble was, until some one said, "Perhaps that stone which the builders refused is meant to be the top-stone." They then took it, and hoisted it to the top of the house; and as it reached the summit they found it well adapted to the place. Loud hosannahs made the welkin ring, as the stone which the builders refused thus became the headstone of the corner. So it is with Christ Jesus. The builders cast him away. He was a plebeian; he was a man of poor extraction; he was a man acquainted with sinners, who walked in poverty and meanness, hence the worldly-wise despised him. But when God shall gather together, in one, all things that are in heaven and that are in earth, then Christ shall be the glorious consummation of all things.

"Christ reigns in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

He shall be exalted; he shall be honored; his name shall endure as long as the sun, and all nations shall be blessed in him, yea, all generations shall call him blessed.

Editor's Trestle-Board and Quarry.

WISCONSIN.

We have before us the "Proceedings of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar," for this State, of the ninth annual Conclave, which was held in Milwaukee, January 1, 1868, from which we glean the following statistics and information respecting Templar Masonry in this jurisdiction. The oldest Commandery in the State is the Wisconsin, of Milwaukee, which was granted a dispensation June 12, 1850, and a charter October 28th, of the same year. The Grand Commandery was constituted October 20, 1859, since which time it has had but two Grand Commanders, H. L. Palmer, the first one, having been re-elected each year to that office, until 1866, when Alvin B. Alden was elected, and the latter person has been re-elected at the two last Conclaves. W. T. Palmer, the efficient Grand Recorder, who has held that office for eight years, was re-elected. There are seven Commanderies in the State, to-wit: Wisconsin, No. 1, Milwaukee; Janesville, No. 2, Janesville; Robert Macoy, No. 3, Madison; Fort Winnebago, No. 4, Portage City; Fond du Lac, No. 3, Fond du Lac; Beloit, No. 6, Beloit; Racine, No. 7, Racine. The total membership is 561. During the past year the Order has lost five members by death, namely: Sir Knight Samuel Haack, of Wisconsin Commandery; Sir Knights William K. Miles, E. M. Tout, and Walter B. Dent, of Fort Winnebago Commandery; and Sir Knight E. P, Hopkins, of Racine Commandery. Appropriate resolutions were adopted, and three memorial pages appropriated to their memory in the printed proceedings, A resolution was offered by Sir C. J. Pardee, and adopted by the Grand Commandery, declaring that they do not recognize the so-called

"Egyptian Masonry Rite of Memphis of thirty-three Degrees" as being regular, and forbid the receiving of any candidate or visitor into any Council or Commandery under their jurisdiction who is in any way connected with such degrees, and require that any Knight holding, or having received any of those degrees, shall withdraw therefrom, or be expelled from participating in all the rights and privileges contained in the statutes of this Grand Commandery. The Grand Commander, in his address, states that he has visited, during the past year, six out of the seven subordinate Commanderies, and gave them proper instruction, and finds that everywhere throughout this jurisdiction Templar Masonry is in a prosperous condition.

PRESENTATION.

Milwaukee Lodge, No. 3, at their regular Communication, Monday evening, March 9th, presented their Past Master, Samuel Howard, with an elegant Past Master's jewel. The presentation speech was made by Grand Worthy Chaplain, Samuel Dallows, and was briefly responded to by the worthy recipient of the gift. The jewel was of solid gold, elegantly gotten up, and cost $55. Mr. Howard is a faithful worker, and during the year that he was in the East, he was never absent from a Communication.

IOWA.

We have received the Proceedings of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masons for this State, and find the Officers of this Council are as follows:

Ill. Comp. W. E. Woodward, Burlington, Most Puissant Grand Master.

Ill. Comp. Horace Tuttle, Dubuque, Right Illustrious Dep. Grand Master.

Ill. Comp. J. A. Hursh, Iowa City, Right Illustrious Grand Master.

Ill. Comp. Wm. Leffingwell, Muscatine, Grand Principal Con. of Work.

Ill. Comp. R. F. Bower, Keokuk, Grand Treasurer,

Ill. Comp. W. B. Langridge, Muscatine, Grand Recorder.

Ill. Comp. W. M. Wells, Oskaloosa, Grand Chaplain.

Ill. Comp. J. M. Griffiths, Des Moines, Grand Captain of the Guard.

Ill. Comp. S. Cowan, Bloomfield, Grand Steward.

Ill. Comp. T. Schreiner, Mount Pleasant, Grand Sentinel.

The proceedings are excellently compiled and printed, and form a most interesting history of the prosperity of the order of R. & S. Masters in Iowa. The foreign correspondence is full and illustrative of progress and life. The "Numerical Table" of twenty-eight States shows 311 Councils and 14,121 members, with still some States "not heard from." Ohio takes the lead; New York second in Councils, but Connecticut is second in numbers; Pennsylvania, third, etc.

MINNESOTA.

Grand Lodge met Oct. 22, 1867. From the annual address of Bro. C. W. Nash, Grand Master, we extract the following:

Masonry is an element of power, when properly considered and appreciated. The true intent and design of all its ceremonies, mystic rites, forms and symbols, are to elevate and improve, not only its devotees, but mankind; and, whenever the pure teachings of Masonry fail to improve and elevate, and make men better, and more considerate and thoughtful, the fault is with those who impart its mysteries, by its forms and ceremonies, or in those who receive them.

Masonry fixes, defines, and points out all the duties of man to himself and his relations to society. It enters the family and points out the obligations we owe there, requiring us to perform all the duties of a good father, a kind husband, an obedient son and affectionate brother.

It goes from the family to the social and business circles of society, and requires us to be true and faithful to our friends, faithful to all the promises we make, the pledges we give, and the vows that we voluntarily assume.

It treats of our duty to the government and State in which we live, making it obligatory to be faithful to our country, and to maintain its honor and dignity at all times and in all places.

It is silent on no subject that concerns man and all his relations. Let us be true and faithful to Masonry and all its dearest interests, and be more deeply impressed with the sublime and great moral lessons that it teaches, remembering that its character and teachings are universal, and for all time to come.

At the preceding session a committee was appointed to consider the force of Landmark Nine, relative to advancing cripples, and we honor them for their report this session and publish it herewith:

The special committee appointed to take into consideration the correctness of Landmark Nine and report upon the same, beg leave to submit the following:

That having carefully compared said Landmark with the ancient charges and constitutions, they find the same not only substantially in the language of the Gothic constitution adopted at York, in the year 926, which is believed to be the most ancient of our written constitutions, but in its spirit is in perfect harmony with every charge and Grand Lodge regulation to be found in the books until within the last quarter of a century.

There has of late, however, been a disposition in some jurisdictions to qualify this ancient regulation by giving to it a construction which would admit maimed or deformed persons, providing their maim or deformity be not such as to prevent them from complying with all the requisitions of the Masonic ritual.

No such qualification or construction anciently existed, and your committee see no good reason for giving to this landmark a different construction than that which it has received from time immemorial.

The Symbolic Temple we build is not other or different from that erected by the fathers of the craft in the early light of the world's morning. It is as necessary to-day that every block should be square and perfect in its physical proportions as it was in the days of Solomon.

In Masonry, the physically perfect man is a symbol of that perfect moral and intellectual Temple whose builder and maker is God.

Such being the plain law of Masonry, it is not the province of any man or body of men to enlarge or abridge its landmarks by construction.

A proposition to pay mileage was voted down. We find no tables of Lodges or membership. Brother Nash was re-elected Grand Master and Bro. W. S. Combs re-elected Grand Secretary; both of St. Paul.

GRAND LODGE OF MICHIGAN.

Published proceedings of session of January, 1868, at hand. The annual address of M. W. Bro. Salathiel C. Coffinbury, G. M., is rich in practical and beautiful thoughts.

The question of uniform code of by-laws for subordinates is again attracting the general attention of Grand Lodges, as the duty of revising them year after year has become such a burden that it is not more than about half performed, and Bro. Coffinbury thus alludes to it:

This Grand Lodge recommended a system of by-laws to its subordinates, but I submit for your consideration whether it would not be well for the Grand Lodge to settle upon a system, leaving blank the times and places of meeting, the name of the Lodge, and the amount of fees for degrees and Lodge dues, and, by its edict, require all subordinate Lodges to be governed by them.

The duties and practices of Lodges and their members are uniform in their natures, and, with the variations mentioned, a salutary system of police government would be equally applicable to all. By this step not only a uniform system of Lodge government would prevail throughout the grand jurisdiction, but the Grand Lodge itself would become the interpreter of the by-laws in its general judicial administration, and thereby save the time and vexation wasted in the discussion of the various questions and constructions arising in the Lodges out of the by-laws as we now find them.

As a question of pecuniary economy this idea commends itself. The expense of printing by-laws each year, by the several subordinate Lodges, in the aggregate amounts to a considerable sum, and then some of them are executed in such a manner that they are no credit to either the Lodge or the printer. Were the Grand Secretary to procure a certain number of them printed in a proper manner, to be paid for at their original cost by the Lodges desiring them, I have no doubt that they would be well executed, in a mechanical and typographical point of view, and furnished to Lodges much cheaper than they can be now furnished.

This plan has been adopted by the Grand Lodge of the State of California with most signal success. I understand also that the Grand Lodge of that State, upon this plan, furnishes all the necessary books and blanks for subordinate Lodges through the Grand Secretary, the Lodge paying the original expense for the same, whereby the by-laws, records, and general proceedings of the subordinate Lodges are found to be uniform throughout the whole Grand jurisdiction.

I have no doubt of the great convenience and salutary effect of such a measure.

Bro. James Fenton, Grand Secretary, rendered an exceedingly valuable report on foreign correspondence, to which we will at future time refer. We find 243 Lodges on the roll, and 16,861 members; initiated, 2,656; dimitted, 786; expelled, 48; suspended, 126; rejected, 606, and died, 130.

Bro. Coffinbury, of Constantine, re-elected Grand Master, and Bro. Fenton, of Detroit, re-elected Grand Secretary. Address, No. 24 Macomb Street.

ENGLISH FREEMASONRY AND CHRISTIANITY.

A correspondent, "R. W. B.," neighborhood of York, desires that I should set down my notions of Freemasonry in relation to Christianity. Communications to the *Freemasons' Magazine* abundantly show these notions. I subjoin a list of all the communications made on this subject exclusively, and of all the others in which anything occurs on the subject incidentally, and I have interspersed a few passages that may possibly save my correspondent the labor of a research, which the state of his health, I regret to learn, will hardly permit. List of communications:—"Religion of English Freemasonry." "The Religion of English Freemasonry is Christianity, with toleration in the Lodge of all other religions which recognize a Supreme Being, the Great Architect of the Universe," vol. xiii., p. 349.—"The Lodge in English Freemasonry." "In our English Freemasonry I consider the Lodge essentially a Christian Temple," vol. xiv., p. 89.—"Christianity and English Freemasonry," *Ibid*, p. 391–427. "A Motto for Modern English Freemasonry." "A Fitting Motto, in my judgment, is Christianity and Natural Religion," vol. xvii., p. 487. See the same volume, p. 168, "Religion of the English Freemason." It is there stated, from the manuscript book in my collection, called "Freemasons' Table Talk," that "from the third century to the end of the seventeenth century the English Freemason was always a Christian." See further in connection with this subject the following communications: "True Freemasonry and Pure Christianity." "True Freemasonry is pure Christianity's not unworthy handmaid," vol. xv. p. 136.—"Christianity and Freemasonry," *Ibid*, p. 289.—"The Christian Missionary and the English Freemason," *Ibid*, page 309.—"The Christian and the Freemason," *Ibid*, page 330.—"Union of Freemasonry and Christianity," p. 348.—"Be a Christian and be a Freemason," *Ibid*, p. 487. C. P. Cooper.

ENGLAND, AMERICA, SEMI-BARBAROUS AND BARBAROUS NATIONS.

To "J. H. P.," neighborhood of Shrewsbury. Dear brother, I say, be not too much discouraged by what you have seen in another country. Doubt not that Christianity, with diminished theology, and with increased toleration, and therefore with increased charity—for toleration is but one kind of charity—and true Freemasonry, where from any unsearchable cause Christianity cannot act, the Freemasonry which announces the existence of the glorious Architect of Heaven and Earth, which announces his Providence, and which teaches that the good man will be rewarded and the bad man will be punished in another life—doubt not, I say, that these, Christianity and true Freemasonry, are the instruments by which England and America (another England) will, in God's good time, civilize the semi-barbarous and barbarous nations of our globe. C. P. Cooper.

BIBLE IN THE ENGLISH LODGE.

A communication, made by me to the *Freemasons' Magazine* nearly two years ago, states my opinion upon the subject which a brother, who is a Theist, discusses in a very long letter. See the communication, entitled "Christianity and English Freemasonry," *Freemasons' Magazine*, vol. xiv., p. 391. My brother will there find these words: "The Bible will ever keep its place in the English Lodge; the Sacred Volume will ever be seen there open before the Worshipful Master." C. P. Cooper.

OUR OLD LECTURES AND CHARGES.

Our old lectures were first published about 1720, and our old charges about 1723.—*From one of Bro. Purton Cooper's Masonic Note-books.*

It affords us much pleasure to present to our readers in this issue, the Portrait and Masonic history of M. W. G. M., C. W. Nash, of Minnesota. This gentleman and worthy brother enjoys the esteem of all who are acquainted with him, and we hope this brief notice will be the means of increasing the circle of that acquaintance.

We wish it were possible for wood engravers to represent more vividly the life expression of their portraits, as can be and is, in a photograph or steel engraving, but that is not possible on wood. Our artist has, however, made an excellent portrait, although rather more aged in appearance than in reality, which is another fault of wood engravings which cannot be avoided.

THE

VOICE OF MASONRY

DEVOTED TO

MASONIC AND GENERAL LITERATURE,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

VOLUME VI. MAY, 1868. NUMBER V.

SERIES OF LETTERS* FROM ROB MORRIS.

(Copyright Secured.)

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA.

To The Voice of Masonry:

My last was mailed to you from London. I spent but one day there, one in Paris and one in Marseilles. In neither place did I make any Masonic calls, the necessary attention to the affairs of my journey engrossing the most of my time. I should particularly have liked to make a search in Marseilles for an ancient Masonic Hall, built there nearly a century since, and elaborately described in Smith's "Use and Abuse of Freemasonry," republished by me in 1855. The symbolisms described by Capt. Smith always appeared to me the most appropriate to Masonic use of anything extant, and I greatly desire to know whether the edifice yet survives. In

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* Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1868, by J. C. W. Bailey, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Northern District of Illinois.

the summer I hope to have a spare day for the search. The only Freemason whose acquaintance I formed in Marseilles was Bro. Joseph Boyer, proprietor of the English Hotel, No. 26 Rue du Port. If any of your readers visit Marseilles, let them be sure to go there, mention my name, and they may rely on obtaining good accommodations at reasonable prices. My bill was about five francs (say $1.00) per day, including every thing except the waiter, who in this country always must have his parting gift. Boyer's is the only house I found where understandable English is spoken.

In my present letter I propose to give you a sketch of my visit to St. Paul's Church, London—that masterpiece of our Grand Master, Sir Christopher Wren. I was so earnest to see this immortal structure, that although it was the dusk of evening when we arrived at the Easton Station, London, I hardly waited to take my cup of tea, at Anderton's Hotel, No. 148 Fleet street, before hurrying to catch a moonlight view of St. Paul's. Moonlight in London, however, is rather a hazy thing, and I did not make much by that motion; but the next morning I gave more time to the undertaking, as I proceed now to explain to you.

As I said, this edifice is Grand Master Wren's masterpiece, and beneath it the great architect—the "H. A. B." of his century—lies buried. I advise your Masonic readers visiting it to begin at the grave of the builder. This is in the crypts or vault of the building. On the side of the wall, on a plain marble slab, is engraved Wren's inscription, in Latin, but with no other emblem than a simple device resembling a cluster of four leaves, standing out like the spokes of a wheel. This is the epitaph:

"Subtus conditur hujus ecclesiæ et urbis conditor CHRISTOPORUS WREN, qui vixit annos ultra nonaginta, non sibi, sed bono publico . . . . . Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice. Obiit 25 Feb., ætatis 91, An. 1723."

A plain translation would be—"Beneath this building lies its builder and that of the city, Christopher Wren, who lived not for himself but for the public good, more than ninety years. Reader, if you would see his monument, look around you. He died Feb. 23d, 1723, aged 91 years." The intelligent reader will recall the fact, that 1723 was the year of the publication of the first edition of the Masonic Constitution of the Grand Lodge of England, and ten years prior to the establishment of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Massachusetts (1733).

Having given some moments of contemplation over the remains of this great artist, let us now survey the building itself. Its history is interesting. The original church was commenced A. D. 610. About two hundred years after that it was burnt. Alfred the Great rebuilt it, but it was again burnt in 1086. During the subseqüent century the third erection was commenced, but not completed until 1240. In 1444 this edifice was much damaged by lightning. In 1561 the steeple, the spire, and the greater part of the church were again consumed by fire. In 1632 that distinguished Masonic artist, Inigo Jones, began, and in nine years completed the whole cathedral except the steeple. This also was burnt by the great fire of September, 1666, leaving an awful ruin, spread over an area of three and a half acres.

Five times burnt, St. Paul's church rose again, and more glorious than ever, under the genius of Christopher Wren. The corner-stone was laid on the 21st of June, 1675—the capstone in the year 1710. Both the architect, Wren, and the master mason, T. Strong, who began this work, lived to see its completion; and here, one hundred and fifty-eight years afterwards, stands a pilgrim from a far-distant land in the west, the very name of which was scarcely known to those great men, and claiming Masonic kindred with them both, proposes reverently to "inspect their work."

First, we enter the rotunda, or dome, whose stupendous dimensions strike us with awe. When Brother Wren had selected the exact spot for the centre of this dome, he directed a workman to bring him a stone from the ruins and lay it there. It was done; and on turning the fragments over the word "*Resurgam*," ("I shall rise again,") appeared, the stone being part of a shattered gravestone! The omen was deemed auspicious, and the word "*Resurgam*" was adopted to be conspicuously engraven on the south wall, inside the dome, with the phœnix, the bird emblematic of the same.—Our distinguished Bro. Wren was allowed only the beggarly sum of *one hundred pounds* per annum as salary for erecting this church—nearly as mean a compensation as a certain speculative Mason has received, whose name need not be given here. It was not unnatural that this thought should occur to me when I was called upon to pay about a dollar for the privilege of going over the building.

I went first to the whispering gallery, appearing to the eye below as a handsome cornice. It encompasses the interior of the dome, and is 140 feet in diameter. To test the mysterious acoustical effect, I placed my companion at one side, while I took the other, being 140 feet in a direct line apart, and in "a low breath" asked him a Masonic question, to which he gave a proper reply. As neither had been previously posted, this test was an *experimentum crucis* not to be disputed.

Next I rise to the stone gallery, situated at a giddy height above the last, requiring 560 steps to reach it. From this to a chamber on top of the dome, from which through a small aperture I looked down on the people blow, reduced to the size of insects. From this *excelsior* to a horrid place just under the golden ball, into which I thrust my head, but the howling wind and blinding rain forbade further explorations, nor did I follow my companion into the ball itself. On a clear day it would be worth while to stand here for an hour and look over the world at this dizzy height of 404 feet; but I will never climb up there again, if I know myself.

An examination of the clock-room, the library, and the elegant paintings in the dome, however interesting to the visitor, present nothing especially worthy of note to your Masonic readers. The model in the model-room shows what kind of building Bro. Wren proposed to build here; but his plans were refused by the government, and the present were forced upon him. The geometrical stairs are a pretty fancy of his, when in a mood to work out an ideal without any special purpose to be observed.

A ramble amongst the tombs of St. Paul's Cathedral excites so many varieties of feelings—shame, triumph, glory, contempt—that I hardly know which to describe as predominant. The honorable mention of a Howard, a Reginald Heber, Henry Hallam (whose honorable mention of Freemasonry in the mediæval ages entitles him to our gratitude), and other philanthropists and Christians, excites the finest sentiments; but the appearance of so many who are introduced here, without virtue, honor or genius, on account of a meretricious claim, only temporary and never justifiable, drown the sentiment in indignation. I could spend a month in St. Paul's Cathedral, but a very few hours will satisfy me to look at its memorials. Of fifty monuments, twenty-two are erected to military and sixteen to naval heroes, two to bishops, one to a philanthropist, one to a philosopher, one to a judge, one to a surgeon, one to a physician, and one to a painter. Not one of the sixty-four, so far as I can call the roll of their names, was a Freemason.* The real *immortals* of Great Britain—those who made up its literature and its laws—lie yonder, a mile or so up the Thames, in Westminster Abbey, which is as much honored in its glorious dust as in the halo of sanctity and antiquity that rests upon it.

My visit to Paris—confined to a single day, and that, too, a Sunday—gives me nothing worth writing about. I visited the celebrated church of Notre Dame, impelled thereto by boyish recollections of Victor Hugo's first work. It is truly an object of splendor. Commenced in 522, by Childebert, the son of Clovis, it was continued by Louis the Younger, in 1160, upon an enlarged plan. In the revolution of 1789 it suffered every degradation excepting absolute destruction, being turned into a stable, then a wine store, and then a hospital. Napoleon, who restored so much of old France, restored it to its ecclesiastical use, and was crowned in it in 1804. It is in the form of a Latin cross. The interior is dazzlingly magnificent; the vaulted roof raised into the very clouds; the three naves; the high altar, an object of absolute worship to most visitors; the twenty-four chapels, each gorgeous with statues and paintings; the windows of stained glass; the magnificent carvings and bas-reliefs sculptured in marble, bronze and oak;—but your readers will imagine I have turned guide, and am seeking an honest penny as a verger. Lighted up, as it was, on the occasion of the baptism of the Emperor's son, in 1857, by *fifty thousand wax candles*, set in chandeliers, it is difficult to imagine anything more imposing than old Notre Dame was in the eyes of those who were so fortunate as to be present.

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* On second thought, Wellington was a Freemason.

One thing I forgot to say about London. In Anderson's Hotel, 162 Fleet street, where we tarried for a day, we observed a whole pile of Masonic altars and pedestals. Inquiring the meaning of this, I learned that there are several Masonic Lodges regularly meeting in that hotel, an upper room being in fact specially devoted to their use. Some of these are "Lodges of Instruction," so called, in which every brother has a little table set before him, holding a pipe and a glass. While the instructor is communicating the sublime mysteries through eye and ear, the waiters are teaching the sublimer laws of physiology to stomach, nerve and brain. Is not this peculiarly English? What would the Grand Lodge of Illinois say to an application for a warrant for a "Lodge of Instruction" in which pavements and pipes, trestle-boards and tobacco, Bibles and beer, "G" and gin, are so pleasantly blended? How would it sound to recite such a stanza as this in a London "Lodge of Instruction?"

"Thus enlarge, his soul shall see
What was veiled in mystery;
Heavenly glories of the place
Show the Maker face to face."

OFF THE COAST OF SICILY, Feb. 20, 1868.

I have just seated myself at my writing-table, after an hour's post-prandial walking and conversation. It is marvelous how large the planet Jupiter looks out of the clear blue sky in this atmosphere. To-night it so resembles a little moon that my companion was startled with its magnificence, and almost deemed it a comet. I have been repeating the grand Latin poem to-night that has such propriety here, between those sister volcanoes, Ætna and Vesuvius, whose titanic throes are yet, perhaps, to be used as the instruments of Divine wrath in closing the history of this wicked world. With what a roll of distant thunder the hymn opens:

Dies iræ dies illa,
Solvet sacolum in favilla,
Jeste David, cum sybilla.

Where, in human tongue, shall we find a stanza more fearfully suggestive than this:

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

And the heart-pleadings of this—how exquisitely touching:

Luerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

The manner of feeding us on this French steamer is so different from the English ship, "France," on which I came from New York to Liverpool, as to demand a paragraph. Instead of four meals a day, as is the custom on English steamers, we get but two. The first *dejeuner* comes on at 10½ a. m. To an early riser this delay from 6 to 10½ is intolerable, until he discovers, as I did, that a cup of pure black coffee will be supplied him on demand, strong enough to banish all cravings for food, and exhilarating enough to carry him pleasantly forward to breakfast. I copy the bill of fare which was laid by the side of our plates on the first day out, and give as nearly a literal a translation as I can:

Services Maritimes des Messageries Imperiales:
PAQUEBOT AMERIQUE, 19 FEV., 1868.
MENU DU DEJEUNER,
(Breakfast Announcement.)
HORS D'ŒUVRE,
(Side dishes.)
BEURRE, (Butter.)
SERVELAS, (Probably Bologna sausage.)
OLIVES VERTES, (Green olives.)

ENTREES.

(Dishes brought in, one by one, and handed round by servants.)
ŒUFS OU PLOT, (Eggs.)
GIBELOTTES DE LUPERCOUX, (Stew.)
ENTRECOTTES GRILLEES AUX POMMES DE TERRE, (Grilled spareribs with potatoes.)

DESSERT.

FROMAGE, (Cheese.)
ORANGE.
BISCUIT, (Almond cakes.)
POMMES, (Apples.)
CAFE, (Coffee.)

Having given so much space to the *dejeuner*, or breakfast bill, perhaps you can spare half a page more to the *Menu du Diner*, or dinner announcement. We have but two meals a day; this latter one is served between 5 and 6 p. m.; a long time for fasting, from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m.! The following is the *Menu*, or bill of fare for Feb. 21:

POTAGE, (Soup.)
PUREE DE POIS AUX CRANTOIS, (Pea soup of Crantois peas.)
RELEVE, (Strengthening.)
BŒUF A LA BRETONNE, (Beef entrees.)
EPAULES D'AGNEAUX AUX EPINARDS, (Shoulder of lamb.)
ROTI, (Roast.)
DINDE, (Turkey.)
SALADE, (Salad.)
DE SAISON.
LEGUMES, (Vegetables.)
CHOU-FLEUR, SAUCE DE BEURRE, (Cauliflower, butter sauce.)

DESSERT.

FROMAGE, (Cheese.)
RAISIN MALAGA.
POIRE, (Pears.)
BISCUIT.

Coming between the great volcanoes of Vesuvius and Ætna, I was disappointed in not witnessing any of the phenomena now attending them, particularly the former.

The sight of Mount Vesuvius in a lively state of eruption would be a thing for memory to linger over forever. It stirs one up to historical considerations; how in the year of Grace 79 it came out of its long sleep and shook the very world with its awakening, subjecting Pompeii, Herculaneum, and many other places to utter overthrow, and burying them beneath its vomit; how the lava and ashes and pumice poured from its crater, far exceeded in bulk the size of the mountain itself; how in the year 1066 it again awoke and sent prodigious streams of lava down its gray flanks; how in 1306 and 1500 and 1631 successive eruptions occurred, the latter being accompanied not only by great currents of lava that submerged most of the villages at the base of the mountain, but also by torrents of boiling water; how in 1779 the grandest and most terrible of these phenomena occurred, white sulphurous smoke rising up like heaps of cotton twenty miles high, and spreading over an area of equal breadth, while rocks, ashes, and pumice were shot upward to a height of 2,000 feet, followed on subsequent days by columns of fire that rose to the height of ten miles; how in June, 1794, streams of lava flowed forth, of which a single one was computed to contain 46,000,000 cubic feet of stone, and a vent was made near the base of the mountain 2,375 feet long and 237 feet wide; how in 1822 the whole top of the mountain was broken up, leaving an opening of a mile in diameter and 2,000 feet deep; how in May, 1855, eleven openings were made by the floods of lava; and finally how the last three eruptions prior to the present date, June, 1858; April, 1859; and December, 1861, the last being extremely violent.

The present eruption, which I had the good fortune to witness, began on the 14th of December last. The flow of lava has been very abundant, but so far, I learn, no towns or villages have been destroyed.

On the Sea of Italy this anniversary day of Washington (Feb. 22) I am chiefly reminded that I am going over the track of St. Paul's unfortunate voyage described in the 27th and 28th chapters of Acts. Let us read it together with map in hand:

"When the south wind blew softly they sailed close by Crete. [That is the long, narrow, rock-bound coast lying right south of me this morning.]

"And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive. And running under a certain island, which is called Clauda, we had much work to come by the boat. [That small island southwest of Crete is the Clauda he mentions.]

"Fearing lest they should fall into the quicksands, they strake sail, and so were driven."

When the fourteenth night was come, (neither sun nor stars in many days having appeared, and all hope that they should be saved having been taken away,) as we were driven up and down in Adria, (that is the Adriatic Sea, of which the portion we are now in is usually styled the Adriatic Sea, sometimes the Sea of Italy,) they experienced the utmost violence of the Euroclydon, which to the present day, under other names, is the terror of the long-shore boatmen of these parts. Finally, they were wrecked upon Melita, now Malta, the island nearly due west from me this morning. There he remained three months, and then took passage for Rome, passing the narrow straits of Messina, which I passed last night, avoiding Scylla on the right hand and Charybdis on the left, and so on northward to meet his fate in the Imperial city.

How changed the scene this 22d of February, exactly 1800 years later, with steam and the magnetic needle and iron hulls, and the power to settle the ship's location by sun, moon, or stars; with what traveling advantages over Saul of Tarsus does the present historian plow these waters, facing eastward! And yet what majesty of soul and sanctified intellect did the condemned Apostle shed over these blue waters in his stormy voyage! Let me lay my sheet aside, and read his legacy in the 8th of Romans, 13th of 1st Corinthians, and elsewhere.

SMYRNA, Turkey, Feb. 25, 1868.

I am very sorry that my stay here is so limited that I cannot visit the city as I would, or take the usual round of the suburbs. This city is the most celebrated one upon the Ionian coast. The ancients prized it as *the jewel of Asia Minor.* It overflowed with wealth and abounded in works of art. It has, however, suffered the greatest misfortunes in being scourged by cholera (1831) and six times overthrown by earthquakes. In the plague of 1814 more than 50,000 people perished. The present population is about 175,000. There are twenty Turkish churches (mosques), whose tops give me my first lessons in Turkish architecture.

To the church of Smyrna St. Paul, whose track I have been for four days traversing, made, I suppose, many visits. St. John (the Masonic Apostle of Love) directed to it those expressions which have been incorporated into the exhortations of Masonic Knight Templary: "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer; be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!" There are now a good many newspapers published here, and in the efforts making at the present day to evangelize the world, Smyrna is one of the most important centres of action. The best figs in the world are raised near by, and more of that luscious fruit is shipped from here than all other places in the world united.

I shall be in Beyrout on the 3d of March, and at Tyre ready for work about the 5th. You may expect my next letter to be more strictly Oriental and Masonic.

Faithfully, ROB MORRIS.

OFF GEBAL, Syria, March 2, 1868.

MASONIC LECTURES
IN
ORIENTAL HALL, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

[A series of these lectures are in the course of delivery, for the benefit of the Funds of Oriental Lodge, much needed by the large expenditure incurred in fitting up so magnificent a Lodge Room, and delivered by the eminent Masons, P. G. M. Blaney, of Chicago; P. G. M. Allen, of Michigan, now of Chicago; and the Rev. Robert Collyer, also of Chicago.]

The first lecture of the series was delivered on the evening of April 9th last, to an excellent audience, by

PROFESSOR BLANEY.

We can give but a mere outline of this lecture, and must necessarily omit his historical passages and illustrations, in the hope, however, of obtaining these for insertion in some future number of the Voice. He said:

"In the scope of a single lecture it will, of course, be impossible to furnish all the proofs from history, biblical and profane, to substantiate those Masonic assertions to the satisfaction of those who are incredulous. This I may do on another occasion. I shall only ask your attention to a few of the evidences of the claims which I have put forth in regard to the mission of our honorable Order. I confidently claim as the mission of Masonry to the world:

"1. That it has been the propagator of Monotheism, that is the doctrine of one only and true God, and that while it was the agent for the universal diffusion of this doctrine among mankind, it has also been the conservator of that doctrine at periods when it would otherwise have been lost.

"2. That it has been the Conservator of the Holy Writings at times and periods of history when, without its protecting care, it would have been lost to the world, and that in conjunction with the Jewish Church it was the medium through which the revealed word of God was preserved in the terms of the original text and its alteration and its adulteration or perversion prevented.

3. That it has been the medium by which science, art and literature have been cultivated, the accumulated knowledge of ages preserved and protected from the ineviable loss which would have occurred by the passing away of nationalities, the persecution of bigots, and the decline of civilization which at certain periods have threatened the total extinguishment of arts and letters.

4. That it has from time to time, as the condition of society permitted, given to civilization that knowledge of the arts, of literature, and of science, which Masonry alone retained through the periods of bigoted persecution and the dark ages, as soon as that civilization was prepared to receive such knowledge, to appreciate its importance, and to continue its cultivation and diffusion for the benefit of humanity. And last, but not least, the propagation of Charity, which she has universally diffused, and the exercise of which she has never limited to any nation, or to any sect."

The proof of these four propositions formed the substance of this admirable lecture, and although it is, of course, quite impossible to give it in these pages, the very enunciation of the propositions will give thoughtful Masons food for reflection and profound study. As we have said, some of the illustrations and extracts we hope to obtain from the Professor hereafter, and will not fail to give the readers of the VOICE the full benefit of them when obtained.

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A PLEASANT EPISODE.

Freeport Commandery, No. 7, Freeport, and Crusader Commandery, No. 17, Rockford, Illinois, are both flourishing and well-managed Templar organizations. On Monday, the 6th inst., we were at Freeport on business, and were the guest of our esteemed friend and frater, Dr. N. F. Prentice, E. C. of Freeport Commandery and Past Grand Commander of the jurisdiction of Illinois. We learned that a *tour*-nament was on the tapis, and received numerous cordial invitations to enter the lists, all of which we were obliged to decline, as our vocations required our return home the same evening. Prentice put it out of power to do the latter, however, by—with "malice prepense," so arranging matters as to make us miss the train, and so we were only too glad to accept the former. The Sir Knights of Freeport had arranged to visit the Crusaders, and to take part in the conferring of the Orders on three companies, one of whom was the well-known and genial Knapp, long a conductor on the Galena road, and now the popular manager of the Merchants' Union Express. A special train had been engaged, and a band had been provided, and at 7 p. m., thirty-six Knights, in full costume, formed at their Asylum and marched to the depot. The run to Rockford was made in an hour, and the trip was a joyous one. Arrived at Rockford, the party was received by a deputation of Crusaders, and together all marched to the Asylum of No. 17, where a Knightly welcome awaited us, the Crusaders being out in force. The Order of the Red Cross was then conferred very impressively by Eminent Commander Porter, and Excellent Prelate Vincent. None of the large number present will ever forget the make up of Zerubbabel Knapp, who was robed in a costume expressly provided for him by the wags of Freeport. That costume was a stunner. We would be glad if it would do to describe it here. Those shoes! of which witty Gen. Hurlbut remarked, that Knapp did not put them off because "the place whereon he stood was holy ground," but because they contained too much *cord wood!* The banquet was a splendid affair, and was enlivened by numerous toasts and speeches; Past Grand Commander Prentice, Eminent Commander Porter, Gen. Hurlbut, Victim Knapp, and the Editor participating. After the banquet, the Order of the Temple was conferred by the Editor, who, although he was there clad only in pilgrims' weeds, was not allowed to decline the honor. Sir Knight Knapp was the recipient, and the work was impressively done, the admirable and unexcelled Prelate, Dr. Vincent, deserving especial commendation in this connection. At half past one a. m. the Sir Knights of Freeport, escorted by the Crusaders, formed and marched to the cars, and soon, saluted by the hearty cheers of the genial Sir Knights of Rockford, they were under way for home. One stop was made at Pecatonica, to leave Sir Knight the Rev. Frater Foster and his party; and the run was made without accident. Thus ended one of the pleasantest Masonic gatherings we have ever attended. Freeport Commandery, No. 7, was organized August 19th, 1857. Its first E. C. was that noble Sir Knight, N. F. Prentice, who, amid the cares of an immense practice, finds time to cultivate his Masonic tastes. He served four successive years most acceptably. After four years retiracy—during which time his successors were the well-known and capable L. L. Munn (P. G. H. P.) and M. D. Chamberlain, long a custodian of the work on the part of the Grand Lodge of Illinois—he was again re-elected, and is now in the second year of his new term of service. They have a splendid hall, and most of the Sir Knights are costumed. The Commandery is doing a large amount of work. Crusader Commandery was organized August 25th, 1865. Its present E. C. is the courteous John R. Porter, who is but just installed, and is destined to make a superior officer. They have a good hall, better than the average, and like the Freeport Sir Knights, have plenty of ante-rooms, and a fine refreshment room. The Sir Knights are costumed. Both bodies are well equipped, the only things lacking being the banners. At Rockford we were glad to meet Sir Knight, the Rev. Frater Reed, late pastor of the Universalist Church in this city. Among the Sir Knights present we noticed Sir Knights Munn, Chamberlain, Brawley; Lemon, the Hunter, Rev. Fraters Cleveland and Reed, (Methodist) of Freeport; Rev. Frater Foster, of Pecatonica; Sir Knights, Past E. C. Andrus, Hurlbut, Richings, and others whose names we cannot recall, of Rockford. We acknowledge ourself the debtor of the Crusaders and Freeporters for a most enjoyable evening, and we wish that about a score of these enthusiastic Sir Knights could be transplanted to Dubuque.—*The Evergreen.*

MASONIC BURIALS.

Masons, generally, seem to be unaware of the fact that by the rules of the Order no brother can be interred according to the striking and solemnizing forms of Masonry, unless he shall have signified his desire thus to be honored. To that end every Lodge should have a book especially devoted to the reception and preservation of such requests. Further, in view of the fact that the expenses of such burials frequently impoverish small Lodges, every member who is in good circumstances would make it obligatory upon his executors to pay over to his Lodge a sum sufficient to cover these outlays. Such an act on his part is but just, and it is a pity that it is not more often done.—*Bailey's Funeral Book of the Freemasons.*

EXTRACT OF AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY

M. W. G. M., I. T. MARTIN, OF KENTUCKY.

The Grand Master addressed the Grand Lodge as follows:

Brethren of the Grand Lodge—By the permission of a kind Providence, we have been permitted again to assemble in grand conclave, to examine and inspect the work of the last year, and to devise new plans and problems for the benefit of the craft within our jurisdiction.

We have been blessed with peace and quiet within our immediate jurisdiction, while the husbandman, as a reward for his toil, has been supplied with enough for his wants, and we have escaped pestilence and an unusual amount of disease, and everything seems to give promise of a brighter future. Under all the circumstances, we should feel grateful to the Giver of all good for having favored us beyond the millions around us.

It is no part of my duty to present you with a finely written essay upon the principles of our order, nor to prove to you its origin goes back beyond the building of Solomon's magnificent temple, and to show you conclusively that God himself clothed the first Mason with an apron in the garden, and to deduce from these premises that it will last while time lasts, and

> "When wrapped in fire the realms of ether glow,
> And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,"
> Masonry "shall o'er the ruins smile,
> And light her torch at nature's funeral pile."

This work is the business of grand and subordinate orators, and of Grand Masters who make use of these occasions to deliver an oration.

The year now drawing to a close has been one of unexampled activity among the craft, and our numbers have been added to with fearful rapidity.

We have been led to look with alarm upon this rapid increase. This is not a democracy; not intended for the million, but for a select body of *men*, gathered up from the masses, because of their high moral worth and integrity of character. *Men* among whom all can feel that in each of this band he has a friend and brother on whom he can lean with the fullest confidence.

It should be the duty of every Mason to see that no one enters the door of our mystic temple, unless he is a *man*, in the full Masonic acceptation of the term. It should be remembered too by every Mason that when the man is admitted to our order that he not only becomes his brother, but the brother of every other Mason also.

We do not want numbers; they already encircle the world. Then why add a link to our chain unless it is a golden link?

We surely do not want money, and if we do, can we afford to barter away the privileges of our sacred order?

Let us then, brethren, guard well the outer door of our mystic temple.

It is with great satisfaction and pleasure that I am enabled to report to you there has been great harmony and peace throughout this jurisdiction during the year, without a question that divides us.

I would suggest for your consideration the propriety of making a constitutional rule for the government of subordinate lodges, requiring the suspension of all members who are one year in arrears for lodge dues, with the proviso that the payment of the money shall restore the party to full membership. Experience has demonstrated that when members are permitted to retain their membership without paying their dues, until they have accumulated for several years, they are weaned from the lodge, and in nine cases out of ten when they do pay up, if ever, they will dimit from the lodge.

I would also suggest for your consideration the propriety of changing your constitutional rule so as to require subordinate lodges to charge not less than thirty dollars for the three degrees over which they have jurisdiction. The reason for this change, we think, will be apparent to every member.

* * * * * *

The finances of the Grand Lodge will be found in a most healthy condition, as will be seen by reference to the report of your efficient grand treasurer. By a wise and economical expenditure of your money, with a continued safe and profitable investment of all surplus funds, you will soon be enabled to dispense with any tax upon subordinate lodges whatever, and we are of the opinion it would be well to take such steps as will reduce the tax twenty-five per cent., to take effect after our next annual meeting.

I would call your attention to the subject of dimitted Masons. It has often been before you, and seems difficult of solution. It seems to be conceded that the question must be met and settled.

One half of the Masons in Kentucky may be estimated as dimitted and as drones in the great Masonic hive. It is true, they visit our lodges on many occasions, and are very generally present at most of our festive scenes: yet they are not willing to contribute of their means to our cause. While I am not prepared to make any suggestions as to those who have already dimitted, I am clearly of the opinion that it would be wise in you to declare, by law, that any dimit hereafter granted shall be good for one year only, and if the party holding it fails, after that time, to join a lodge, he shall be declared by the law suspended from all the rights and privileges of Masonry, until he shall join a lodge. And any Mason coming into this jurisdiction shall have one year to select and join a lodge, and a failure to comply with this order, within the time, shall subject him to like penalties. This will ultimately enable us to get clear of this whole question of dronage.

A number of benevolent brethren in the State have been maturing plans for the erection and endowment of homes for the widows and orphans of our order. Among them, Brother James L. Dallam, of Paducah, has been prominent, and we hope he will present his plans for the consideration of this honorable body.

The brethren of Louisville, with commendable zeal, are already at work, having procured a liberal charter from the Legislature of Kentucky, and under it have organized a board of directors, and as I am informed, have secured over thirty thousand dollars for the purpose of erecting a home for the widows and orphans of our order, and in connection with it an infirmary. This, when completed, will be a monument to the movers in the matter, to Masonry, and to the Commonwealth.

When we look at the names of the brethren who compose this Board, at their moral worth, their energy and integrity of character, their business qualifications, we feel assured of its success.

These brethren desire, and should receive, the confidence and assistance of every Mason in Kentucky. It is an indisputable fact that our works are not commensurate with our professions.

The prosecution of this enterprise to a happy conclusion would be a source of pride and satisfaction to every Mason in the Commonwealth.

It is designed, as you will see, as a State institution, and I would earnestly commend it to the favorable consideration of this Grand Lodge, that you may take such steps as will bring it to the favorable notice of every Lodge and brother in the State.

BOMBAY, INDIA.

An Address on the Nature and Designs of Freemasonry, delivered at the Consecration of Lodge "Pitt-Macdonald," No. 1198, Vepery, Madras, on Tuesday, 4th February, 1868, by William Mason Scharlieb, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, &c., &c., &c., Deputy District Grand Master of the Presidency of Madras.

Brethren: It is usual, on the occasion of consecrating and dedicating a new lodge, for a brother holding some place in Masonry to address the brethren present, and especially the members of the new lodge, on the design and character of the system; and the duty of so addressing you this evening has devolved on me, at the pleasure and appointment of our District Grand Master.

Happily, Brethren, you are so well acquainted with the true principles, philosophy, and beauty of Freemasonry, that I need not take up your time with any lengthened exposition of its character and design. It will be sufficient, for the purposes of this occasion, to remind you of its leading features. You are fully aware that we traditionally hold that Masonry is coeval with the world, and that the stately fabric is built on the time-enduring foundation of "Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth." Neither is it necessary for me to tell you what you know so well, that "Masonry is a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols." But the grand and striking feature in the system is, that it inculcates a religion so simple and so devoid of sectarian differences, that in it the whole family of man may unite in harmonious acknowledgment of our common Father, and of our bounden obligations to Him. The enlightened Mason will never pretend, as the world falsely supposes, that Masonry is intended to be set up in supersession of religion. I mean that form of religion in which each of us has been born and brought up, and the tenets of which we sacredly hold from solemn conviction. What I contend is, that Masonry is primitive but true religion, capable of expansion, and ancillary to the higher revelation that later times have vouchsafed to mankind.

There is no doubt that in Freemasonry was the knowledge of the true God preserved in times past, when all the world had lapsed into idolatry; and our holding in secrecy is to be traced entirely to the fact of our ancient brethren, who remained true to our Father, having been obliged to resort to places of security in order to worship Him, safe from the fury and persecution of the idolators; while the system of secret signs and pass-words was introduced in very early times to distinguish the true brethren from the children of the world.

Without looking at the deeper truths shadowed out in the Supreme Degree of the Holy Royal Arch, the scope of the three degrees of Craft Masonry alone will bear out my remarks. In the First Degree, the Candidate is solemnly warned against infidelity. He is required to believe in, and acknowledge, the one true Supreme Being who has created and governs the world; and he is called upon to confess that in Him alone can sure and certain confidence be placed, for safely progressing through the mazes of difficulty and danger with which this world abounds. He is taught his duty to God, his neighbor, and himself; and he is reminded of the value of time, by the division of the day into twenty-four equal parts, to be appropriately devoted to religion, to labor, to rest, and to the kindly offices of charity. In the Second Degree, the Candidate is enjoined to "extend his researches into the hidden mysteries of nature and science," and to trace them out in their developments, even up to the throne of God Himself; and he cannot there fail to be struck with the symbol of one eternal and self-existent Deity, Who will reward or punish him according to his work, and Whose All-seeing Eye notes every thought, word, and action to be produced against him in the great day of judgment.

The veil lifts in the Third Degree; and the Candidate has there figuratively revealed to him the great scheme of human salvation, the atonement for sin, and the resurrection of the dead. In this Sublime Degree, the Master-Mason is taught "how to die," how "to lift up his eyes to that bright Morning Star Whose rising brought peace and salvation to the faithful and obedient of the human race," and how to look up to "the Lord of Life to enable him to trample the King of Terrors beneath his feet."

Then, lastly, Brethren, I shall remind you of the universal language we possess. Are we in distress? We may readily communicate our wants and necessities to our brethren, though we may be ignorant of their language; and so may the stranger and sojourner amongst us freely explain his wishes to us. "By the use of this valuable secret," to use the language of Dr. Oliver, "we are even enabled to hold an intelligible intercourse, and to maintain a connected conversation, with brethren of every clime and every language. We thus express pleasure and pain, sympathy and disgust, reverence and distress, with many other affections of the mind, even in the most public situations, without attracting notice or exciting curiosity." And has this secret ever been divulged? "The most tattling man, if he be a Mason, keeps the secret. There is no risk of him. Enrage, discipline, expel—he never tells! Mad, drunk, or crazy, he never tells. Does he talk in his sleep? It is not about Masonry. Bribe him in his wants, tempt him in his pleasures, threaten him or torture him, he will endure being a martyr, but—he never tells!"

If such, Brethren, be the character of Freemasonry, such its scope and influence, how must we indeed value and love the noble Institution to which we belong! And I give it to you, therefore, in terms of strong recommendation—*love* the Craft. In moments of temptation, in strife with the world, in wrestling with your own feelings, let the idea present itself to your mind, "I am a Freemason," and the thought may be your salvation. Brethren, do not look upon this Institution as an empty system, whose virtues have long passed away with the changes and chances of this life. Believe me, Freemasonry has not lost one tittle of her influence for good. All that she requires is but sincere devotion to her behests at the hands of her sons. Do you think that a system that inculcates universal love has been designed for nought? Were it an empty, pretentious, and hollow system, it would long ago have been swept away from the face of the earth. If, therefore, cold, and callous, and unfeeling men, point the finger of scorn at Freemasonry, heed them not. If they single out some unfortunate member of the Craft in order to deride its efficacy, let your minds rise above the superficial nature of such an argument, for remember it is the *system*, and not the *man*, that must stand or fall by its virtues. Is there not good in that system which mingles in love the whole family of man, that subdues the savage and humanizes the natural ruffian? Is there not some virtue in that Institution which draws together the Hun, the Goth, and the Brahmin; that fraternizes the low and the humble follower of the rejected Jesus? I ask, is there not beauty in that resistless spell which plucks the dreaded knout from the hand of the Russian noble and gives freedom to his serf; that stops the fulmination of the excommunicating priest, arrests the uplifted hand of the Bedouin Arab, and reduces to docility the turbulent and blood-seeking votary of Mohammed? Rally, therefore, around the banners of Freemasonry, my Brethren. Love her for her own sake, and the world may do its worst; but Freemasonry will ever uplift her venerable head, and continue unharmed amid falling dynasties and toppling thrones.

> "At thy shrine, O Masonry!
> Shall admiring nations bend.
> In future times thy sons shall see
> Thy fame from pole to pole extend.
> To unknown worlds thy heav'n-born light dispense,
> And systems own thy sacred influence."

EXTRACTS FROM THE ADDRESS OF THE

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER,

BROTHER RICHARD VAUX, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

"*Brethren of the Grand Lodge:*

"Usage and custom with our Craft command obedience unequivocal within their scope. Both require that the Grand Master should give to the Grand Lodge yearly at this time such information as to the condition of the Order as he may regard either important or interesting. This duty it was believed would have been now discharged by the late Grand Master Goddard. God willed otherwise. We are not only the work of His hands, but the creation of His divine power, and the subjects of His providence. We submit to His decrees, in hope and faith, for God is Love and Truth, and doeth what is pleasing in His sight.

"Under these circumstances, my brethren, the remarks I now propose to make, will be both a review of the labors of the Oriental Chair, since I have occupied it as acting Grand Master, as well as those deemed proper, on the occasion of my installation as Right Worshipful Grand Master.

"Since St. John's Day, 1866, there have been 2,972 initiations; 558 admissions; 590 rejections; 353 suspensions; 696 resignations; 322 deaths; total present membership, in this Grand Lodge, of 22,405.

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"It is proper at this time to remark, that owing to the differences which exist in the ceremonial of the various Grand Lodges of the States of the Union, members of this Grand Lodge, and those who have been made under its jurisdiction, find it difficult to visit Lodges in these States. The examination of visitors in these several jurisdictions is conducted on the formula each establishes for itself; and none being in conformity with that, in like cases, governing in Pennsylvania, our brethren are in some cases denied the privilege of visiting, and the rights and benefits thereby obtained. I therefore take this occasion to state, that while we cheerfully yield obedience and respect to our sister Grand Lodges, when under their jurisdiction, as a Masonic duty, yet in the most fraternal manner I would suggest to our sister Grand Lodges, that whatever is *not essential* in the ceremonial of examination of visitors, might be dispensed with, when those presenting themselves hail from Pennsylvania. It is not meant nor intended by this suggestion, to do more than call the attention of these Most Worshipful Grand Lodges to the fact, that here the work of the Craft is circumscribed by the simplest symbolizations, while the landmarks, and the essential and ancient usages and customs are taught, and strictly enforced, as elemental in all Masonic knowledge, and by which true Masonic light is best disseminated in its unclouded effulgence. I trust that these suggestions will be fully and properly appreciated, for it would greatly distress me if, for a moment, the expression of them at this time should be understood as intended to accomplish any other purpose than to facilitate the interchange of true Masonic fraternity, by the union of the Craft, who rightfully possess the Masonic knowledge to maintain and enjoy it.

* * * * * * *

"It is recommended to all Lodges to require proof of a brother's proficiency in the craft before he is advanced.' The organic law requires that advancement should rest on proficiency, and it recommends all to obtain proof thereof, and at the same time wisely leaves it to each to determine, what that proficiency shall be and how it is to be ascertained.

"I earnestly and most fraternally invite the attention of the Craft to this most important recommendation. The present condition of Masonry in Pennsylvania, in my judgment, demands that this subject should receive the early consideration of each and all the Lodges. Advancement from step to step most certainly should be obtained by recognized and ascertained qualifications.

* * * * *

"Let those, therefore, who seek admission be eminently worthy—eminently worthy! The badge of a Free Mason should only be given to those who, after strict trial and the most scrutinizing examination, possess every prerequisite. It is a mistaken principle, one which will not be justified on investigation, to make the access to the Craft as easy as that which opens the doors of admission to other existing institutions among men. We have a high standard; it must be maintained. Had it not been that our fathers felt the responsibility which rested on them to protect our fraternity from the intrusions of those who were seeking, but who were not worthy, Free Masonry, like other associations which were, but are not, would have fallen like empires and dynasties and kingdoms and languages, and been lost and forgotten, buried in those ruins over which the past has thrown its impenetrable veil.

"Let me earnestly and most fraternally request you, my brethren, not to be satisfied until you have agreed, with one accord, to protect the Craft from the dangerous consequences which will assuredly follow the want of firmness, in granting admission to those who fail to show their acknowledged and essential worth for copartnership with the Craft."

THE AGED MASON.

In no class of persons does Freemasonry appear so charming, upon none does it sit with so much grace and dignity, as *upon the aged.* To such it is truly a crown of glory. I always feel like doffing my hat in the Lodge room, even when I am presiding as Master, when an old man comes in. I have paid many a grateful pilgrimage to the graves of aged Masons. The influence of the aged in Masonic workings is deservedly large. Our Order having so much of a traditionary character, this is both natural and creditable to the Members.

Inserted by request.

RECKLESS ASSERTIONS.

St. Joseph, Mo., April 12, 1868.

The following is from the pen of Hon. Albert Pike, editor of the Memphis *Appeal*, and is published at the suggestion of leading Masons in the city:

On the 29th of October, 1867, George Frank Gouley, Grand Commander of the Knights Templar of Missouri, addressed a letter to the Knights of Missouri, in which he is even more reckless in assertion than in the columns of the *Freemason*, which he edits.

He stated that the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite was "just fifty-three years old." The Supreme Council, at Charleston, was established in May, 1801, just *sixty-six* years and five months before he wrote his letter.

He knew that the Rite of which he spoke was formed by adding eight degrees to the Rite of Perfection in twenty-five degrees, which was organized and worked as early as 1758 or 1759; the first eighteen degrees of both Rites being the same, and the Kakosh, which was used in making the English Templar Degree, being the twenty-fourth of the Rite of Perfection, and the thirtieth of the Ancient and Accepted Rite.

He stated that the "Order of the Temple" has existed in this country alone for nearly eighty years, and in Europe, in one form or another, for nearly seven hundred. The Masonic Templar Degree was carried from France to England after 1750, and worked in the Dermott Lodges. In 1791 Dunckerly put himself at the head of the Encampment in which that and other Degrees of the Heredom-Kadosh Masonry were worked; and about that time the Degree came to America, by whom brought we do not know. In England, before 1781, "Masonic Templarism" was worked by artizans and merchants, and the Degree given for a few shillings. It never had the least connection with the true Templar Order, and is not now recognized by the Scottish or English *real* Templars; and the Order of the Temple in France is a wholly different thing. The American Degree was made by Webb, and American Templarism is not a whit more connected with or related to the genoine Chivalric Order of the Temple than Odd-Fellowship is. A man always has had to be of noble descent to become a *Templar*.

He denied that American Templarism borrowed anything from the Ancient and Accepted Rite. It borrowed the Red Cross Degree *bodily* from the 15th and 16th of the Rite of Perfection and A.·. and A.·. Rite; and the American Templar Degree itself was not *borrowed*,—for Webb made it out of the whole cloth.

The Rite of Perfection never was "a system of Degrees ranging from seven to twenty-five." It always consisted of twenty-five. The Grand Orient of France selected four of these, in addition to the three Blue Degrees, and worked these as the *Rit Moderne.*

"The assertion that any part of the York Rite, from the Entered Apprentice to the Order of the Temple, is taken from such a modern concern as the so-called A. and A. S. Rite is really too preposterous to demand intelligent discussion; and we will waste no time or space here to consider it."

The writer of that well knew that the Royal and Select Master's Degrees were originally auxilliary or side Degrees, given by the Deputy Inspectors of the Rite of Perfection or Heredom; and that the Red Cross was made out of the 15th and 16th of that Rite. It is a mere quibble to say that they were not borrowed from the A. and A. S. Rite; because the Rite of Perfection was merged in that as an integral part of it.

He says that the authors of the Ancient and Accepted Rite were "Israelite in the degree-peddling business." That is not true. Colonel Mitchell, the first Grand Commander, was not an Israelite; nor was Dr. Dalcho, nor the Count de Grasse. Neither were the members of the Supreme Council of 1801 and 1802 "degree-peddlers" at all, nor did they forge the signature of Frederick the Great.

A more astounding assertion is, that the Ancient and Accepted Rite has just as much Masonry as it has dared or thought best to take from the "legitimate Rite."

The first three degrees belong to all the Rites equally. The York Rite has no monopoly of them. From the Chapter, Council and K. T. Degrees the A. and A. S. Rite has taken nothing; for its degrees are many of them older than *any* of these, and the borrowing has been the other way.

It is false that the Ancient and Accepted Rite has made any efforts "to subsidize the officers and members of Grand Lodges, &c., and this to get control of them, so as to sell out the York Rite." It is not only not true, but the writer had not the least reason to believe it true.

The Grand Commander finally quotes two paragraphs written by us in regard to the work made up by James Foulhouze, for the bodies working under a *spurious* Supreme Council in New Orleans, *and represents them as having been written of and concerning the Rite as worked by the bodies under the legitimate Supreme Councils of the United States.* One who could descend to so pitiful a misrepresentation is to be pitied.

He says: "All the Templars here who took the Degrees of the Rite took all the obligations with the expressed and open reservation that wherever they conflicted with those already assumed, they were to be null and void." On the margin of this passage, in the copy of the proceedings sent us, is endorsed "false," with the initial of a well-known Brother of St. Louis.

On the 8th of September, Brother Gouley, writing to us, and speaking of the obligations of the A. and A. S. Rite, said, "What it is all about, I have not the remotest idea on account of the multitude of O. B. B. taken together, except the great general covenant of secresy, which I believe pervades all the degrees, and are of course *sacred* with *me*." * * "At the time, impressed by the impossibility of appreciating the full force of the business, I made it an open and declared *sine qua non* that none of those O. B. B. should be binding on *me* that in any wise conflicted with any allegiance I had already assumed in Masonry, and when the installation was about being performed, I refused to promise a superior allegiance without inserting the words, 'not inconsistent with A. Y. Masonry,' and the 33d said he could not insert that, and the installation stopped, and we have had but one meeting since."

The writer of these words pretends to know all about the teachings of the degrees of the A. and A. Rite; and yet admits that he does not even know the tenor of the obligations he took. What reservations he may have made we cannot say of our own knowledge; but we feel quite sure that the officer from whom he received the degrees *would not have given him any one of them, with such a reservation;* and assures us that the whole statement is untrue. And moreover, if made, it amounted to nothing, for there *is* no conflict of allegiance between the A. and A. Rite and any other Rite or degrees, nor did any body ever discover or imagine any until Brother Gouley found it out.

He uses pretty strong language in regard to the pretentions of the A. and A. S. Rite. He cannot complain if we retort that his pretentions as to the antiquity of *Masonic* Templarism, English or American, are fraudulent; and that it is a deception to call the American degrees worked in the different bodies, "The Ancient York Rite." They constitute no Rite; and seven of them at least never were worked in York or under the York Grand Lodge, at all. And, moreover, there is not a single one of *all* the degrees, whose work *resembles* the old York work of Dermott. It is a palpable fraud to talk about the Ancient *York* Rite, as including any except the the first threedegrees and the Royal Arch; and the latter was no original part of York Masonry.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

HARBOUR GRACE LODGE, No. 476, S. C.

The ceremony of the installation of the office-bearers of this Lodge, the warrant for which was issued towards the close of last year, by the Grand Lodge of Scotland, took place on Friday, Jan. 24th. Bro. Parsons, R.W.M. of the Tasker Lodge (No. 454,) was the Installing Master, and completed his onerous duties creditably to himself and the brethren who accompanied him, and much to the delight and satisfaction of the members composing Lodge, No. 476.

The following are the office-bearers for the year:—Bros. G. C. Rutherford, R.W.M.; T. Higgins, S.W.; H. T. Moore, J.W.: J. Paterson, Treas.; J. Syme, Sec.; Rev. J. S. Phinney, Chap.; J. Neyle, S.D.; W. O. Wood, J.D.; W. H. Thompson and H. Youdall, Stewards; W. Warren, J.G.; S. Condon, Tyler.

In the evening the members of Lodge Harbour Grace, with the brethren of St. John's, (No. 579, E. C.,) sat down to an excellent supper prepared in the International's well-known style, and all fully determined after the labors of the day to do ample justice to the things that adorned the table. Bro. Rutherford occupied the Chair, and Bro. Ridley acted as Croupier.

After supper, Bro. Ridley rose and gave "The health of our beloved Sovereign, Queen Victoria." He said her good qualities and domestic virtues endeared her to all her loyal and devoted subjects, and that when years had rolled away, and this and other generations had "shuffled off this mortal coil," her memory would be revered as the best of Queens and mothers. He concluded a neat and eloquent speech amidst much applause; after which the National Anthem was sung.

Bro. Thomas McKenzie next gave, "Success to the Craft all over the World." In giving this toast he said, as Masons, Free and Accepted, he did not for one moment doubt but that this toast would be received with acclamation, for no matter where the brethren were situated, or how seperated, their feelings were akin, and thousands, ay, tens of thousands, though absent from our social board to-night, were with us in spirit. His remarks were ably followed up by Bro. Rutherford, who treated the company to a pithy and eloquent speech on Masonry and its high and noble principles, and wound up by according the toast which was drunk with all the honors.

Bro. H. T. Moore gave "The health of Governor Musgrave, who, he said, by his urbanity of manner had won the esteem of all classes and creeds throughout the island." The toast was drank with enthusiasm.

Bro. Hayward replied in behalf of his Excellency, and said that so far as his own experience went, we had now, as the representative of Her Majesty, one who was ever solicitous as to the welfare and comfort of the hardy fishermen of Terra Nova, and the longer he remained amongst us would, he was satisfied, prove that he was worthy of our highest praise.

Bro. Thomas Higgins proposed "The health of the highest Masonic Dignitary in the Island, the R.W. Bro. James Clift, Deputy Provincial Grand Master under the English Constitution." He said such a toast had only to be mentioned to be enthusiastically received, as Bro. Clift was so well known not only in a business way, but by brethren throughout the island. Drank with all the honors.

Bro. J. C. Toussaint, as the oldest member on the register of the St. John's Lodge, said that it gave much pleasure to reply on behalf of him whose health had just been proposed, not only on account of the respect he entertained for him, but because Bro. Clift belonged to the Lodge of his "first love."

The toasts now followed in rapid succession, as "the magic hour" was fast approaching when "Tam maun ride," and all were drank with the cordiality and conviviality known only to the "Sons of Light." "The French Consul," by Bro. W. T. Parsons, acknowledged by Bro. Toussaint; "Lodge Harbour Grace," by Bro. Alexander Smith, Bro. Rutherford replied; "Tasker Lodge and Members," by Bro. Hayward, replied to by Bro. W. T. Parsons; "St. John's Lodge, Masters and Brethren," by Bro. Syme.

Bro. Prescott Emerson replied to the last named toast in a very eloquent and neat speech.

"Merchants of Harbour Grace and the trade generally," by Bro. Emerson, Bro. Ridley replied; "The Fishermen," by Bro. Capt. E. Parsons, replied to by Bro. Robert Daw.

Bro. Ridley begged to be allowed to make a few remarks in reference to this toast. He said that the fishermen, as a rule, believed that their and the merchants' interests were not identical. This he denied, for when the merchants found a persevering and honest man, although unfortunate through declining fisheries, they were ever ready to bear with and assist him in retrieving his fallen fortunes. No doubt good profits were charged on fishery supplies, but he thought from the large capital invested and the risk they ran from uncertain fisheries, the merchants of Newfoundland, as a body, would for their enterprise compare favorably with those of any other part of the world, and he affirmed those merchants would rather have to pay each and every one of their fishermen and planters large balances in the new and beautiful Union Bank notes than to have them one penny in debt.

"The Secretary of the Tasker Lodge, St. John's," by Bro. Syme, acknowledged by Bro. Marett; and last, but not least, Bro. Ridley proposed "The health of the Ladies," to which Bro. Emerson replied. This concluded the toasts, and the brethren separated, after singing "God save the Queen," and "Auld Lang Syne."

On Saturday, the 25th January, the steamer "Lizzie" was generously placed at the disposal of the R.W. Master and members of the Tasker Lodge, who returned in her to Portugal Cave on that day.

◆

"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy. "I've ciphered through addition, partition, subscription, abomination, justification, hallucination, deprivation, amputation, creation and adoption." That boy will do for an engineer on a short line railroad.

HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

It has become quite common in some Lodges, when the members wish to express their appreciation of some brother, to elect him to an honorary membership in their Lodge. This is done when the brother is distinguished for superior attainments, or zealous and faithful labors, or eminent abilities, or is noted for his benevolence and charity. In such case the brother who is the recipient of this honor is recorded as an honorary member of the Lodge, with the right to speak on any question before the Lodge, and to enjoy all the rights and privileges of any other member, *save that of holding office and voting.* Why these should be withheld from him, we could never conceive. Why bestow a *part* and not *all* the rights of membership? There is no law or principle in Masonry, that we are aware of, forbidding any one holding membership in more than one Lodge—it is quite a common practice in England. And if a brother is deemed worthy of having a membership tendered to him as a compliment, why make it but *half* a membership? Why not give him a full one at once, and place him, in regard to privileges, on an equal footing with all the other members? Why bestow an honor, and then only half do it?

The practice of conferring honorary membership suggests another matter, which is this: A. has been a member of your Lodge, or of yours and some other Lodge, for a period of say twenty-five years. During all that time he has regularly paid his dues, discharged every Masonic duty incumbent on him, and acquitted himself in all respects as "a just and upright Mason." Why not, as a testimonial to his Masonic character, and in appreciation of his zeal and faithfulness, confer upon him a life membership, which shall exonorate him from the payment of annual dues or the performance of any laborious duty. Have him recorded as an honorary or life member, and give him a certificate as such. The faithful service for a quarter of a century should merit such meed of honor; and if you had half a score of such honorary members in your Lodge of one hundred, they would add *prestige* to it, —be an ornament and honor to it, and show that the younger members are not ungrateful. These men—these fathers— "have borne the burden and heat of the day," and labored long and faithfully to build up the Order, while you have entered into their labors and enjoy the fruits of their toil. Is it too much, in their old age, to say to them,—"Well done, good and faithful servant?" You will, by such an act, confer on them a well-earned and deserved distinction, and you will honor yourselves in doing it as much as *you honor* them.—*Cincinnati Masonic Review.*

THE INDEPENDENT IN.

We must confess our astonishment at the tardy movements of the *Independent*, in falling into line. The Grand army of the anti-Masonic crusaders is well aware of the sensational character of the great organ of Congregational sentiment, and the avidity with which it fastens itself upon any subject productive of turmoil and clamor in the political or social world, from the impeachment of a President to the financial collapse of a stock jobber. We expected the *Independent* to have taken the inaugurative in a campaign which promises to disturb the public mind of a peace-loving community. But it appears never too late to repair an error, even in precautionary judgment and the *Independent* now comes to the lists in the tourney against Masonry, not exactly as an assailing champion, but as a trumpet to blow the defiances of some Knight, with the visor half down.

The *Independent*, evidently timorous at personal intermeddling, graciously loans the use of its columns to a Rev. Charles F. Finney, who conjures up the ghost of Morgan, or rather of some imaginary being, clandestinely gifted with such a name, to testify against the principles of our fraternity. If Mr. Finney's portrait of his traitor be a correct one, there must have been two martyrs to Masonic vengeance, for the Morgan to whom he alludes in no wise resembles the traditional hero of anti-Masonic legends, not even the immortal "good enough Morgan until after the election," manufactured by that venerable party leader and incorruptible lobbyist, Thurlow Weed, of present, past, and future celebrity.

Now this first move of the *Independent* is a very faulty style of getting into line, and one which we should not expect from so practiced a diplomatist, who must know that striding a fence will not answer in this coming contest, which must be a square fight.—*The Mystic Temple.*

Written for the Voice of Masonry.

SPARKS FROM A MASONIC ANVIL.

BY BRO. WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN, TRURO, ENGLAND.

No. 2.

Anything relating to the various Crafts or Guilds will be welcomed by the Masonic student, and as we have lately purchased a rare and valuable work, entitled "An Historical Account of the Blue Blanket, or Craftsmen's Banner," by Alexander Pennecink, Burgess and Guild Brother, of Edinburgh, 1722, we purpose spending a few minutes at our anvil, in order to elicit some sparks of a Masonic character.

We never met with the work before, and believe it to be one of the rarest works in our Masonic Library. It is 16mo., and contains 140 pages, and is dedicated to the "Worshipful the Deacons of Crafts, and remanent members of the Fourteen Incorporations in the good Town of Edinburgh," Scotland. The work professes to be "An abridgment of the glorious actions of our predecessors, who, by a dutiful attachment to their Sovereigns, suffering by impious Rebels, shew'd their Hearts, flamed with Loyalty; their hands were thunder, and their deeds miracles."

The "Blue Blanket" was the name given to the Banner of the Craftsmen, and in "original writs" was called "The Banner of the Holy Ghost."

The Preface is a most interesting production, and traces Operative Masonry and the other Crafts from the Creation, specifying that "In the Infancy of the World, before the Wranglings of Lawyers, the Sophistry of Philosophers, and turbulent Factions of Divines, had debauched mankind, Artists were in the highest repute," affording sketches of Tubal Cain, and mentions particularly that "It's much to the Honor of

Craftsmen, that holy Joseph, Husband to the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of the Son of God, was a Carpenter, and if we credit the earliest Ecclesiastick Historians, the glorious Redeemer of mankind, before his publick entrance upon the ministerial office, laboured with his Hands in the shop." It seems that the Craftsmen in olden time were more successful in extraordinary deeds than those of the present time, as we find that the author relates "many of the martial achievements and singular sanctity of mechanics." "The Faith of a Shoemaker, under the reign of a King of Persia, was such that he removed a mountain by a holy Harangue, and the Church records a noble army of martyrs who died for the Protestant Faith."

The Blue Blanket had "its rise about the 1200 year of God, when the Cruisade was carried on by Pope Urban the Second; and so is older than any of the orders of knighthood in Europe, save that of St. Andrew, or the Thistle, which had its original about the 800." "Vast numbers of Scot's mechanicks having followed this holy war, taking with them a *Banner*, bearing this inscription out of the 51 Psalm: 'In bona voluntate tua edificenter muri Jerusalem,' and from its colour was called the Blue Blanket." Page 51.

The author next observes that he "may fairly infer that it is as ancient and more honorable than the English Order of the Garter, and thus the Crafts of Edinburgh, having this order of the Blanket to glory in, may justly take upon themselves the Title of Knights of the Blanket, or Chevaliers of Arms."

Then follows several copies of Charters to the several Crafts. One to the Hammermen, in which it is provided, "That every Craftisman that takes one Prentise to tech him the said Craft within the said Burgh, sal pay for his Entry to the uphald of the said Altar, and the ornaments thairof, Twenty shillings."

In an "Analysis of Ancient and Modern Freemasonry" we have presented several instances of Craftsmen supporting the

Churches, and especially the Altars, by certain Fees exigible on Apprenticeship and Fines for misconduct and such like.

The connection of the Craftsmen with Christianity, in its earliest days, is too well-known to require any proof, as all the old charters and documents are commenced in the "Name of the Father, of the Son, and the Holy Ghost, three persons in one." The Crafts had also to contribute from their wages for the "Uphald of Divyne Service." The office of Deacon is a very ancient, and is frequently mentioned in the Acts of Parliament of Scotland from the fourteenth century and subsequently. It appears from the work that "King James the Third of Scotland offended his nobles for advancing Robert Cochran, a Mason, to the dignity of Secretary of State, and creating him Earl of Mar, and confirmed to the Crafts all the privileges of the Blue Blanket." (Page 25.) The following is a list of the Incorporations according to their precedency: 1. Chirurgeons; 2. Goldsmiths; 3. Skinners; 4. Furriers; 5. Hammermen; 6. Wrights (or Carpenters;) 7. Masons; 8. Taylors; 9. Baxters, (Weighers;) 10. Fleshers; 11. Cordiners; 12. Websters, (or Weavers;) 13. Hatters and Wakers; 14. Bonnet Makers and Listers; 15. Blacksmiths; 16. Cutlers; 17. Saddlers; 18. Locksmiths; 19. Lorimers; 20. Armorers; 21. Pentherers; 22. Shear Smiths. The Arms of the Masons are thus explained. "Ar. on a Cheveron, 'twixt 3 Towers embattled Sab. A Compass Or.," and placed above the Arms of each of the Crafts "are the Imperial Arms of Scotland." The Masons' company was not so ancient as some few others, such as the Goldsmiths, but after the Revival of A. D. 1717, Freemasonry soon marched to the front rank, and has since become the greatest human institution of all time.

The following concludes the work, and alludes to King Charles the First: "Since the Crafts hitherto loyal, folded up their Ensign the Banner, or Blue Blanket of the Holy Ghost, when factious sectaries were triumphant, and Majesty was in misery, falling a victim to the cruelty of the then Sectarians, by whose impious Hands he was brought to the Block."

The earliest printed copy of the Operative Constitutions was issued in 1722, being one year before the Grand Lodge of England published the Book of Constitutions, under authority. Another edition of the Operative Constitutions was published by Cole A. D. 1728–9, and when next we preside at the Masonic Anvil it is probable their character will be our theme.

The only copy we have ever met with of A. D. 1722, is in the possession of Bro. Richard Spencer, the noted Masonic publisher. We have the pleasure of owning nearly all the other editions of the Book of Constitutions from A. D. 1723 and 1728 to the present time.

BURNS' BIBLE.

In the *Dubuque Times* we find the following account of the Bible used by Bro. Robert Burns, while he was Master of the Lodge at Tarbolton. By a strange dispensation of Providence, the relic has found its way to America, and is now deposited in the archives of the Grand Lodge of Georgia:

"This book was presented to the Grand Lodge of the State of Georgia on the 1st day of November, 1860, by Bro. D. G. Candler, in the name of Col. Henry P. Thomas, of Gwynnett county. It was obtained by Col. Thomas from a Scotch lady, ninety years of age, who states that it was her grandfather's family Bible. Her grandfather was a native of Germany, who intermarried with a Scotch lady and settled in Dumfriesshire, and was a member of the Masonic Lodge at that place, when the poet Burns presided over the Dumfriesshire Lodge, and family tradition says that it was at that time used in the Lodge. It has been preserved since that time with great care on account of the reminiscences that cluster around it."

TEMPERANCE.

"Temperance we are told in general, consists 'in maintaining the dominion of reason over sense, of soul over body,' so is it particularly convenient in regulating and duly proportioning the measure of sleep, food, meat, and drink, and other corporeal and merely animal gratifications. With respect to the measure of these, it is not easy, indeed it is not possible, to lay down any certain and universal rule, since men's constitutions differ so much from each other, and from themselves at different times, that what would be excess in one, might, perhaps, be abstinence in another, and what would be abstinence in one might be excess in another. But though this is the case, there are criterions enough whereby we may be enabled to judge sufficiently in our own case, and to determine clearly concerning the degrees of excess or defects in any of the above particulars. The Creator, who has given us an infinite variety of meats and drinks, to support our bodies, has annexed to the use of those meats and drinks a certain degree of satisfaction; what is necessary to support He has rendered pleasing in the use; from whence we are evidently taught, that we may certainly consult a degree of satisfaction in our food, and are not bound by the laws of strictest temperance to deny ourselves all kinds of gratification in it. But though this is the case, temperance enjoins the strictest watchfulness, lest we exceed this allowed satisfaction, continually reminding us of the great and chief end for which we are called to eat and drink, namely: the support and refreshment of our body. Whenever we eat or drink more than is sufficient to this end—to the heating of our bodies, the endangering of our health, the inflaming of our passions, and the losing of the strict and sober government of ourselves; let the quantity be what it may, more or less, we then are guilty of intemperance. It is hardly necessary to enumerate the sad consequences of intemperance, but it is a great argument on the side of temperance, that those who have most excelled in this virtue, have generally attained the greatest age; and we are told of Socrates, as a further argument for temperance, that notwithstanding he resided at Athens, during the great and devouring plague there, yet he *never* caught the least infection; an event ascribed to that uninterrupted temperance for which he was remarkable. The Spartans used to inculcate sobriety in their children, by exposing to their notice the behavior of their slaves in a state of intemperance. Prior, in his Solomon, has well expressed the stupid insensibility of the intemperate, and another writer has given the following lively picture of the opposite virtue:

> " 'The sad effects of luxury are these:
> We drink our poison, and we eat disease;
> Not so, O Temperance bland, when ruled by thee;
> The brute's obedient, and the man is free;
> Soft are his slumbers, balmy is his rest,
> His veins not boiling from the midnight feast.
> 'Tis to thy rules, bright Temperance, we owe
> All pleasures which from health and strength can flow;
> Vigor of body, purity of mind,
> Unclouded reason, sentiments refined;
> Unmixed, untainted joys, without remorse,
> Th' intemperate sensualist's never-failing curse.'

"As Masons, it becomes us all to learn to subdue our passions, and to 'be temperate in all things.'"

This article of our correspondent is good as far as it goes, but the grossly intemperate are mostly incapable of appreciating the vice, or any proper deductions that are logically deducible from the premises. The only cure of habitually intemperate people is totally abstaining. The very smell of "*strong waters*" will upset all theorizing of the man who says "I will go so far, and no farther," who having long been a slave to the vice, must cut it off, not only branch, but root, if he would be again clothed in the garb of sincere temperance.—Ed.

THE OLIVE LEAF.

Lines composed to accompany olive leaves plucked from the Groves of Beyrout, in the Holy Land, March 6, 1868.

BY ROB. MORRIS.

And the Dove came in to him in the evening: and lo, in her mouth was an Olive leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth.—*Genesis* viii., 11.

Like wandering Dove, whose restless feet
Could find no solid landing-place,
I pluck this Olive Leaf, to grace
A memory ever pure and sweet.

This was the ancient type of peace;
The wrathful flood was overpast;
The gladsome sun beamed forth at last;
The Ark its storm-tossed ways did cease.

Then from the Olive bough the Bird
Cropped this green leaf with mystic care;
And to the Patriarchs hand she bare
The missive, with its high accord.

Deuteronomy viii., 8. *Psalms* lii., 8.

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1 *Kings* v., 11. *Psalms* cxxviii., 3.

Dear Friend,—to you this Olive-spray
I send, the messenger of love:
It speaks a sentiment above
All other language to convey.

The Olive;—glory of this land:
Our Ancient Craft from this expressed
The Oil of Joy, that shone and blessed,
In hours of rest, the laboring Band.

The deadliest hands, upraised in hate
  Before the gentle missive drop:
  The direst discord then must stop,—
The Olive speaks,—the floods abate.

All this and more I fain would teach
  From this bright, ancient, verdant text:
  Take it with all the words annexed,—
Be yours the sermon that they preach.

TO THE READER.

Arrived at Beyrout, Syria, about 45 miles north of Tyre, March 3, 1868. As I have valuable letters to the Governor General of this country, who resides at Damascus, I shall go there first and procure letters of authority to the Pachas of Tyre, Acre, Joppa, Samaria and Jerusalem. Having these I will begin my labors among the ruins of Tyre.

My Journal will be published in six monthly parts; the first I hope to issue so that subscribers will receive it by May 15, at latest. It will be printed and mailed in the United States.

All letters, &c., sent me during my stay in this country should be addressed to the American Consulate, Beyrout, Syria. The postage prepaid, is 15 cents for each quarter ounce; heavier weights in proportion. Newspapers are 6 cents each, prepaid. I expect to get through my labors in July, and bring home large collections of antiquities. During my stay at Smyrna facilities were furnished me which I had not anticipated and which will be exceedingly helpful to me.

Faithfully, Yours in the Holy Land,
ROB. MORRIS.

BEYROUT, SYRIA, March 6, 1868.

MASONRY VERSUS CHRISTIANITY.

We suppose a great onslaught is to be attempted by certain Christian ministers, with more zeal than brains, on the Masonic Order very shortly. What the mountain may bring forth in this instance we do not know, or care, but suppose it will be another "*mouse*," if it is not some other animal or reptile. It is not a little amazing to us, that these Finney's and Blanchards, (who, by the way, are not numerous), desire to empale themselves on one or other of two horns of a dilemma, into which they are rushing, viz.: *ignorance* or *lying*,—which we cannot at present say. Either these men know, or don't know, what Masonry is. If they do not know, then they are in ignorant blindness, and they who follow them are led by the blind, or as the Scriptures have it, "Blind leaders of the blind." If they do know what Masonry is, by membership, and they cannot know any other way, then are they "liars, and the truth is not in them," besides falsifying themselves under one of the most solemn obligations that can be taken by man.

Now we affirm, on *our own knowledge*, that a man may be a good Christian and a good Mason,—the better Christian the better Mason. This is well enough known to hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Christian ministers, who are Masons. We can but pronounce the efforts of the antagonists of Masonry, a pitiable minority whose zeal is misspent, whose intellects are muddled, and whose objects are as useless as they are unattainable,—but if otherwise, would result in more misery than can possibly be conceived. No! while charity and brotherly kindness continues, Masonry will flourish, and its noble charities be a blessing to mankind.

LITTLE BESS TO UNCLE BILL.

[Respectfully dedicated to the Scrap-book of every mother in Christendom.]

Dear old Untle, I dot oor letter;
My old mammy she ditten better.
She every day little bit stronger,
Don't mean to be sick very much longer.
Daddy's so fat can't hardly stagger;
Mammy says he jinks too much lager!
Dear little baby had a bad colic,
Had to take *tree drops nasty paragolic!*
Toot a dose of Tatnip, felt worse than ever,
Shan't take no more Tatnip never!
Wind on stomit, felt pooty bad;
Worse fit of sitness ever I had.
Ever had belly ate, old Untle Bill?
Tain't no fun now, say what oo wil;
I used to sleep all day and ky all night;
Don't do so now, cause 'taint yight!
But I'm growing, getting pooty fat;
Gains most two pounds, only tink 'o yat!
Little femnin blankets was too big before,
Nurse can't pin me in 'em no more.
Skirts so small, baby so stout,
Had to let the pleets in 'em all out.
Dot a head of hair jess as black as night,
And big boo eyes yat look very bright;
My mammy says never did see
Any ozzer baby half as sweet as me.
Grandma comes often, Aunt Sarah, too;
Baby loves zem, baby loves 'oo.
Baby sends a pooty kiss to his Untles all,
Aunties and cousins, big folks and small.
T'a'nt yite no more, so good bye,
Jolly old Untle wiz a glass eye!

Editor's Trestle-Board and Quarry.

ILLINOIS—LIST OF OFFICERS.

CHICAGO CONSISTORY.

John D. M. Carr, 32d, Illustrious Commander-in-Chief.
Warren G. Purdy, 32d, Illus. 1st. Lieut. Commander.
T. L. Holbrook, 32d, Illus. 2d Lieut. Commander.
James B. Bradwell, 32d, Illus. Minister of State.
Philip A. Hoyne, 32d, Illus. Grand Chancellor.
James Stewart, 32d, Illus. Grand Secretary.
C. K. Giles, 32d, Illus. Grand Treasurer.
L. B. Hamlin, 32d, Illus. Grand Engineer and Architect.
J. C. W. Bailey, 32d, Illus. Grand Hospitaller.
D. R. Crego, 32d, Illus. Grand Master of Ceremonies.
Geo. C. Hall, 22d, Illus. Grand Captain of Guard.
Jas. D. Paine, 32d, Illus. Grand Standard Bearer.
John P. Ferns, 32d, Illus. Grand Sentinel.

OCCIDENTAL SOV. CONSISTORY OF S. P. R. S.

Benj. F. Patrick, 33d, Ills. Commander-in-Chief.
Gilbert R. Smith, 33d, Ills. 1st Lieut. Comdr.
Enoch B. Stevens, 33d, Ills. 2d Lieut. Comdr.
Theodore T. Gurney, 32d, Ills. Min. of State.
Eugene B. Myers, 32d, Ills. Gr. Chancellor.
James H. Miles, 32d, Ills. Gr. Secretary.
Robert H. Foss, 33d, Ills. Gr. Treasurer.
Thomas D. Snyder, 32d, Ills. Gr. Ar. and Eng.
Lauren P. Hilliard, 32d, Ills. Gr. Hospitaller.
William H. Gale, 33d, Ills. Gr. M. of Cer.
David A. Starrett, 32d, Ills. Gr. Sta. Bearer.
Joshua R. Nichols, 32d, Ills. Gr. Capt. of Gds.
George McElwain, 32d, Ills. Gr. M. of Ent.
Rev. Ezra M. Boring, 32d, Ills. Gr. Prelate.
Lockwood K. Osborn, 32d, Ills. Gr. Tyler.

GOURGAS CHAPTER OF ROSE CROIX, DE H. R. D. M.

Enoch B. Stevens, 33d, M. W. and P. M.
Theodore T. Gurney, 32d, M. E. and Pkt. S. W.
George H. Gibson, 32d, M. E. Pkt. J. W.
Robert H. Foss, 33d, Recpt. and Pkt. Treas.
James H. Miles, 32d, Recpt. and Pkt. Secretary.
William H. Gale, 33d, Recpt. and Pkt. M. of C.
Thomas D. Snyder, 32d, Recpt. and Pkt. C. of Gd.

CŒUR DE LEON CHAPTER OF ROSE CROIX DE H. R. D. M.

J. Ward Ellis, 32d, M. W. and P. M.
H. S. Austin, 32d, M. E. and Pkt. S. W.
Ed. Goodale, 32d, M. E. and Pkt. J. W.
J. B. Bradwell, 32d, Respt. and Pkt. Grand Orator.
J. C. W. Bailey, 32d, Respt. and Pkt. G. Treas.
D. W. Clark, Jr., 32d, Respt. and Pkt. G. Sect.
A. S. Brown, 32d, Respt. and Pkt. G. M. of C.
Geo. W. Kincade, 32d, Respt. and Pkt. G. of Tower.
I. P. Ferns, 32d, Respt. and Pkt. G. Ser.

CHICAGO COUNCIL PRINCES OF JERUSALEM.

A. C. Millard, 32d, M. E. S. P. G. M.
S. A. McWilliams, 32d, M. E. Grand High Priest.
Joseph Gallegher, 32d, M. E. S. G. Warden.
J. C. W. Bailey, 32d, W. E. J. G. Warden.
T. H. Seymour, 32d, V. G. Treasurer.
C. J. Burroughs, 32d, V. G. K. of S. and Archives.
J. B. Bradwell, 32d, Grand Orator.
D. R. Crego, 32d, Grand Mast. of Ceremony.
Jas. McMahon, 32d, Grand Guard of the Tower.
J. P. Ferns, 32d, Grand Tyler.

ILLINOIS COUNCIL OF PRINCES OF JERUSALEM.

Charles E. Leonard, 32d, M. Eg. S. P. G. M.
Horatio N. Hurlbut, 32d, G. H. P.
Francis H. Nichols, 32d, M. En. S. G. W.
William A. Thrall, 33d, M. En. J. G. W.
James H. Miles, 32d, Val. Gr. K. of S. and A.
Robert H. Foss, 33d, Val. Gr. Treasurer.
Joshua R. Nichols, 32d, Val. Gr. M. of Cer.
Thomas D. Snyder, 32d, Val. Gr. M. of Ent.
Lockwood K. Osborn, 32d, Val. Gr. Tyler.

VAN RENSSELAER GRAND LODGE OF PERFECTION.

Gilbert R. Smith, 33d, T. P. G. M.
Vincent L. Hurlbut, 33d, D. G. M.
Joseph A. Montgomery, 33d, S. G. W.
William H. Gale, 33d, J. G. W.
Theodore T. Gurney, 32d, Gr. Orator.
Robert H. Foss, 33d, Gr. Treasurer.
James H. Miles, 32d, Gr. Secretary.
David A. Starrett, 32d, Gr. M. of Cer'y.
Thomas D. Snyder, 32d, Gr. C. of Guards.
Rev. Ezra M. Boring, 32d, Gr. Prelate.
George McElwain, 32d, Gr. Hospitaller.
Lockwood K. Osborn, 32d, Gr. Tyler.

CHICAGO GRAND LODGE OF PERFECTION.

W. A. Stevens, 33d, Thrice Potent Grand Master.
A. S. Austin, 32d, Deputy Grand Master.
W. F. Tompkins, 32d, Ven. Sen. Grand Warden.
Ed. Goodale, 32d, Ven. Jr. Grand Warden.
J. B. Bradwell, 32d, Grand Orator.
M. A. Thayer, 32d, Grand Treasurer.
C. J. Burroughs, 32d, Grand Secretary.
S. A. McWilliams, 32d, Grand Master of Ceremonies.
John T. Holt, 32d, Grand Capt. of Guard.
J. P. Ferns, 32d, Grand Tyler.
Seth Barber, 32d, Grand Hospitaller.

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Officers of the M. E., the Grand Chapter of Iowa.

ELECTIVE.

H. H. Hemenway, G. H. P.
J. W. Satterthwaite, Grand King.
P. C. Wright, Grand Scribe.
Lewis Kinsey, Grand Treasurer.
W. B. Langridge, Grand Secretary.

APPOINTED.

Simon Cowan, D. G. H. P.
Rev. Henry Baylies, Grand Chaplain.

Charles S. Rollin, G. C. H.
J. A. Hursh, G. P. S.
D. S. Deering, G. R. A. C.
M. E. Gillette, G. M. 3d Veil.
Dr. J. M. Shaffer, G. M. 2d Veil.
J. W. Murphy, G. M. 1st Veil.
T. Schreiner, G. G.

Officers of the M. P., the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Iowa.

ELECTIVE.

W. E. Woodward, M. P. G. M.
J. A. Hursh, R. J. G. M.
Wm. Leffingwell, G. P. C. W.
R. F. Bower, Grand Treasurer.
W. B. Langridge, Grand Recorder.

APPOINTED.

H. Tuttle, R. I. D. G. M.
W. M. Wells, Grand Chaplain.
J. M. Griffiths, G. C. G.
S. Cowan, Grand Steward.
T. Schreiner, Grand Sentinel.

THE MASONIC ODES AND POEMS of ROB MORRIS, LL.D., 8vo., pp. 200. Published by Hazlitt & Reed, 90 Washington street. In embossed muslin, $1.50; paper cover, 75 cents.

The above collection of Odes and Poems are the only ones published in the language, and no earnest searcher for Masonic Light can afford to be without them. To Lodge Libraries it is an indispensable adjunct. The author needs no puffing at our hands, for his fame among the true members of the Craft is world-wide; suffice it to say that the edition before us contains his choicest gems, and in typographical appearance it is most excellent. Orders for the above may be addressed to the VOICE, and will meet prompt attention.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Masonic Record of Western India—A splendid Monthly Magazine published at "Bombay under Authority." We look through this with no little interest, and find the Bombay Masons well posted up in Masonic Light from all parts of the world, not even omitting America and Chicago, with its publisher of Masonic Special Helps and Dictionary of Freemasonry. Shall be able to give some interesting selections to the readers of the Voice from this work.

Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky.—We have received a copy of this valuable work, containing an excellent review of Masonry in that State, and very luminously compiled. A considerable portion of the Grand Master's address is so excellent that we have inserted a large extract in this issue of the Voice.

THE FUNERAL BOOK OF THE FREEMASONS.

A guide to the performance of all necessary details of Funeral Lodges, Processions, and the Ceremonies of Interments. Also, forms for funeral resolutions, obituaries, scriptural quotations, epitaphs, etc., etc., and a complete collection of funeral odes and poems. Chicago: Published by J. C. W. Bailey, 164 Clark street. The very full title of this book perfectly catalogues its contents. It will be found to be very useful by Masters of Lodges. It contains the funeral service complete, and this is printed in large type and double-leaded, making it much more convenient than the monitors generally in use. The forms the book contains will be appreciated by those who need help in this direction. It is a handsomely printed work, and is not too large to be carried in the pocket. It can be procured of Bro. Bailey. It deserves to be widely circulated.—*The Evergreen.*

OUR EXCHANGES.

The National and Freemason, New York, R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., editor; weekly $4.00 per annum; one of the best Magazines in the United States; do not think, however, the change of title from National Freemason any improvement.

The Trowel, published by H. G. Reynolds & Son, Springfield, one of the best papers we receive; $1.25 per annum.

The Evergreen, Guilbert, Barnes & Co., publishers Dubuque; $3.00 per annum; very excellent Magazine, chiefly of local interest to Iowa. We regret to see so many typographical errors.

The Masonic Review, Cornelius Moore, Publisher, Cincinnati, Ohio; $3.00 a year.

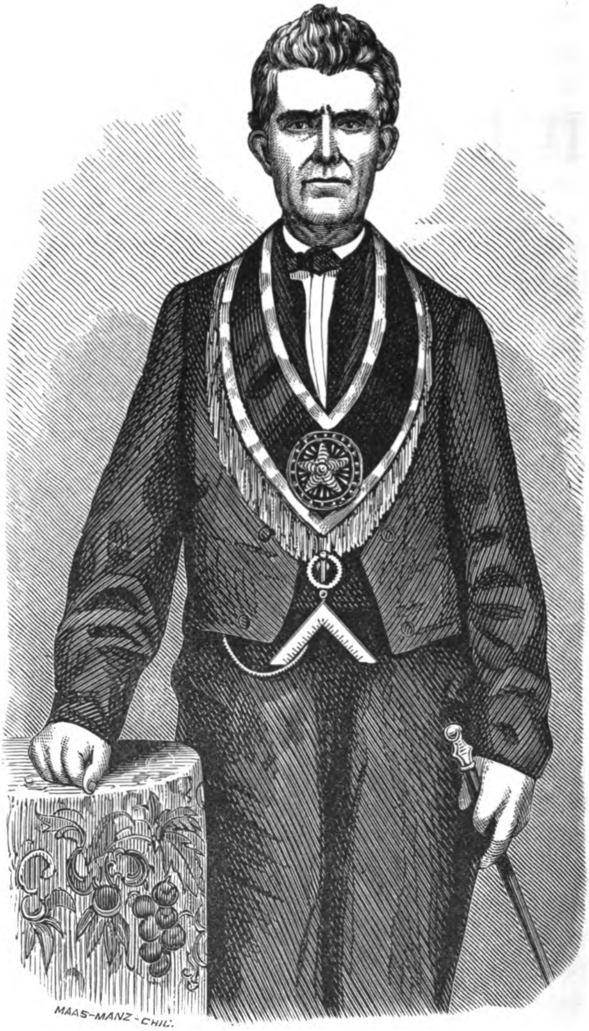
The Masonic Monthly, Samuel Evans, Editor, Boston; $2.50 a year.

The Keystone, W. A. Maas, Philadelphia; a weekly; $3.00 a year.

The London (England) *Freemasons' Magazine and Masonic Mirror;* weekly, price sixpence; their field the world, and the matter of more than ordinary interest.

◆

Sir Knight Geo. Stimpson, Jr., of New York, has placed us under obligations for a present of one of his new patent pens, so constructed by the outer edges being turned up the reverse way as to form a fountain, and in its use a freer flow of the ink to the nib or point with less risk of blotting by overflow. They are an admirable pen, made of steel, or gold, as desired; the cost is little if any over the cost of other pens while this pen is very superior in its construction.


MAAS-MANZ-CHIC.

M. W. HARVEY G. HAZELRIGG,

P. G. M. OF THE GRAND LODGE OF INDIANA.

See Page 366.

THE VOICE OF MASONRY

DEVOTED TO

MASONIC AND GENERAL LITERATURE,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

VOLUME VI. JUNE, 1868. NUMBER VI.

SERIES OF LETTERS* FROM ROB MORRIS.

(Copyright Secured.)

AMONG THE ARABS.

BY BROTHER ROB. MORRIS.

I have often thought of the readers and editor of the VOICE during my long transit from Illinois to Syria. There are thousands of incidents that would serve to amuse, and peradventure to instruct, them, were I at liberty in a Masonic journal to insert them. You, in your far-off Occident, know so little of Oriental usages that almost anything concerning the dress, customs and language of the East attracts your attention; yet I have not proposed, in my communications to the VOICE, to go too much into desultory matters generally. To-night, however, with my faithful Hassan Mardby kneeling by me, with my little wax taper in his hand—my only candlestick, and in the midst of an Arab town (Gebal), with the grand old Mediterranean chiming its mysterious history in my ears, I will give you a few of the thoughts and facts that the occasion suggests. I came to this place Tuesday (March 17), to return to Beyrout on Saturday. Not a soul in the place knows a word of English, except Hassan, and, to tell the truth, he hardly knows as much as an organ-grinder's monkey ought to. I know next to nothing of Arabic. You see, then, that though I am in a town of 600 inhabitants, having a military garrison of 150 soldiers, I am almost as much isolated as though I were on the desert island of Robinson Crusoe.

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* Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1868, by J. C. W. Bailey, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U S. for the Northern District of Illinois.

The readers of the VOICE will recognize this place, "Gebal," as that great city from which the "stone-squarers" of Solomon and the "ancients of Gebal, the calkers" of Ezekiel, likewise the "Giblites" of Joshua's day, emanated. But alas! the place as little resembles its Bible antecedent as the Arabic pronunciation resembles the Hebrew. The few and miserable descendants of the grand old Phœnicians call the place *Je-bale.* Its innumerable shipping has degenerated into an occasional orange boat from Tripoli, the next town above, and its productions are reduced from the vast cedar beams of Solomon's day to the raising of a little silk sold in the Beyrout market. But many of its manners and customs are like those of Oriental people generally, the *unchanged and unchangeable* practices of Abraham's day; and though, so far as I know, there is not a Freemason, save myself, in the place, (for Bro. D. W. Thomson is doing his part of the mission, with his accustomed energy, at Joppa, 150 miles down the coast,) yet in few places of the world are there finer remains of Freemasons' labors than here in Gebal and upon the mountains, a few hours' ride above here. The celebrated river Adonis runs along and forms the south boundary of this town. It is the river so noted for its connection with the mysteries of the same name. To this day one of the twelve Arabic months is *Tammuz*, named from those very mysteries. The death-place of Adonis, situated almost in sight of me as I write, was for many centuries the place of pilgrimage to devotees of that faith, as Rome, Jerusalem, the Ganges, etc., etc., are to their respective devotees. It is not too much to say that, on the anniversary of Tammuz, which occurred about the 24th of June (our day of St. John the Baptist), *millions of persons* thronged these now bleak and desolated hills, crowding hither from all parts of the land with a fervency of worship which half redeemed the errors lying at its foundation; and giving to their sacrifices a costliness and a consciousness that may well put to the blush our colder adorations.

And here, too, was the oldest school of science, I suppose, that was ever established in the world. Here, if I mistake not, that singular myth of the Beveled Stone had its origin, viz.: that never should the art of masonry perish from the earth until the exposed surfaces of the Beveled Stone should be worn down by the erasive power of the elements, *even with the Phœnician masons-mark*, the Bevel." Certain it is that every beveled stone in Syria and Palestine is of Phœnician origin. This is in fact the "hand mark of Hiram's builders," being seen on all the remaining ashlars of Solomon's period at Jerusalem and elsewhere; likewise at Baalbec, here at Gebal, at Sidon, Tyre, etc., etc., in short, wherever the Phœnicians wrought stone work in their mysterious calling, and *nowhere else*. This school at Gebal probably adopted it as the painters and artists of all celebrated schools adopt some peculiar device or style by which their particular works may be identified. So much am I impressed with the importance of this mark that I propose to adopt for the title of my volume of travels this name: "The Hand-marks of Hiram's Builders."

Beneath the present Gebal rest the remains of hundreds, probably thousands, of the Mason-chiefs of antiquity—each in his own sealed sarcophagus or stone chest, awaiting the resurrection day. It is impossible to tell how many such stone coffins there are. Everybody here who wants stone for a new house or stone wall; everybody who wants a watering trough or a box to put his corn in; everybody who isn't too lazy to dig for the coins and funeral relics that the sarcophagi contain, opens them at his own discretion, bursting off the strong lid if, in his impatience, he cannot loosen the good cement that fastens it in its close-cut mortice, and rudely scraping out the dust of philosophers and artist-chiefs, sifting it in his fingers for the seal ring, the scaraboeus, the beads and other objects that, three thousand years ago, were inhumed with it. Of course, no traces of the body itself remain save that paltry handful of human dust; but these resurrectionists sometimes find valuable gold and silver jewelry—never, I think, precious stones. I have scarcely the heart to watch these exhumations which are going on day after day all around the village. But few of the sarcophagi that I have examined have any carvings. Two of them are exceptions to this rule, one that I reserve to describe in my journal, the other containing some devices, among which are three *trowels*, drawn with much exactness.

The people here are exceedingly civil and polite. The Oriental custom of saluting every one you meet is very graceful, though to an American a little inconvenient. It consists in touching successively the forehead, mouth and left breast, with the right hand, and in going through a crowd you must keep your arm going *sans intermission.* I think I went through it 1,800 times a day while at Gebal—perhaps more. The poorest Arab does it with as much certainty and grace, if you catch his eye, as the finest Syrian chief from the mountains. It means, I believe, that "I am yours with lips, heart and head." In meeting a female you are not expected to salute or, in fact, to notice her at all.

The language spoken here is dreadfully hard to learn. I can make out after a fashion to read it *from the book*; but when the natives pronounce it, it is as different as Odd Fellowship from Freemasonry. To speak it you must use the *guttural* organs wherever they are located; the pectoral, manual and pedal are of no account in expressing this language. It is wonderfully like the German, only an octave or two lower down the throat. An Arab with a cold in his head and an inflamed tongue would not be in the least embarrassed to talk; but an Arab with bronchitis, or an Arab with the croup, or, worst of all, an Arab with tubercles on the lungs, would stand no chance at all. They gesticulate, too. I saw the French and Italians on the quay at Marseilles, while doing their trading, and wondered at their muscular power; but an Arab group of five men, trading for twenty paras worth of sour milk, can out-gesticulate all France. At first, when I heard the row around an orange heap in Beyrout, I involuntarily found my hand in the first position of pistol-shooting; and even now, when there is a difference of opinion among my visitors concerning some little point in my domestic economy, my blood crawls lest there be murder. And here it may be necessary to explain that I rented a room in the house of the three Maronite priests who officiate in the old, dilapidated church at Gebal. For courtesy's sake I call it my own room, but it more resembles the omnibus that is never full than any *room*. It is free for every visitor, nor does any one think it necessary to knock. All my domestic affairs are witnessed by the male populace, and doubtless described, with exaggerations, to the women and children. I have, as usual, one broken suspender, and I think the impression prevails among these people that all "Amellicans" wear their suspenders that way. My bifurcated appendages are the amazement of the masses, all of whom wear gentlemen's petticoats, just as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob did. I have shown them my corkscrew knife; my tape-line, that flies into the box with a spring; my india rubber drinking cup; my spectacle case, and my other little arrangements, oftener than a company of American boys would desire to see them. Every time a new visitor comes I can spot him from the circumstance that he wants to see that cork-screw knife. As they all dress alike, I should be otherwise at a loss to distinguish them. I think of presenting that knife to the Cady of Gebal, when I leave, as the foundation of a municipal museum.

The art of architecture, once at its height in Gebal, is now at its very lowest. The houses are all constructed alike and on the most despicable plan, so entirely wanting in variety and grace as to indicate the extinction of the last spark of genius. At least, I should have said so but for one trace of true ingenuity that I discovered. A native workman had taken a single block of Lebanon marble, about six feet square and one foot thick, and out of it had cut *a great chain* of seven links, three descending from each side and enlinked into the seventh, which in its turn supports a heavy ball. The links are *separate from each other* as much as the links in a chain cable; I tested them in that respect; and I very much question whether many of our very best stone cutters in the United States would undertake so complicated a work, of which a single slip of the chisel would destroy the whole design. When I saw that chain, I felt that this unknown "Giblite," had he advantages of education, might make a "Stone squarer" of whom even the *Widow's Son* need not be ashamed. This singular ornament hangs at the western side of a new and handsome stone house being erected by a merchant here, situated on the edge of the hill, in the rear of the town.

My next trip is to Tyre. First, however, I shall run out for a few days to Damascus, but the second regular route in my programme is down the coast, whence you shall hear from me again.

Please make mention to your readers that in my first announcement as to postages to Beyrout, I was misled by the Post Office clerk. The price for a single letter of one-fourth of an ounce and under is thirty cents, prepaid. The three copies of the VOICE for February which you sent me cost me *forty-five cents.* You see how important it is to understand postal arrangements.

THE SEVEN MASONIC LOCALITIES OF THE HOLY LAND.

BY BROTHER ROB. MORRIS.

It has been a subject of anxious consideration to me, both before my arrival in the Holy Land and since, to determine upon the traditional localities which, with special reference to Ancient Craft Masonry, may be termed *Masonic Localities.* Of course no one will hesitate to call Jerusalem, and Joppa, and Tyre by that title; their names, indeed, are too closely interwoven and identified with Masonic traditions not to preserve them, even though all written records were lost. But there are other localities connected with themes of Masonic research, such as Baalbec, Damascus, Sidon, Palmyra and the like, that cannot with the same propriety be so denominated, because we have no Masonic traditions connected with them, and no evidences that Speculative Masonry was ever wrought in them at all.

Now, to give a resting point to all such inquiries, and equally to establish landmarks for my own Masonic researches and collections in the Holy Land, I have fixed upon the seven following localities which are, I think, positively identified as Masonic, viz:

I.—TYRE.

Out of Tyre, which was then the queen of the world in commerce and the arts, went forth HIRAM, the Pillar of strength, and that other HIRAM, the Artificer, the Pillar of Beauty. To Tyre were sent King Solomon's messengers with their notification of the royal purpose to build the temple, and soliciting cedars and workmen for the undertaking. Tyre was the capital of the Phœnician Empire, known and felt in every part of the civilized world. Therefore Tyre is beyond controversy entitled to the first rank as a *Masonic Locality.*

II.—GEBAL.

Out of Gebal, then the school of the most renowned artificers, and the seat of the most widely extended Masonic mysteries of the ancient world, went that band of skilled artists called the "Giblites," or "the Stonesquarers," whose fidelity, experience, skill and artistic requirements are commemorated in Masonic traditions, particularly in those of the Past Master, Select Master, etc., as well as in many a structure whose ruins yet excite astonishment and awe. Therefore Gebal is justly entitled to the name of *Masonic Locality.*

III.—MOUNT LEBANON.

Out of these noble heights went the precious cedars used in the construction of the temple—material whose costliness and durability are commemorated in many a Masonic legend. Therefore Lebanon is justly termed a *Masonic Locality.*

IV.—MASONIC BAY, (NEAR BEYROUT.)

Out of this beautiful crescent, carved from the roots of Mount Lebanon, by the Working tools of the Grand Artificer himself, went the rafts or floats of cedar, beams prepared in the heights above, and freighted for Joppa for the mighty erections at Jerusalem. This was the chief timber-depot of all this region. Therefore it merits the title of *Masonic Locality.*

V.—JOPPA.

Through this ancient port as the place of transit, passed all the supplies of materials and of men needed in the immortal structure going up some thirty miles eastward. Joppa bears an important place in all Masonic traditions, and is emphatically a *Masonic Locality.*

VI.—THE CLAY-GROUNDS.

From the clay-grounds between Succoth and Zeredathah, went all the holy vessels, and the pillars J and B. For here were the foundries established in which they were cast, and this, too, is a *Masonic Locality.*

VII.—JERUSALEM.

It needs no proof that Jerusalem is a *Masonic Locality.*

Now, all my collections of coins, relics and specimens made to illustrate Blue Lodge Masonry and the other degrees in which these seven places are named, will be directly referred to these seven *Masonic Localities.* In my advertisement found in the present issue of the Voice of Masonry, the specimens I have offered are all taken from these seven localities. This gives them an extraordinary value to every Freemason, and it is upon this fact chiefly that I predicate my hopes of a prompt and generous response.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

MASONIC TOKENS FROM THE HOLY LAND.

As already intimated to the readers of the Voice of Masonry, I landed at Beyrout, in the Holy Land, March 3d; and began, at once, a series of Masonic explorations and collections.

In these I shall be actively engaged with the valued assistance of Brother D. W. Thomson, until August. My task is to seek out and identify all places sacred to Masonic memories, and to collect such objects as will satisfy the desire that every Freemason feels of *possessing something that comes from the Holy Land.* Already, at this date, (March 25,) I have accumulated, at my headquarters, in Beyrout, a considerable stock of specimens from the Masonic Bay, Gebal, and other memorable localities, preparatory to shipping them home in June.

More funds are imperatively needed to perfect this plan of Masonic explorations. Therefore, I make the following liberal offers to all readers of the Voice of Masonry and their friends: To every person who will advance the money *within* *ten days* of the reception of this paper, I will give, upon my Masonic guarantee, in September next, the following rare and valuable objects from the Holy Land, viz:

I. FOR $3.00—FOUR SPECIMENS.

1st, A piece of native stone from the memorable quarry under Jerusalem, out of which the Temple itself was built.

2d. A piece of native stone from the mines of Tyre.

3d. A pilgrim's shell from the Port of Joppa, the same kind that the Crusaders wore.

4th. An ancient coin, taken from the ruins of Gebal, or the immediate vicinity. The specimens of stone are large enough to work up into a key-stone, &c., &c.

II. FOR $5.00—TEN SPECIMENS.

1, 2, 3, 4. The same four specimens named above, together with :—

5. A sprig of Acacia, from the mountains about Jerusalem.

6. A piece of Cedar from Mount Lebanon.

7. A shell from the Masonic Bay, near Beyrout.

8. A piece of Clay from the clay-grounds between Succoth and Zeredathah.

9. A Pomegranate fruit.

10. A piece of Olive-wood from Mount Olivet, large enough to be made into a Masonic emblem.

Every specimen will be so numbered and labelled that you will have no difficulty in identifying it.

Now, my dear brethren, in reply to this, accomplish the double object of benefiting yourself and helping forward a great Masonic enterprise. Every dollar that reaches me while I am in the Holy Land puts my foot one step forward in a good work, All remittances may be sent in registered letters at my risk, and directed to my son-in-law, Mr. H. J. Goodrich, 125 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, who will promptly communicate it to me.

Take notice, however, that this offer only stands good for *ten days* after you receive this paper.

Faithfully yours in the Holy Land,
ROB MORRIS.

BLACK-BALLING.

The question is often asked, "Why are Masons so particular about keeping *secret* the fact of a petition for the degrees in Masonry being sometimes rejected?"

Masonry does not purpose to leave any man any worse off than it finds him. It is a generally conceived opinion by all out-siders or profanes, that every man who petitions a Lodge for admission is subjected to a rigid examination or investigation into his character by a committee appointed for that purpose, and when the action of the Lodge (where the applicant has been rejected) has been divulged by unthoughtful members, it has injured to a greater or less extent the social standing of the applicant, and that, too, among those who are opposed to our institution, from the fact of the investigation into the moral standing of the applicant. The *anti-Masons*, as well as profanes generally, say: "There is something wrong in that man—the Masons black-balled him," and they look upon him with suspicion, even though they profess to have no confidence in our Order. Therefore brethren should be very careful not to violate their "O. B." in that respect, which is too often the case. In justice to all those who may not be able to gain admission into our institution, let us do them no evil, if no good. S.

It does not necessarily follow from rejection that the applicant is unfit or of bad character. Occasionally unworthy motives in the breast of one member of the Lodge, or some mistaken idea, may induce the deposit of a black ball. Any member divulging the acts of the Lodge is liable to discipline and suspension, if found guilty.—[Ed.

"THE DYING BROTHER."

Brother, brother, I am dying,
  And ere long we have to part;
Oh! do not let me here be lying,
  But press me now to thy dear heart.

Brother, my days are swiftly ending;
  I shall leave you here alone,
While I am to that journey tending
  Which leads to my heavenly home.

Brother, my heart is almost breaking,
  And my sight is growing dim;
And my brow, although 'tis aching,
  Come, sing me now a parting hymn.

Brother, give no more to sighing,
  Trusting I'm prepared to die;
And feel happy that I am dying.
  Brother dear, farewell—good bye.

F. P. WILMOT.

SCHLEISINGERVILLE, Wis., May 12, 1868.

CHICAGO CONSISTORY.

JOHN D. M. CARR, 32D, ILLUSTRIOUS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Major-General Frank Herron, *the* hero of the battle of "Au Glaize," Missouri, highly distinguished at the battle of "Pea Ridge," or "Elkhorn," Arkansas, and THE *Man of the Gap* in many of our most severely contested and bloody battles in the Western Department, and a symbolic brother of eminence, we are pleased to state recently received his Scottish Rite Degrees, in full and ample form, and with all the grandeur incident to and magnificent accompaniments, as conferred in Chicago Lodge of Perfection, Chicago Council Princes of Jerusalem, Cœur de Lion Sovereign Chapter Rose Croix, and Chicago Consistory, all of this city, and we are pleased to greet him as a *Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret*, as well as an eminent Mason, soldier and citizen, and may his after success in life be fully in accord with his bright and shining past record.

ENGLAND.

THE PROVINCE OF GUERNSEY.

Our acquaintance with Freemasonry in the Queen's Duchy of Normandy commenced at the installation of the Worshipful Bro. W. H. Martin as Master of Doyle's Lodge of Fellowship in the province of Guernsey. On that occasion we were extremely gratified with the admirable manner in which the proceedings were carried out. The Right Worshipful Bro. James Gallienne, Deputy Grand Master, officiated, and on that occasion, as well as at subsequent meetings which we had the privilege to attend, we were particularly struck with Bro. Gallienne's beautiful rendering of the ritual. Too often the Masonic charges and addresses are intrusted to unsuitable persons, when the effect is anything but edifying, but as we listened to Bro. Gallienne we instinctively realized the grandeur, the pathos and the perfectly harmonious beauty of the ceremonies. In fact, to repeat an after-dinner, but extremely appropriate, remark of Bro. J. H. Parker, Inner Guard of Doyle's Lodge, "it made us feel as if we were at church."

We confess that we much prefer the plan of naming lodges after distinguished brethren to any other. Many of the titles of lodges in the Grand Lodge of England, though probably characteristic enough of the men who adopted them, appear to us rather stupid than otherwise. But it is self-evident, for instance, that so long as brethren shall worthily maintain the Zetland lodges, our excellent Grand Master will have monuments to his usefulness of the most appropriate type. Doyle's Lodge is another case in point. Founded by and named after Sir John Doyle, a laborious Mason and popular Governor of Guernsey, it remains, at the expiration of sixty years, in unexampled prosperity, and a memorial much more widely known of Sir John than the column which the people of the island erected in his honor. Doyle's Lodge possesses a beautiful memento of Sir John Doyle, in the shape of a splendid silver goblet presented to the lodge by Lady Doyle, after her husband's death, and on festive occasions this is always produced with pardonable pride.

Doyle's Lodge had the distinguished honor of making the great Sir Charles James Napier a Mason, and it has numbered among other eminent brethren our present Grand Secretary (Bro. Gray Clark) on its roll. It still retains its connection with the officers of Her Majesty's service, and on the last meeting we attended Captains Brown and Carroll, of the 66th regiment, were initiated.

The beautiful climate of Guernsey has attracted many gentlemen of fortune, who settle there in *otium cum dignitate.* Among others who are thus located is Bro. Montague Joseph Fielden, formerly M. P. for the borough of Blackburn, who has purchased the island of Herm, and, like Alexander Selkirk, can say, "I am monarch of all I survey." Another resident, Bro. Muntz, is a member of the well-known Birmingham family, and son of the late Mr. Muntz, M. P., who, among other important services rendered to the nation, had the courage to introduce the fashion of wearing beards into the House of Commons. Bro. Doctor Collenette, the Grand Secretary of the province, although a native of the island, is extensively known in philanthropic circles in England, and has labored long and arduously in the temperance and other kindred enterprises. Bro. Gardner, the S. W. of Doyle's, is, so to speak, an hereditary Mason, and is certainly well able to maintain the family reputation. Bro. Glencross, J. W., has brought successfully to bear on the study of Masonic jurisprudence the acumen which he formerly applied to the statute laws of England. Bro. Millington, the S. D., is the representative of a family of Freemasons well known in Shropshire, and we can only say that we ardently wish that we possessed his exact and truthful knowledge of the ritual. Bro. J. S. Sneath, F. R. S. L., the J. D., an old friend of ours, brought with him a good Masonic reputation, and, truly, if the man who has acquitted himself well as editor of four popular newspapers cannot succeed as a Mason, we do not know who need aspire so to do. Bro. Parker, I. G., is like Bro. Muntz, what the Deputy Grand Master felicitously designated "a man of metal," and it is perhaps well for the candidates who come to Doyle's for initiation, that the (hem ! you understand) is in such safe hands. Bro. Treasurer Hutchinson, P. M. and P. P. S. G. W., discharges the duties of the most difficult position in the lodge with entire satisfaction, and the old miser made famous by Tom Hood, who, when asked "what he put in the collections, replied, "What I give is *nothing to nobody*," would not remain in Doyle's long. But, above all others, we must refer to our old friend, Bro. Sarchet, the Secretary of the Lodge, who, for forty-eight years, has been a Craftsman. Visitors never fail to remark the tall and finely-proportioned figure of Bro. S., nor are they ever likely to forget his peculiar but forcible speeches on the superiority of Norman blood and the high honor which the Channel Islands enjoy in being ruled by the Duchess of Normandy instead of by the Queen of England. We shall never forget the way in which Bro. S., in his post-prandial orations impressed upon us the fact of our Anglo-Saxon inferiority. "We," said he, "conquered you; and the Norman blood, which is extinct in England, is pure here." It was all in vain that we ventured to quote Tennyson's "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" to our brother:

> "Howe'er it is, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good;
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

Bro. Sarchet will never believe that anything superior to Norman blood is possible in this world, and all we can say is we certainly esteem very highly our "Norman" brethren in the Channel Islands. During our visit to Guernsey, Bro. Frederick Clarke, editor of the *Mail and Telegraph*, was initiated, and, singularly enough, we subsequently saw Bro. DuChemin, of the *Jersey Express*, raised to the degree of M. M.

There also two other very gratifying occurrences while we were in Guernsey. We allude to the presentation of an elegant gold Past Master's jewel to Bro. Guilbert, of Doyle's Lodge, in recognition of the admirable manner in which he had occupied the chair of K. S.; and the giving of a complimentary dinner to Bro. Scott, of St. Anne's Lodge, Alderney, well known as the able and courteous commander of the steamer Queen of the Isles, of the Guernsey and Alderney service. On the afternoon of the day of the dinner splendid testimonials amounting altogether to upwards of £300 (equal to $1,500 in gold) in value, and subscribed for by the general public, were presented to Bro. Scott. These pleasant illustrations of friendly feeling were alike honorable to donors and recipients, and we need scarcely say that Freemasonry may well be proud of such brethren.

At this time also took place the resignation of the Grand Master of the united provinces of Guernsey and Jersey. In Guernsey it was at once resolved to petition the Earl of Zetland for a division of the two provinces, and the appointment of Bro. Gallienne, heretofore Deputy Grand Master, as Grand Master for Guernsey. In a few minutes, such was the popularity of Bro. G., the brethren of the Provincial Grand Lodge found themselves in a position to guarantee the presentation of the costly regalia of a Grand Master to that gentleman, in the event of his receiving the office for which he is so admirably fitted.

The province of Guernsey consists nominally of five lodges, namely, Doyle's Lodge, Mariner's Lodge, Loyalty Lodge, Hammond Lodge and St. Anne's Lodge, Alderney. Hammond Lodge is, however, practically united with Doyle's. The oldest lodge is Mariner's, which was originally established in 1784, under a charter from the Grand Lodge of York, but Doyle's Lodge has precedence on the roll of the Grand Lodge of England, probably owing to the fact that Mariner's Lodge may not have joined the Grand Lodge until after the issue of Doyle's charter. The working of Doyle's Lodge is all that could be wished; the brethren usually attend in considerable numbers, and are most attentive to their duties; but the other lodges in Guernsey cannot be said to be up to the requisite standard in either respect. Probably Bro. Gallienne, if invested with the authority of Grand Master, may be able to introduce improvements where necessary. We have heard an excellent account of St. Anne's Lodge, Alderney, but have not had the pleasure of visiting it.

The Masonic Hall in Guernsey is not large, but its formation and decorations are very good. In the full lodge the arrangements are such as to increase the solemnity and beauty of the ritual. The hall contains an harmonium, which, under the direction of Bro. Churchhouse, P. M., adds greatly to the effectiveness of the proceedings.

In this notice of Freemasonry in Guernsey, we feel bound to accord "honor to whom honor is due," and it is only right to say that many of the brethren of Doyle's Lodge have expressed to us their gratitude to Bro. Dr. Hopkins, now of Totnes, for the kind manner in which, during his residence there, he instructed the younger members of the Craft. The want of an able instructor is the reason why many lodges are improperly conducted, and every credit is due to men who, like Bro. Dr. Hopkins, devote their lives and fortunes to the advancement of our Order.

The Masonic Hall at Guernsey is under the care of "Sister" Edwards, the widow of a worthy Mason, who is not less proud of being the only female connected with Freemasonry, "as far as she knows," than Bro. Sarchet is of his pure and unadulterated Norman blood. When Bro. Edwards died, the brethren evinced their respect for his memory by erecting a monument over his grave.

Bro. Wakley was W. M. of Loyalty Lodge, and Bro. Brown W. M. of Mariner's Lodge when we were in Guernsey, and the former gentleman manifested his fraternal regard for Doyle's Lodge by assisting at its meetings as often as he possibly could. Interchanges of visits between members of lodges are of great service to the Order, and should be encouraged as far as possible. Among the brethren who added much to the pleasure of the banquets of Doyle's were Bros. W. H. Smithard, now Principal Z. of Doyle's Chapter; Smythson, P. M., whose singing of "Corporal Casey" was inimitable, and P. L. M. Nicolle, who accompanied us on our visit to Rennes, and who sang Victor Hugo's French songs very beautifully.

Among the notable brethren in Guernsey Bro. Le Page is perhaps unsurpassed for his knowledge of the Craft and Royal Arch ritual. This brother has for many years been an active and industrious Mason, but increasing age will naturally curtail his labors for the future. We trust that the Masonic mantle of worth and ability may descend to Bro. Le Page's son-in-law, Bro. Hunt, Senior Warden of Mariner's Lodge.

It must strike a stranger as remarkable that, in an area so comparatively small as Guernsey, there should be so many skilled brethren. In addition to those named already, there are others fully competent to "work the lodge," and among the rest Bros. Stickland, P. M.; Sparrow, P. M., and Smithard, P. M. Under such auspices we cannot but anticipate a bright future for the Craft in this province.

We met in Guernsey with an instance of filial respect and Masonic zeal combined such as we have never seen surpassed. It was our good fortune to be resident in the same house at St. Peter's Port as Bro. Christopher J. Carleton, of Dublin. Bro. Carleton's father, the late Captain Carleton, was raised to M. M. and exalted to the H. R. A. in Doyle's Lodge and Doyle's Chapter of Fellowship. Instigated, therefore, by respect for his father's memory, and the desire to tread in the Masonic footsteps of his deceased parent, Bro. C. J. Carleton had no sooner attained the required age than he left his home in Dublin and fixed his residence in Guernsey until he had been regularly made a Master Mason. An act of this description speaks for itself, and it was no less honorable to Bro. C. than to the brethren of Doyle's Lodge, who may feel justly proud of the incident, testifying as it does to the excellence and celebrity of their lodge. Those who made Bro. Carleton's acxuaintance in Guernsey will join with us in anticipating that his Masonic career will be worthy of his mother lodge.

It is gratifying to observe that our brethren in Guernsey are ever ready to assist in works of practical utility for the advantage of their fellow men. Thus Bro. Dr. Collenette is Hon. Sec. of the Guernsey League, an association which aims at the improvement of the sobriety of the people; Bro. W. H. Martin, W. M. of Doyle's Lodge, is Treasurer of St. John's Young Men's Christian Association; Bro. Smythson, I. P. M. of Mariner's Lodge, is an active laborer in the Working Men's Association; Bro. Wilcocks is an ardent social reformer; Bro. Clarke is a popular lecturer to Sunday schools; and many other brethren are "first and foremost in every good word and work." We notice these matters as furnishing the best possible answer to those slanderers of the Craft who have alleged that Freemasons are selfish and exclusive in their efforts to do good. Guernsey is, we believe, by no means an exceptional place; for, look where we will, we shall find Masons among the most zealous and consistent philanthropists of the day. We were not aware when in Guernsey that Victor Hugo was a Mason; but we afterwards learned in France that such is the fact. Bro. Hugo has not mixed among his English brethren in the island, chiefly, no doubt, because of his incessant devotion to literary labors. M. Hugo finds time, however, for works of benevolence; and the *Freemasons' Magazine* has already published, from the eloquent pen of Bro. Dr. Hopkins, an account of one of his *fetes* to poor children, which are repeated every New Year's day. We were privileged to attend on the 1st of January in the present year, and shall never forget the scene. As Bro. Hugo remarked, "the little stream which started in Guernsey has swollen into a great river in London;" and on the same day, or shortly after, it is probable that, through the efforts of the "Censor" of the *Morning Star*, the Rev. G. W. M'Cree, sometimes dubbed the "Bishop of St. Giles's," and others, there were Christmas dinners given to 30,000 poor children in the great metropolis. But Victor Hugo, like the Rev. Mr. M'Cree, does not confine his efforts to the season of Christmas; every week he gives dinners to a certain number of poor children. In thus acting our illustrious brother sets an example to the Craft throughout the world, and we would suggest to the brethren that at any rate they might once a year ensure "a merry Christmas" and "a happy new year" to some of our social outcasts. If the lodges in each town were to take this matter up, the expense would be trifling, and the great principles of benevolence upon which our Order is founded would receive new and important significance. It was our good fortune to be at the residence of Victor Hugo on another occasion, when, instead of being surrounded by the *elite* of the island, there were no strangers whatever present excepting ourselves. This was when Bro. Hugo was photographed in the midst of a group of the children who form the objects of his beneficence. This photograph can be obtained for a shilling of Bro. J. Millington, High street, Guernsey.

The members of Doyle's Lodge appear to have always been the "crack" Masons of the province. In 1844 we find the *Freemasons' Review* chronicling a banquet given by this Lodge to the eminent Craftsman, Dr. Lane, Past Grand Deacon for Oxfordshire. The correspondent of the *Review* says:

"We cannot, without being branded as ungrateful, pass over in silence the visit of Dr. Lane to our Lodge and Chapter. The Doctor's presence shed over us a halo of Masonic light. and knowledge, that time will never efface from the memory of the brethren who were privileged to be present. We feel convinced that all who have the intellectual favor of his acquaintance will most cordially join with us in saying, that whenever the Doctor presides the chair will be filled by a brother and companion eminently distinguished for dispensing the true spirit and letter of Masonic law to all under the shadow of his fostering wing. It is only just to remark that the banquet did honor to mine host of Gardner's Hotel, both as to the banquet and the wines. The Doctor being the 'Star in the East,' the brethren could not fail to be what they were—delighted and improved."

The editor of the *Review*, commenting on this banquet, remarked:—

"The brethren of Guernsey have done themselves honor by the compliment thus paid to one of the most amiable among men, as well as most distinguished among Masons—one whose mind and manners mark the scholar and the gentleman."

Bro. Gardner, who is thus eulogised as "mine host," was the father of the present S.W. of Doyle's Lodge, Bro. James Gardner, who has also succeeded his father as *maitre* of the Royal Hotel.

We find that in 1784, Bro. Thomas Dobree was Grand Master of the Provinces of the Channel Islands under the jurisdiction of what was then termed the "modern" Grand Lodge. As the Mariner's Lodge was then existing as an "Ancient" Lodge, it would be interesting to know if there was a Grand Master of the "Ancients" as well as of the "Moderns." At all events it is evident that at that time the two Masonic organizations between which there was constant rivalry until the Act of Union in 1813, were both represented in the province.

In the Masonic rooms there are portraits of Sir John Doyle, and Sir C. J. Napier. The portrait of Sir John is a beautifully executed miniature presented to Doyle's Lodge by Bro. James Gallienne. J. A. H.

— *London Freemasons Magazine.*

Written for the Voice of Masonry.

THE MASONIC LODGE ROOM.

BY JAMES L. ENOS, OF IOWA.

Come, where our silent emblems breathe
Their sacred influence o'er the soul,
In mystic order ranged: while round the whole
A starry zone the sister virtues wreathe.
Ye, who by compass, square and line,
Those hidden truths can well divine,
To all besides unknown.

— *Wright.*

Every Rite has its own peculiar Temples—erected and dedicated to please the purposes and designs of the originators. The furnishings and decorations, as well as the location, are arranged in harmony with the lessons to be taught and the peculiar means of exemplification.

The form of the Mason's Lodge is an oblong; its situation due east and west. It occupies consecrated ground, and its spacious covering, no less the spangled heavens, is supported by three emblematic pillars, denominated Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty, while scores of emblems and symbols furnish and adorn its interior. The true Mason is therefore guarded by that wisdom presented in the Word—the great trestle-board that points out the true paths of life;—sustained by the strength derived from a proper moral, as well as physical exercise in conformity with its teachings; and beautified by a life in conformity with both.

Masonry has been defined—a system of moral instruction, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols. Its foundation being the Word—its life that nobler disinterested charity that believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. This being true it ceases to be a matter of wonder that the votaries of Masonic Science are steadfast admirers of it; nor is it strange that, seated in the midst of their eloquent symbols, they should take delight in the lessons they teach.

The lodge-room, then, should be made a place where every Mason will love to congregate, and learn the instructive lessons that may there be taught. Wisdom should shape every design of the workmen—Strength bind in living bonds of love and charity—and Beauty add grace and comliness to the varied furniture, ornaments and symbols. Thus may the warm smile of brotherly affection play on the face of every member as he enters the sacred retreat, and a soul-strenghening satisfaction beam from every fibre of his being as he departs.

That noble emulation of who can best do the Masonic work will form the cue of each one's ambition, and peace and good order will go with them out into the world—giving more and more the impress of true manliness as the growing character of all. This result must follow all true Masonic teaching and establish the reputation of the Order in a given locality. Individual members who earnestly practice the lessons taught must, day by day, become wiser, better and happier men.

It were vain to refer to the reverse picture—the lodge-room unfurnished and filthy—members negligent of duty—ignorant of what the objects of Masonry are—reckless of both personal and lodge reputation. There are such lodges. May their number be less.

The furnishings of a lodge-room must comport to the character of the lessons to be taught in it. If everything is arranged with appropriateness and in harmonious order, the impressions made upon the young initiate must be good. The ornaments may be carried to any extent and all be made subservient to the cultivation of the good, the beautiful and the true.

NIL CONSCIRE SEBI, NULLA PALLESCERE CULPA.

No one can read the article signed "Indiana," in the Voice for April, without believing in the sincerity of the writer, and giving him full credit for his honest belief in the "impropriety of making dancing part of a Masonic festival." Feasting and dancing have usually gone together, and there would seem to have been thought no more harm in the moderate enjoyment of the one than of the other. In this view it is not clear, Masonically or otherwise, to see why Masons, who have no hesitation in participating "on any festive occasions," should not be present, or participate therein, where dancing is a part of the exercise. "Indiana" says he does not propose to write an essay on "the moral qualities of dancing." No; his ideas seem to incline the other way. He starts out with a reference "to Masonic obligations," as in implied opposition to festivals where dancing is introduced, making it as serious a matter of consideration for Masons who are as of those who are not of "Indiana's" way of thinking. These obligations, *as such*, it is submitted, have really nothing to do with this question, all of which can be, and no doubt are, as well performed by a Mason who indulges in the innocent amusement of dancing as by a Mason who does not; nor can the joining in these, "*per se*," injure or effect the character of a Christian man or a Mason.

Christianity forbids no reasonable indulgences, no innocent relaxations. It allows us to use the world, provided we abuse it not. All that it requires is that our liberty degenerate not into licentiousness, our amusements into dissipation. The whole of "Indiana's" article is predicated on the assumption that dancing is "immoral, shocking to the refined and intelligent Christian Mason, or his family," and that it is "an impropriety and a reproach." Dancing is a very ancient custom, mentioned in the Great Light of Masonry, as well as a modern one at festivals, and must have often taken place in the presence of persons and Masons of the highest order of intelligence and Christianity without giving offence, and who do not appear to have ever deemed its introduction a discourtesy to them, though they may not have joined them, and certainly as Masons, (as the frequency of dancing at Masonic festivals proves,) never deemed such unmasonic. To judge harshly, then, of men who participate in these amusements, as innocent relaxations, may be making no allowance to the character of the candid and benevolent. But these festivals, it is contended, are not only for enjoyment, but also to make "a favorable impression on the outside world, and to show that Masonry reverences God's laws, the Bible," &c. In general, "outside show" makes little or no impression on intelligent men, but suppose it does, is dancing as such, at Masonic festivals, in conflict with these laws, the Bible?" &c. The "Golden rule," which, as has been wisely said, "contains the concentrated essence of all ethics," is the root from which every branch of moral duty towards each other may be derived. This rule which makes what we desire of others the measure of our dealings towards them, is to be understood not of excessive desires, but of such only as are fit and reasonable. We must put ourselves in the condition of those whom we expect to do to us as we would do to them, and consider what treatment, what favors, in that case we may fairly and fully expect from them, and then be fair to deal with them according to our just and regular expectations. When viewed (as "Indiana" contends he writes,) "from a Masonic standpoint exclusively," his article somewhat surprises the Masonic reader in touching on a subject not usually referred to by members of the craft, namely, the individual religious tenets of the Order. To this Masons do not usually refer, since it may not tend to induce respect, nor to promote that harmony and good feeling so much desired, still "Indiana," as the conclusion of his article indicates, intended no harm, and while giving him full credit for his good intentions, and having no desire to urge, by implication or otherwise, aught beyond these innocent amusements (of which dancing is one) at Masonic festivals, not generally as such, repugnant (as has been shown,) to the true Christian and Mason; yet if these shall de deemed better "in the breach than in the observance," it is believed that those who may differ in regard "to the moral quality of the subject discussed" will be induced to yield, not from a conviction of its immorality or impropriety, but from those true *philanthropic* feelings which induce men to forego their own enjoyments, in order *to promote* the greater happiness of others.

[Dancing is certainly no part of Masonry, and we think more honored "in the breach," but the subject is open for discussion in *short* articles—for one more issue.—Ed.]

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For the Voice of Masonry.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MARIUS VICTORINUS.

'Tis truly sweet at eventide to hear
  The church bells breathe their melody afar;
'Tis sweet to gaze from earth on heaven's sphere,
  And watch the scintillations of each star:
Sweet is the summer after winter drear,
  Sweet friendship's union after hatred's war:
Sweet is a message from the one we love,
And sweeter still a dream from heaven above.

'Tis sweet to gaze upon the loved one near,
  Whose luminous eyes love's constellations are,
Whose slightest wish is to the heart most dear,
  Whose love's unchanging whether near or far :—
'Tis sweet to kiss away the gathering tear,
  Dispel the fears that would her pleasures mar,
And, clasped in fond embrace with faults forgiven,
Find love's ideal and repose in heaven.

'Tis sweet to find in deserts broad and drear
  A grove of trees and brooklets murmuring;
Sweet are the roses that in heaven appear,
  Sweet are the songs that the archangels sing;
Sweet is a sermon though it be severe,
  And shades of doubt upon the spirit fling—
Sweet are the morning's earliest beams of light,
And sweet the dreams that float from heaven by night.

'Tis sweet to watch the unfolding of a star
  On heaven's bosom as the sun declines;
'Tis sweet to mark the spiritual war
  Which conquers darkness and the soul refines;
'Tis sweeter still to dream that what we are—
  Poor sinners, so say all the church divines—
The past will shroud, and with our sins forgiven
We'll conquer Satan ere we enter heaven.

More sweet is solitude, when in the soul
  Suspense and fear do not alternate rise,
Assuming ever and anon control,
  To wring the soul with torture till it dies;
'Tis sweet with fancied sorrows to condole,
  'Tis sweet to gaze on deep and astral skies,
And dream beyond them, in bright spheres above,
There reigns a principle whose name is Love.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF M. W. HARVEY G. HAZELRIGG, P. G. M. OF THE GRAND LODGE INDIANA.

P. G. Master Hazelrigg is almost an exception to the general rule. He has never sought office or honors, but with a sanguine temperament, a clear head, indomitable energy, a warm heart, and a fixed and unyielding will to do right, to act as his sense of right dictated, regardless of consequences, he has steadily risen to his present honorable position by the combined power of truth and genius.

Harvey G., son of Joshua and Frances Hazelrigg, was born Sept. 13th, 1807, in Montgomery (now Bath) county, Ky. His father was a plain, Virginia farmer, of strong mind and unflinching integrity. His mother was a plain, old-fashioned matron, of a good mind and warm heart.

Haruey G. was the youngest of ten children, and as is almost always the case, he was rather a favorite pet in the family. His parents underwent all the privations incident to an early settlement in Kentucky. His father very frequently ploughed with his rifle swung over his shoulder, and the facilities for an education were very limited, being confined to the old Virginia code, which consisted in reading, writing, and cyphering to the single Rule of Three, in consequence of which the education of the older children was necessarily neglected. Harvey did not receive a liberal education, simply because his father's rigid and conscientious views of impartiality were such as to prevent him from giving to one child more education than another, and whatever may have been his error, he conscientiously believed he was doing right.

Being of a studious temperament, he determined he would know something and be somebody, and having a very retentive memory, he has, by the aid of books and close application, acquired a fair English education.

In early life he became particularly fond of the law, and when but a boy he had read Blackstone's Commentaries, Vatal's Law of Nations, besides many other books on the science of law. He also became very fond of political reading, and, although he became quite a politician, yet he never sought office; he early became disgusted with the practice of pandering for office. Yet his sleepless and untiring energy in successfully managing whatever he had once taken in hand attracted the attention of all who knew him, and at the age of thirty-three years he was constrained to suffer his name to go before the people for a seat in the Legislature of Kentucky, in a county largely in the majority against him in politics, and was elected over a man who was wealthy and had been three times elected successively to the same office.

He emigrated to Indiana in the fall of 1841, and settled in Boone county, where he has resided ever since. He was twice elected against his wishes to a seat in the Legislature of Indiana, from Boone county, where again the political majority was against him, and would have been continued but for the fact that he positively refused. His course through life in caring for his friends, and treatment to those who sought to be his enemies, was such that if he ever had more than one or two enemies nobody knew anything about it; it always being his aim to do to others as he would they should do unto him, and few men, if any, have more persistently carried out that purpose.

Bro. Hazelrigg has been twice married, and has raised a large and reputable family, most of whom are living and doing well. He has, by industry and economy, succeeded in placing himself in comfortable circumstances to live, and yet he has been liberal, and always has an open hand for a needy, distressed brother or his family. He was early taught by Christian parents to have correct views of God and his attributes, and a firm belief in all the essential elements of Christianity, and although he has never made a public profession of the Christian religion, yet he has always retained the most profound respect and reverence for Christianity and the Church.

Bro. Hazelrigg was initiated an Entered Apprentice in Flatrock Lodge No. 101, in Bourbon county, Ky., in February, 1840; passed and raised in March and April of the same year.

He helped to organize Sharpsburg Lodge U. D., now No. 117, in the spring of 1846; left there in the fall, and went to Indiana, as before stated. He joined Perry Lodge No. 37, in Lafayette, Ind., in 1842, and was a member there about one year, during which time he never missed a meeting, although some forty miles from his residence.

In 1843 he joined Montgomery Lodge U. D., now No. 50, in Crawfordsville, Ind., and was its first Master under the charter, and never missed a meeting, although twenty-one miles from his residence. He delivered an address upon his first installation as Master, though a young Mason, which was very highly complimented.

Near the close of that year he organized Thorntown Lodge U. D., now Boone Lodge No. 9.

He continued to be Master of a Lodge twenty-three years and six months consecutively. He attended the session of the Grand Lodge of Indiana in 1844, and has been a member ever since; and has always taken an active part in all the deliberations and labor of the Grand Lodge, always ready to perform any labor imposed upon him without complaining he was over-taxed. At the session of 1847 he was elected D. G. Master, and served one year. At the session of 1850 he was appointed G. Marshal, and served three years. In 1853 he was again elected D. G. Master, and served one year. At the session of 1862 he was elected S. G. W. In 1863 he was again elected D. G. Master, and served two years. In 1865 he was elected G. M., in which capacity he has served the Grand Lodge three years with great acceptibility. Bro. Hazelrigg has rare qualifications for an executive officer. He has a good knowledge of parliamentary law, a sound judgment, is kind-hearted, and governs with a mild but firm hand, never commits himself improperly.

He took the Chapter Degrees in Lafayette Chapter, No. 3, in March, 1851. He was elected G. King in 1857, and served two years. He organized Lebanon Chapter, No. 39, in 1857, and at his suggestion, Rev. J. L. Smith was made the First High Priest. He was elected H. P. the second year, and was continued as H. Priest until last December, when he peremptorily refused to serve any longer, not from any disposition to shrink from labor, but from a sense of duty, that others might enjoy the honors.

He took the Council Degree in Lafayette Council No. 5, in November, 1857; he took the Degrees of Knighthood in Lafayette Commandery No. 8, in March, 1853; was elected Grand Generalissimo in 1859; at the session of 1860 he was elected Grand Chapter General; in 1863 he was again elected Grand Generalisimo; in 1864 he was elected Deputy Grand Commander, and re elected in 1865; in 1866 and 1867 he was elected Grand Commander, and served the Commandery in that position with great acceptability, and was much esteemed by all the Sir Knights.

Bro. Hazelrigg is emphatically a worker. When not presiding, he has always served the Grand Bodys on one or more of the most laborious and important committees; to use his own language, he has always tried to be a working bee; he has no sympathy for drones.

He took the degrees of the A. and A., Scottish Rite, at Indianapolis in March and April, 1867. As he says, he retires to the private ranks, where he proposes to labor and enjoy the fruits of a faithful and well spent life, in which he has always tried to serve his country, the Order, his family, and bless humanity; and may he live to enjoy a green old age, and at eve, with him, may it be light, and his sun of life set in peace; and he, finally, having completed all the designs drawn on the tressel board of human life, according to the instructions given by the Grand Overseer, his work being done, may he with his numerous family, through the grace and mercy of the Lion of the tribe of Juda, through which alone he expects finally to be accepted, receive the welcome plaudit, "Well done good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter into the joy of thy Lord."

INDIANA.

AN AMERICAN MASONIC LODGE OLDER THAN OUR GOVERNMENT.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, writes from Marietta, Ohio:

Marietta is noted for its modern antiquities as well as for its ancient. The Masonic Lodge here was originally chartered February 20, 1776, and is consequently older than the Declaration of Independence or the Government of the United States; it is believed the first lodge constituted in this country after the lodges ceased to recognize the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England. It traveled with the patriot army during the Revolutionary war, and was frequently visited by Washington and other eminent Masons. The lodge was re-opened in Marietta, June 28, 1790, where it has since remained. Its title is "American Union Lodge, No. 1." The "American Union Chapter of R. A. M. No. 2," was organized in Marietta in 1792. Hon. Lewis Cass was a member of both these lodges, and attended them regularly in his earlier years. Col. Augustus Stone, now in his eighty-eighth year, was made a Mason here, and is no doubt the oldest member of the order in the State.

ENGLAND.

In laying the keystone of a church at Coventry, recently, a ceremony which was conducted with Masonic honors, Lord Leigh said he held in his hand the mallet with which King Charles II. laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and which was, after the ceremony, presented by his Majesty to Sir Christopher Wren, by whom it was given to the Lodge of Antiquity, No. 2, in London.

TEMPERANCE.

This virtue, as appeared in the last number of the VOICE, consists in maintaining the due government of our passions, in the support of reason in her empire, and in the preservation to the soul of its due dominion over the body. This government is not confined to *drinks only*, but to meats, sleep, and those other desires and animal gratifications which may render us unfit for the services of reason and religion; which may degrade us from rational to brutal. Of all merely human virtues, temperance is best calculated to preserve this government, to serve this important purpose; it preserves the true dignity of the soul over the body; it preserves reason on her throne, and keeps the subject passions obedient at her feet; it gives tranquillity to the mind, and keeps the conscience in peaceful serenity. But, as human nature is frail; as occasions and temptations frequently prove the destruction of the best established virtue, without the strictest guard; as religion by no means precludes the succors of human prudence, but supplies and sanctifies them; a few rules may be of use, which may be applied as our necessities require. In the first place, we must lay the reins on our appetites, and keep them still steadfast and unloosed. We should accustom ourselves to frequent restraints, that we may the better preserve and render our inferior passions tractable. Frequent restraints and self-denials are necessary means to secure our innocence, as they not only preserve from excess, but keep at a proper distance from the brink of it. "He is fit to sit at the table of the Lord, and to feast with the Saints," says a wise man, "who moderately uses the creatures God has given him." In the next place, we should be careful to avoid the ensnaring company of the intemperate. Our great Grand Master has advised: "Be not amongst wine bibbers, amongst riotous eaters of flesh." All bad company is sufficiently pernicious, but is peculiarly so in the present case, as men are often seduced to this vice by a too easy compliance in public, which in privacy, or amongst proper companions, they would totally have avoided, and many a man owes his excess, perhaps ruin, to false shame, which hinders him from asserting the freedom to which every man would claim a right in almost every other instance. We next should maintain a fixed detestation of the lowest degree of intemperance, and be on our guard when in the way of temptation. The same wise, great Grand Master exhorts to put a knife to the throat when there is a probability of exceeding the due moderation. Again, we should be aware of beginnings; habits of intemperance steal on insensibly. Too many examples there are of persons, once apparently the most sober and regular, sunk, through want of proper caution at first, into sensuality. So, too, if we have often lost the command of ourselves in indulging in drinks or meats, we should be more than ordinarily careful always to keep ourselves much within the quantity taken. The making it necessary to our refreshment to use strong drinks should be earnestly avoided; nor ever, under cases of trouble of any kind, fly to them for ease, for whatever may be the temporary relief from mere stupefaction, the remedy will only in the end multiply trouble and augment cares tenfold. Whilst living in an habitual and stated course of temperance, we should make it a rule not only to deny, but on some occasions to abstain from our usual quantity of meat and drink, for abstinence is conducive to the virtue of temperance, and, in a due degree, to the health of the human frame. The object of this and the previous article is not to point to a remedy for the vice of intemperance, but how best to maintain the opposite virtue. Forced into vice we cannot be—even the arch tempter himself can do no more than persuade; and his persuasions have no power except by our own consent.

Written for the Voice of Masonry.

SPARKS FROM A MASONIC ANVIL.

BY BRO. WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN, TRURO, ENGLAND.

No. 3.

There is a vast amount of information in the By-Laws of the Lodges under the Grand Lodge of England. We have many scores of them, and frequently have obtained assistance in the compilation of masonic facts from these useful little publications. They vary in size from the 32mo. to the quarto, and chiefly contain the By-Laws only, but of late several have been much improved by the addition of historical sketches of the lodges by competent officers.

The Dep. Prov. G. Master of Oxfordshire, Richard James Spiers (ex-Mayor of Oxford) is a warm advocate of the 32mo. size, so as to accompany the small edition of the Constitution, and we must confess his suggestion is the best made on the subject. This distinguished brother has arranged for all the By-Laws in his Province to be of these dimensions, and has compiled and inserted the history of each Lodge, as a guide for the brethren. Some contain various orations by the members as well, and others abound with useful hints on proposing candidates. Take for instance the following from St. James' Hall, No. 448, Halifax, Yorkshire:

MASONIC RULES.

1. Never *solicit* any man to become a Freemason.

2. Never be *afraid* to do your duty when you believe a candidate is not *worthy* to be received into membership with us.

3. Never *forget* that you are a Freemason—a link in the chain of universal brotherhood.

4. Never *forget* that a Freemason is *your* brother, and treat him accordingly.

5. Never fail to *admonish* a brother if you see him err.

6. Never *repel* the *approach* of a brother because *he is poor*.

Some contain lists of members, which we take to be a good feature, and wish all would do so, as imposition would then be prevented in many instances, especially if all the Lodges exchanged such lists in each Province, as is done in Germany. The fee for initiation into the three degrees ranges from four guineas to some £20 and more, and the annual subscription from 12s. to some £10. Some provide for a copy of the Work of Constitutions to be given to each candidate, which is an excellent rule, and one that ought to be generally adopted.

The By-Laws of each Lodge have to be approved of by the Prov. G. Master of each Province, or the Grand Master, through his Deputies.

In some one black ball excludes, and in all *three* must.

The membership varies from twenty to some five hundred in number, but many members are not desirable.

* * *

Death of an Old Mason.—Col. Jeptha Garrigus died near Bridgeton, on the 28th day of January, 1868, in the ninety-second year of his age, and was buried with Masonic ceremonies by Bridgeton Lodge, No. 169, of which he was a charter member.

Col. Garrigus was born in New Jersey, June 7, 1776, and was initiated in Washington Lodge, No. 19, Hamilton, Ohio, Nov. 6, passed Dec. 6, and raised Dec. 9, 1819, thus at the time of his death having been a Master Mason for 48 years, 2 months and 13 days. During that long period he has been an active and zealous Mason, esteemed alike by his brethren and his neighbors. He visited his Lodge for the last time last summer, when he was in such feeble health that his brethren had to carry him up into the Lodge room. He served two or three terms in the Indiana Legislature, and for twenty years has been acting justice of the peace. At a ripe old age he obeyed the summons of the Supreme Grand Master, and went up higher, a good and faithful servant, and entered "into the joy of his Lord."

THE UNIVERSALITY OF FREEMASONRY.

Bro. Capt. Samuel Whiting furnishes the following for the *Freemason:*

I have now, in my mind, a beautiful illustration of the strength of Masonic love, which came under my own observation during my sailor career.

In 1855, while attached to one of the New York clipper Indiamen, and lying in the sickly seaport of Batavia, in the island of Java, I was stricken down by one of the terrible malarial fevers of that torrid clime.

One afternoon, while lying at my hotel, sick nearly unto death, and longing for a friendly voice or glance, my door was suddenly opened, and I saw Framjee Hormusjee Setna, one of the wealthiest Parsee merchants of Batavia, approaching me under the due guard and sign of a Master Mason. He sat down by my side, kindly took my fevered hand in his, and assured me that I was not a stranger in the land, but a brother and a friend. His Arab servant followed him, bearing on his head a tray filled with the rarest fruits and delicacies of that prolific clime, and he was left with me to attend to my wants, his master giving him strict injunctions to attend to his charge.

Under such care and influence I soon was convalescent, and on my recovery I wrote the following lines:

Sick and weary I was lying years ago on Java's shore
Strangers round me thought me dying, for disease had racked me sore.
Thus I lay one radiant morning, when my door was opened wide,
And a face with smiles adorning soon was present at my side.
As I gazed I saw his gesture, giving our beloved sign,
Richly clad in Orient vesture, his bright presence seemed divine.
I responded to the token, and he warmly grasped my hand,
As these words by him were spoken: "Thou'rt no stranger in this land."
"By this 'mystic tie', my brother, we're united hand and heart,
Nor would I the impulse smother thus to act a brother's part.
Aden, this my Arab servant, shall attend you night and day;
You will find him zealous, fervent, watchful, skillful, kind alway."
Thus he spake—my fever burning soon gave way to friendly care;
Soon my ship was homeward turning, borne along by breezes fair.
Years have passed, yet oft I ponder on that scene on Java's shore,
And my fancies thither wander, though between us billows roar,
God be praised! the tie fraternal is a heaven-born, wondrous plan,
And the bond will be eternal—*Love to God is love to man.*

EAST INDIES.—BOMBAY.

PROGRESS.

"The Masonic Record of Western India" has now entered upon its fifth year, and although for three years we did not receive such substantial support as we expected, still the last year has brought us a large accession to our subscription list, which has encouraged us to go on with our labor of love, hoping that it will not be long ere we are relieved from the debt and the responsibilities we have incurred from paucity of subscribers at the commencement, and the unwillingness of several of our outstation subscribers to remit us their subscription and postage for two or three years.

We congratulate the Craft on the continued prosperity of the Order on this side of India. During the last year a new Craft Lodge and two Knights Templar Encampments under the English Constitution; as also two R. A. Chapters, a Council of Red Cross Knights, and a Royal Ark Mariner's Lodge, under the Scottish Banner, have been added to the list in the Bombay Presidency; the hitherto existing Masonic bodies are all flourishing and adding daily to their numbers. The selection of Worshipful Masters for the year has been very happy, and all promise to work with vigor and earnestness. Several thousand Rupees have been expended in charitable acts.

The Masonic Glee Union, comprising many of the most talented vocalists in Bombay, have done good service, and by their exertions added to the solemnity and beauty of the ceremonies, as well as the harmony of the banquet.

A movement has been made for the erection of a Masonic Hall, which we hope will come to something this time, as so many attempts have been made during the last twenty years without this grand object being accomplished.

Bengal is prospering under its popular head, R. W. Bro. H. D. Sandeman; two additional Lodges have been formed. The only matter for regret is the extinction of the Masonic Journal there, which had been conducted for so many years with such acknowledged ability.

In Madras R. W. Bro. Macdonald Ritchie has been appointed District Grand Master, a fit successor to the late lamented R. W. Bro. Pitt Macdonald. Two new Lodges and a R. A. Chapter have been established in this Presidency during the year.

W. Bro. Colonel Grenlaw is as active as ever in British Burmah, several Mark Lodges, a R. A. Chapter, and K. T. Encampment have been opened there recently. A well-conducted quarterly Masonic periodical is also published at Rangoon.

Death has deprived us of a few honored and useful members during the year.

With this brief review of the past, we send forth the fifth volume of the *Record* upon its pilgrimage, and call upon our brethren to aid us in the future in keeping alive the only monthly Masonic journal that now exists in India to chronicle the passing events of the Masonic world; and we reiterate the advice we gave recently, viz. let those who are unable to take in the journal alone join with two or three others and subscribe for one copy. By this means they will scarcely feel the trifling expense, whilst they will essentially aid us in the maintenance of the Journal. We seek not for any pecuniary gain; we feel a pleasure in the work we are engaged in; if we can only discharge our printing and publishing liabilities, and devote a trifle to the Charity Fund, we will consider ourselves amply rewarded.—*Masonic Record of Western India.*

Masonic General Library.—We are happy to learn that this Library will very soon be open for the use of subscribers; in addition to the Books ordered out from England, and which are daily expected, several popular works by eminent Masonic authors have been received from America. Bro. H. G. Reynolds, proprietor of the *Masonic Trowel*, has very liberally presented to the Library copies of sixteen most valuable works on Freemasonry, and has also expressed his desire to send a copy of the *Masonic Trowel* monthly free of charge for the Library.—*Masonic Record of West India.*

This is very creditable to Bro. Reynolds, and we may say to our Indian correspondents, that if they will indicate how we can reach them, we shall be happy to send them our copyright works for their Masonic Library.—J. C. W. B.

Editor's Trestle-Board and Quarry.

ILLINOIS.

Chicago Consistory,
Office of the Illustrious Commander-in-Chief.

By virtue of authority on me conferred as Commander-in-Chief of Chicago Consistory, you are hereby ordered to fully arm and equip yourself according to the regulations of this Consistory, and report for duty at Blair Hall, on Saturday evening, the 27th of June, 1868, at 7½ o'clock, sharp.

The uniform adopted by this Consistory is as follows:

Black Chapeau, regulation style, with one black and one scarlet feather. The left side to be ornamented with a Teutonic Cross of red velvet, illuminated with the usual double-headed eagle, silver gilt.

The Coat is of black cloth, straight breasted, with standing collar and black buttons.

The Baldrick is of black leather, regulation width and length, fringed with silver binding, and fastened at thigh with Teutonic Cross, gold gilt. To be worn from the right shoulder to the left side.

The Sword is of regulation pattern, scabbard silver gilt, and black hilt.

The Gauntlets are of black leather, ornamented with double-headed eagles of silver.

The Spurs (optional) are of gold gilt, and fastened with black straps and silver buckles.

A complete set of equipment may be seen at the office of our Ill. Brother, D. R. Crego, 32°, Grand Master of Ceremonies, No. 87 Randolph street.

Given under my hand and private seal and seal of Chicago Consistory, this 27th of April, A. D. 1868.

JNO. D. M. CARR, 32°,
Illustrious Commander-in-Chief.

INDIANA.

It is with much pride and pleasure that we allude to the harmony that prevails among the Craft in this State, and at the uniformity of work used in the lodges. We have had the pleasure of visiting several lodges in different parts of the State, and, therefore, speak from actual knowledge. The brethren understand what Masonry teaches, and when they enter the door of their lodge rooms, they leave outside all that would distract or disturb the Craft in their labor, consequently peace and harmony prevails among them.

Brother Hacker, our most excellent Grand Secretary, informs us that there are over three hundred and eighty working lodges in this State, and out of that number, all have sent up their reports to him with their remittances for Grand Lodge dues, except six or seven, and they will be forthcoming in good time. This, of itself, speaks volumes for the good feeling that exists among the Craft.—*Indiana Commercial.*

GRAND OFFICERS.

M. W.—H. G. Hazelrigg, G. M.
R. W.—M. H. Rice, D. Gr. M.
R. W.—G. W. Porter, S. Gr. W.
R. W.—W. T. Clark, Jr., Gr. W.
R. W.—Chas. Eisher, Gr. Tr.
R. W.—W. Hacker, Gr. S.
R. W.—J. Leach, Gr. C.
W.—W. Blink, Gr. L.
W.—A. J. Holmes, Gr. M.
W.—W. H. Fogg, Sen. Gr. D.
W.—J. Vestal, Jr., G. D.
W.—Fred Hankinsen, Gr. G. T.

THE *Western Musical Review*, of Indianapolis, discourses of us in the following terms:

THE VOICE OF MASONRY is now in its sixth volume. It maintains a fair standard of excellence, and its contents are varied.

We are glad to notice that, although it bears upon its title page "Devoted to Masonic and *General Family* Literature," the editor carefully eschews the latter branch, except as it trenches on matters Masonic. We confess to being unfavorable to Masonic fiction—to not having read more than one fancy illustration of our principles. The truthful incidents of Masonic life, its traditions, principles, and history, have, for us, too much charm, and prove themselves so interesting, entertaining and delightful, that they do not need the admixture of fancy as a lubricant, as a sweetening, or as a dilution, to make their consumption more pleasant to our individual palate. And we judge that we are not far off from the opinions of other Masonic-readers. A Masonic journal should furnish the true "corn, wine and oil," pure and simple, and unadulterated by sectarianism, love's romancings, inapposite humor, degrading politics, or prosy sermonizing.

On account of the intimate and long-standing relations of Bro. Bob Morris to the Voice, it will no doubt be his chief medium through which to serve friends and patrons with his letters from the "Cradle-Land of Masonry." This feature, of itself, will prove highly attractive to many a student of our Royal Art.

The March, April and May numbers of the Voice (before us) are highly commendable for the merit of both original and selected articles. It is with positive pleasure that we welcome our old acquaintance as an exchange.

We most respectfully assure our friend of the *Musical Review* that we have no idea that *General Family Literature* should be a dead letter in the Voice, when other matter, more pressing and of deeper Masonic interest does not crowd out some gems of literature we hold in reserve. We thank the *Musical Review* for its commendation, and feel glad it finds pleasure in its perusal. We shall try to make the Voice equal to any Masonic magazine published, and as our circulation increases our subscribers shall reap the benefit in the work—and we are glad to say it is steadily increasing. If every subscriber will try to send us one more, commencing with the July number, we guarantee to more than compensate the patrons of the Voice.

We cannot close these remarks without saying what we believe, that the *Western Musical Review* is full of the choicest gems of Music and Masonry as it well can be.—Ed.

IOWA.

—Crescent Lodge, No. 25, Cedar Rapids, elected the following officers for the ensuing Masonic year, on Monday evening, May 11, 1868:

G. F. Benett, W. M., W. B. Leach, S. W.; E. D. Pettibone, J. W.; H. B. Stibbs, Treas.; M. P. Mills, Sec.

—Composite Lodge, No. 209, A. F. & A. M., held their annual election of officers on Tuesday evening, May 5th. The officers elected are "worthy and well qualified," and will grace their various stations with honor and dignity. They are as follows:

Fred. Castel, W. M.; E. E. Webb, S. W.; D. F. Goodykoonts, J. W.; O. L. Sturtevant, Treas.; L. Burgess, Sec.

The remaining officers will be appointed in due time by the Master elect. The Lodge is flourishing, and will continue to do so under the management of true and tried workmen.

PENNSYLVANIA.

From the report of the proceedings of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, we learn that the Order now numbers 415 lodges, with 22,405 members in this State, and that the Grand Lodge numbers 2,000 members. During the past ten years the Masonic fraternity in Pennsylvania has doubled its strength, and it is now in a most flourishing condition, the Grand Master in office being the Hon. Richard Vaux, who is said to be one of the most capable and efficient directors of its affairs that the Masonic body in this State has had for many years. The assets of the Grand Lodge are valued at $601,012, and the new temple about to be constructed on Broad street; Philadelphia, is to be built at an estimated cost of $750,000.

TENNESSEE.

I saw in the April number of the VOICE quotations from the decisions of the Grand Lodges of Delaware and Indiana, "that a Mason cannot be installed as W. M. without having first served as a Warden." This is not only in accordance with my views but is in conformity to the "ancient charges." I would not, knowingly, sit in a chartered lodge presided over by one, elected and installed, without his having passed a Warden's Chair. Would not I be right?

The G. L. of Tennessee has an edict requiring Masons to be elected from among those only who have been Wardens. In 1866, they appointed a Committee on Jurisprudence, who reported that Lodges "should elect their best men for Masters, regardless of their having been a Warden." This report was adopted by the G. L., which is contrary to *the* edict, which, after reading, the reader is referred to said report. I think the G. L. should strike out that edict and let the report they adopted be substituted, or erase the report, that their true position in the case may be defined. I would like to have your views upon the subject. S.

"The ancient law requires that before a Master Mason can be elected Worshipful Master of his Lodge, he must have served at least one term as Warden. He is also made a Past Master before assuming the Chair." See the *Dictionary of Freemasonry*, head of Worshipful Master. Chicago. 1867. —ED.

On the 14th of February last was organized a Council of R. and Select Masters in Sweetwater, Tennessee, under dispensation, to be known as Sweet Water Council, No. 44. Its officers are:

Comp. G. G. Stillman, T. Ill. G. M.
" N. P. Hight, Ill. D. G. M.
" C. Cannon, P. C. of the W.
" T. G. Boyd, C. of the G.
" J. H. Patton, Recorder.
" J. C. Starratt, G. S. and T.

Some work has been done, and the present prospects are favorable for a flourishing Council there. S.

GEORGIA.

THOMASTON, Georgia, May 11th, 1861.

JOHN C. W. BAILEY:

Dear Sir and Bro. :—We have been appointed by Morning Star Lodge No. 27, working under the Grand Lodge of Georgia, a Committee to correspond with you, and through you with the Lodges in Chicago, for assistance in rebuilding our lodge, etc.

We were burned out during the cruel war, losing our furniture, jewels, etc, and in a short time thereafter our country was overrun by both armies, who ate out and destroyed almost our whole substance; and, owing to the impoverished condition of our country, we are not able to rebuild our Masonic Lodge unless we get some assistance from those who have been more fortunate than ourselves. We regret the necessity of having to call upon the fraternity for assistance, but in our poverty we must lay aside our pride and call for help from those who are able and willing.

We have been waiting for some time, hoping that the state of the country would become more settled, and that the times would enable us to build without calling for aid from abroad.

Will you not take our cause in hand and see what you can do for the fraternity at Thomaston, Georgia? and we will ever remember you and those who will aid us.

Please let us hear from you at your earliest convenience.

Yours fraternally,

W. W. HARTSFIELD,
JAMES E. GIBSON,
J. M. VANCE,
THOS. S. SHARMAN,
Committee.

P. S.—Shall be glad to take charge of, and remit to these brethren, any aid that may be presented.—[ED.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Lafayette Lodge, No. 41, *F. and A. Masons.*--Officers for 1868-9: Charles F. Warren, W. M.; William B. Lane, S. W.; David O. Furnald, J. W.; John D. Patterson, Treas.; Asahel A. Balch, Sec.; Frank T. E. Richardson, S. D.; Charles W. Paige, J. D.; Joseph E. Bennett, R. to G. L.; Benjamin W. Robinson, S. S.; Harvey L. Currier, J. S.; John P. Newell, Chaplain; William R. Patten, Marshal; George Colby, Tyler; W. B. Lane, D. O. Furnald and J. P. Newell, Com. on Charity.

St. Andrew's Chapter.—The following is the list of newly-elected officers of St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter No. 1 of Lebanon: A. Smalley, H. P.; Wm. Hoffman, K.; A. E. Hough, S., O. S. Wright, Sec.; L. C. Bean, Treas.; A. W. Baker, C. H.; O. J. Muchmore, P. S.; H. P. Goodrich, R. A. C.; G. C. Perkins, 3d V.; N. D. Spear, 2d V.; Geo. B. Billings, 1st V.; C. D. Smith and H. F. Hoyt, Jr., Stewards; Rev. J. W. Adams, Chaplain; N. C. Hewes, Tyler; G. W. Conant, Marshal. This Chapter was organized in 1807 and stands at the head of this class of New Hampshire Masonic organizations. Its character, discipline and working are in keeping with its ancient and honorable record.

The Oldest Living Freemason.—One of our exchanges in another State claims the honor of the residence of the oldest Mason in the United States. We think it is a mistake. David Stiles, of this city, was initiated at Toronto, Canada West, on the 27th December, 1779, when Wm. Jervis was Grand Master of Canada. The lodge at Toronto was No. 16 of that jurisdiction. Mr. Stiles was born in Connecticut, May 21, 1766, and is therefore 102 years old, and has been a Mason 71 years. We challenge Iowa to give the name of an older living pioneer to the Northwest, and the United States to give the name of an older Mason.—*Dubuque* (*Iowa*) *Times.*

ENQUIRY.

Brother Bailey:—Can you, or any of your correspondents, inform me why Massachusetts does not number her Lodges? I believe it is the only State but what does, and I understand she did until 1804, and why she does not now is a query to me. S—.

Grand Secretary of Massachusetts please answer.—Ed.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

INDIANA.

Proceedings of the Grand Commandery of the Knights Templar of the State of Indiana.

We have received this work from, we presume, Bro. John M. Bramwell, the E. Grand Recorder, who will accept our thanks. The Grand Conclave met very recently, April 7th, and already the proceedings are issued as we write, not more than five weeks since, a sign of promptness which is highly refreshing.

Sir H. C. Hazelrig, M. E. Grand Commander, read his annual address, which we regret not to have space for, but have read with much pleasure and admiration. Who that reads the opening paragraph will dare to revile this branch of our Masonic institutions, so replete, as it is, with sentiments of Christian faith and trust, equal to any address delivered in the halls of educational institutions by professors confessedly antagonistic to Masonry. We observe that Mr. Hazelrig declined re-election, and that the officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

Sir Thomas Newby, Cambridge City, M. E. Grand Commander.

Sir David P. Whedon, Fort Wayne, R. E. D. Grand Commander.

Sir Thomas Pattison, Aurora, Grand Generalissimo,

Sir Elbridge G. Hamilton, Laporte, Grand Captain General.

Sir Charles Fisher, Indianapolis, Grand Treasurer.

Sir John M. Bramwell, Indianapolis, Grand Recorder.

Sir William Hacker, Shelbyville, Grand Overseer of the Work.

Sir Thomas H. Lynch, Brookville, E. Grand Prelate.

Sir Lawrence B. Stockton, La Fayette, Grand Senior Warden.

Sir Christian Fetta, Richmond, Grand Junior Warden.

Sir Henry W. Daniels, Green Castle, Grand Standard Bearer.

Sir George H. Fish, Evansville, Grand Sword Bearer.

Sir Erie Locke, Indianapolis, Grand Warder.

Sir William M. Black, Indianapolis, Grand Captain of Guards.

◆

"PERSECUTION"!

I see, from the April number of the VOICE, that preparations are on foot among the enemies of Masonry to commence a crusade against our time-honored institution, among whom I notice the name of Finney. If this is the same Finney who, in the winter of '55 and '56, lectured in the city of Milwaukee nightly, to crowded houses (as many of the Craft doubtless remember) on the subject of Physical and . . . . . Philosophy, I must say it is what might be expected from him.

Although a man of extraordinary talent as a speaker, who truly excelled in oratory, yet the *fountain* was corrupt from which flowed the stream of eloquence listened to by an unbelieving audience, in part at least, as several stated to me that they did not believe his doctrine, but attended his lectures in consequence of his gift in speaking, for he was truly a rhetorical speaker. I will state one incident which occurred during his speech, which disgusted me. Whilst he was descanting upon the Bible—"that great light in Masonry"—he said he could prove anything he wished from *it*, and advised his hearers not to believe more than one-half of it. Some one of the audience asked "what part to believe?" He exclaimed, "that part that suits you best."

Such are the men who propose to overthrow (I suppose) an institution that has stood the test of ages, amidst the rise and fall of nations, and will continue to stand though Satan, with all his hosts, should assail it. S—.

A MASONIC PATRIARCH.

There is now living in East Liverpool, Ohio, a venerable Mason by the name of William Moore. He was born in the year 1778, in the county Tyrone, Ireland. On the 23d day of June, 1799, he received the two first degrees of Masonry, and on the following day was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason. On the 29th of December, in the same year, he took the Royal Arch Degree, and, soon after, the orders of Christian Knighthood. He emigrated to America in 1803. Landing on the Delaware on the first of September of that year, he at once came to the West, and united with a lodge in Beaver county, Pennsylvania.

Bro. Moore, as will be seen, has been a Mason for *sixty-nine* years—almost the threescore and ten allotted to human life, and is to day as zealous and devoted a Mason as in his youthful days. If there is a Mason in the West who has been of the brotherhood longer, we should like to hear of him.—*Masonic Review.*

See notice of another in this issue.—Ed.

His Royal Highness, Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, second son of Queen Victoria, and a Captain of the Royal Navy, commanding the frigate Galatea, now on a voyage round the world, has, during his recent visit to Australia, been made a Freemason in a Lodge there. He is now in his 22d year.

There are nearly four hundred thousand Freemasons in the United States. Is not this a large number of 'semi-religious' beings, Revs. Blanchard, Blair & Co., to be read out of the Churches, and thus denied the comfortable ministrations of such consistent disciples of our loving Savior as you have proven yourselves?—*Western Musical Review.*

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SERIES OF LETTERS* FROM ROB MORRIS.

[Lovingly inscribed to his Masonic friends and patrons at Manchester, Iowa, and Indianapolis, Indiana.]

(Copyright Secured.)

MY JOURNEY TO SIDON.

BY BROTHER ROB MORRIS.

When I addressed you last year in preparation for the present enterprise of *exploring the Holy Land under the auspices of our ancient and wide-spread institution*, I promised you a special communication from some prominent point in this country. I now proceed to fulfill that pledge, coupling together the good fellows of two cities, widely separated in point of space, but strangely similar in Masonic tastes, rituals and abhorrence of official tyranny and intollerance.

It is the 13th of April that I set out on my journey from Beyrout to Sidon, with an ample memorandum book, a well-

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*Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1868, by J. C. W. Bailey, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Northern District of Illinois.

sharpened pencil, eyes and stomach in fair condition, and resolved upon seeing what is to be seen, and to describe it to you. This is the fifth regular journey in my series of explorations, though I have been but six weeks in the country, and a considerable part of it was the rainy season. You will admit that this proves our industrious habit, to say the least of it.

I start at eight A. M. from the house of that best of fellows, Brother Samuel Hallock, who has given me a room in his *house* and a suite of rooms in his *heart.* My escort (or rather servant, for I know as much of the road as he does and a good deal more, seeing that I have studied every inch of it from books, and he hasn't,) is Hassan, a full-blooded Arab. As Hassan has been with me in other excursions, and will probably accompany me much of the time of my stay in the Holy Land, it is right that he too should be immortalized in this history. The age of this son of Mahommed, he says himself, is "forty, thirty-five, or thirty; he is not positive which." His height, by the same system of computation, is seven feet, six, or five. His features must be perpetuated in a photograph, so that I can show it to you upon my return, for no language, except the Arab, is competent to describe one of these Ishmaelitish race. By profession he is a hirer of horses, his whole stock in trade consisting in three donkies and two horses. But our acquaintance thus far has been so profitable to Hassan that he prefers to leave his donkies in the hands of an assistant, and follow me upon twelve francs a day, upon which sum he feeds himself and horses, and, no doubt, clears a handsome profit. His horses, it must be confessed, would not pass muster in a Western stud, but they can climb the spurs of Lebanon and walk the sea-sands, fetlock-deep, in a way that would cause our American horses to die with envy.

We start at 8 o'clock on as fine a morning as ever gladdened the heart of Phœnician maniner, sighting his native coast, after a long voyage. My purpose is to go down the coast as far as Tyre, (a two days ride,) spend a couple of days in the metropolis of old King Hiram, and return to Beyrout by Saturday night. We strike out south from Beyrout across the red sand ridges that skirt the city on that side, observing the numerous wells, with stone curbs cut from a single piece; observing the scores and hundreds of native women, each carrying her load, whatever it may be, upon her head; (I have seen them with nothing but a pair of slippers carried thus,) their babies, when they have any, astride upon their necks like baby monkies; observing the great mulberry orchard and olive grove, the largest in these parts, a splendid pine tree, and the fig trees just sending out their fruit; observing the great droves of donkies, with baskets filled with live fowls, and in two and a half hours we reach a khan, or native tavern. Here I order coffee, and walk out to view the surroundings. On the hill hard by are the remains of a square solid tower, perhaps of Phœnician days. Two of the stones are perforated in a very peculiar manner. In the stone wall, near the khan, is a sarcophagus, or stone coffin, a pretty way to treat one's last receptacle. The khan is filled with company. One old fellow, lying on his back, makes a "bubble bubble," which gurgles like a dying sea monster. Hassan enters into a lively conversation with them, which, from the frequent occurrence of the words "Hakeem," "Mellikan," and "Morris," (pronounced Mor-*reese*, the last syllable five seconds long,) I judge to be concerning myself. I fear that Hassan does not adhere to truth; for the look of admiration, blended with awe, that the company casts upon me is certainly not due to my outward appearance.

For four cups of coffee (each a small swallow,) and two Arab pipes, I give a piaster and a half, equal to eight cents. Moving on again, I am constrained to observe here upon its native soil the *scarabœus*, wnich, in the Phœnician and Egyptian symbology, was adopted as the most sacred of emblems. The insect to-day is at its busiest, and disregarding the vulgar associations which, in our common thoughts, surround it, I can see why our ancient brethren found so much to admire in the *scarabœus*. In every tomb here they are found, carved in cornelian, or stamped in common pottery, according to the circumstances of the dead, and I have already learned to respect the sentiment that prompted its use. Nothing more sacred is implied in the evergreen which we Masons drop into the open grave of a departed brother than was symbolized in the figure of this poor insect.

I am also struck here, as I have never been before, with the tall and graceful tree, whose name (*phœnix*) was appropriated by the great empire that possessed this coast from the most ancient time. Formerly the palm was, no doubt, the principal growth in this territory, but now its rarity, added to its surpassing beauty, (for it is so beautiful that the ancient Hebrews had no prettier name for an elegant woman than *Tamar*, the palm-tree,) attracts the traveler's attention to it, wherever it is found. As an emblem of Free Masonry, it is highly appropriate; for it first rises very high, and as perpendicular as the Junior Warden's jewel, then throws its fair branches to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south. If my poor spirit of poesy should ever move me again, I will certainly direct its attention to the palm as a Masonic symbol.

This balmy spring morning insensibly recalls a ride which I took April 1st, 1851, from Savannah to Clifton, Tennessee. The scent of flowers pervades the air; the songs of birds, croaks from the swamps, and buzzings of insects, mingle with the breezes that come from the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea on my right. Closing my eyes I could almost believe that I am seventeen years younger, and going on to fill an appointment as Grand Lecturer of Tennessee. But it only needs to open them again, and glance at these snow clad mountains on my left, and the great sea that spreads out its thousands of miles between me and Tennessee, to dispel such visions.

The contrast between the deep green of the *caroub* and the ashy-hue of the *olive trees* is very striking. The latter are in full bloom, giving promise of abundant crops. No tree in the world yields so much that goes to the comfort and sustenance of mankind as the olive. It is food, oil, fuel and soap, all in one. Having passed the sand-hills, and entered upon the stony tract that lies between Beyrout and Sidon, I observe in places that the soil seems bloody with the deep crimson flower (the *anemone*, I believe,) that is so characteristic of the western spurs of the Lebanons. Here also are the daisies of our own country, and many other flowers, gaudy with uniforms of white, blue and purple.

At three hours from Beyrout I hear the heavy boom of cannon, saluting some war-ships, coming or going, as is done nearly every day at that place. Yesterday the old *Ras Beyrout* (Beyrout Head) fairly quaked under the good-bye of Daoud Pasha, on his way to Constantinople. I hope it will not be many weeks before Admiral Farragut's long delayed and often promised visit to this coast is made. I have been telling everybody of his coming, and shall consider it personal to myself if he fails. In truth, our nation needs the prestige of a war fleet in this country. Hundreds of Americans have visited Syria this year, and the inquisitive ones are asking whether "America," as they call the United States, has any ships of war ? The smallest European nations rank above our country here, merely because they keep up a national show of ships-of-war along the coast.

At the point of three hours' ride from Beyrout, the hill-side on the left is covered with ancient tombs. They present at the opening a low door. A few paces inward they expand into an apartment twelve feet square, or more, from which the separate tombs diverge as from a common center. Each of these collections represent, it is presumed, a family tomb. Every one of them, however, was opened and robbed a thousand years ago.

Upon the rocks on my right are perched, at every convenient point, half-naked fishermen. They stand there for hours together, holding their long cane-rods, and apparently as motionless as the very rocks that sustain them. These men are bronzed by such exposure to the color of mulattoes, some even browner than that. They never seem to catch anything, and were they not so miserably poor, I should judge that they fish merely for the fun of it.

Here I pass a group of washing-women, standing knee-deep in the sea, pounding their clothes upon the rocks with fiendish zeal. Here comes a long, straggling flock of sheep, *following their shepherd*, who goes before them just as the Bible describes it, and calls the lagging ones by a peculiar cry which they perfectly understand, he has no dog and no assistant. These sheep are the broad-tailed sheep peculiar to this country. The tails often weigh from five to ten pounds each, being solid masses of fat, much prized by cooks.

At the distance of five hours from Beyrout, I find a small bay of graceful form, making into the land, which, from its shape, I name "The Bay of the Trowel," and dedicate to the Free Masons of Manchester and Indianapolis. Whoever passes down this coast will easily recognize it, both from its *contour* and the fact that there is an ancient tower by the road about a quarter of a mile south of it. It abounds in sea-shells, of which I gather quite a collection. The old Roman Military Road passes up the hillside from this bay, still showing plainly the traces of the way along which for so many centuries rolled the chariots of that haughty race. I should like, however, to see the chariot that could roll along it now without breaking off its wheels.

A half hour further, and I came to the place where, if ancient tradition be true, the whale vomited Jonah upon the dry land. The tardy prophet being thus wonderfully preserved took up his march for Nineveh, going up the coast, over the road I have just come, as far as Gabal, thence across by Damascus and Palmyra to the point of his destination. I don't see any reason why this place should not be the Bay of Jonah; and so I stop here to eat my dinner at the khan. Here are two palm trees, to one of which the telegraph company, which runs its wires from Beyrout to Jerusalem, has attached its connection. What would Jonah have thought of that? It would certainly have facilitated his operations could he have sent his message in that way. Let us read the Book of Jonah together here, while I am eating the cold provisions which I brought with me.

The building called *Neby Yunas*, or *Prophet Jonah*, is a few steps south of the khan, and resembles all such edifices in this country. At the top a small cupola, resting on four square pillars; the building itself a low square room, seventy feet on a side, made of cut-stone, and intensely whitewashed. On the north the house of the keeper. Around it the white sand-drift, so full of shells that one is tempted to ask whether the whale had any hand in throwing *them* up also! On the cupola, or dome, is the Mohametan symbol of power, viz: a crescent, with one star in the opening. I think I once noticed an American college society using the same emblem! Are they Mohametans, too?

A lizard ran rattling into its hole in the wall of *Neby Yunas*; bunches of weeds are springing from it; the door of entrance to it seems hermetically sealed up; so I shall go back to the khan. On my way I inspect a sack-full of fish that a fellow shows me, and pronounce them "sound and in good condition." The man looks as pleased as if he understood me. The word I use is "tibe," whatever that means.

Going on I meet a lot of camels, each loaded with immense panniers of green fodder. The great animal stalks solemnly past me, nor even deigns a look. A lot of donkeys, loaded with chickens, comes next. Then long flocks of goats, black as mid-night. These are the creatures that speck the hillsides with their innumerable forms, and give a contrast to the whiteness which probably gave its name to Lebanon (*the snowy—the white.*)

Here the telegraph wires leave me, and strike a straight line over the mountains, while my path pursues its tortuous and rocky course around the spurs.

Some company overtakes us, which fact puts Hassan in good humor. He has such precious little English about him, that all our conversation is exhausted in twenty minutes, and then I have the rest of the day to myself. Now he bursts forth into torrents of Arab gutturals, which no American throat can imitate, or American ear comprehend. I know he is talking of me from the appearance of his company, and I suspect he has told them I am General Grant, or Andrew Jackson, at least. This gives me a pleasant feeling. I sit straighter in my saddle, and put on a benignant look, which says, "Be at your ease, poor fellows, I am mortal like yourselves!"

I sometimes amuse myself, for want of better business, in talking English to the people as I meet them. It does no harm; possibly imparts pleasure to them. To one old gentleman, very lame, I say, "Sorry to see you in this condition, old friend! I have a lame uncle myself." He looks happy, as if he knew I meant consolation, though my language is all Greek to him. To some boys who are threatening me with a handful of stones I communicate the fact that I am here on a Masonic errand, but that my peace principles do not prevent a natural self-defense; whereat they turn away in a proper terror. An Arab, whose horse happens to be slower than mine, is interested by my repetition of Miss Priest's beautiful poem of "Over the River," while a woman who beseeches *bucksheesh* at my hands, is favored, in place of filthy lucre, with some passages from Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum*, which comes cheaper to me.

At the distance of seven hours we come in sight of Sidon, and now I feel that I shall soon be on Masonic ground. Asking the Arabs what place it is, they say "Cider," which is a very different thing indeed. Here I shall first meet the immortal Joshua, who, after his great victory at Merom, pursued the discomfited host to this city. I met Hiram, the widow's son, at Gebal and elsewhere; tomorrow, at Sarepta, I shall tread the ground rendered immortal by the foot of Jesus Christ. Sidon, from this point, looks as if it stood in the sea.

On the left is a cluster of black Arab tents, once seen never to be forgotten. Here is a group of their women, with their lower lips deeply colored blue. What a queer taste; yet the hue is Masonic!

Meeting a traveling peddler, with a tray full of eatables on his head, I buy some of what he calls *muldoon*. If upon oath, I should testify that it is cornmeal, wet up, shaped round, dried without baking, and covered with a layer of sugar. Muldoon is, therefore, an unmitigated humbug.

Now we approach the vast orange groves of Sidon, famous in all the East for size and beauty of fruit. Crowds of people throng the seashore, enjoying the close of this charming day. All are uniformly respectful, and seem pleased to be spoken to. Passing through them, I observe remains of the ancient aqueduct of Sidon; then a Moslem graveyard; then I enter the city gate, around which the fathers of the city are smoking in calm enjoyment; then a boy conducts me to the house of Rev. Mr. Eddy, an American missionary, in whose domestic circle I pass one of the most delightful evenings of the season, and thus end my day's adventures. To-morrow I hope to reach Tyre.

A few items concerning the history and present aspect of this ancient city will close my article. The name first appears in Scripture in Genesis, tenth chapter, as *Zidon*, a Hebrew word signifying *fishing*, or *fishery*. Its latitude is 33 deg. 34 min. north. The modern name is Saida, (pronounced *Sider*.) The plain here which separates the sea from the Lebanons is about two miles wide, lying flat and low. In very early times Sidon was larger and more influential than its neighboring city, Tyre, which lies about twenty miles south of it, and which is thought, by some historians, to have been originally a colony, or daughter of Sidon; but if so, the daughter soon excelled the mother in all the elements of strength and municipal greatness. Homer mentions Sidon both in the Odyssy and Iliad, and calls the coast on which it stands *Sidonia*. His particular mention of the city at that period (some fourteen centuries before Christ,) was as skillful workmen builders, shipwrights, etc. The silver-ware and broidered robes named in his poems are credited to Sidon.

It was during the Persian domination, beginning in the sixth century before Christ, that Sidon attained its highest degree of prosperity, and it is recorded that towards the close of that period it far excelled all other Phœnician cities in wealth and importance.

About B. C. 351, a revolt against their Persian rulers led to a tremendous catastrophe. Finding that they would be overpowered by the Persians, and having previously burnt all their own ships to prevent any from escaping by sea, the Sidonians voluntarily set fire to their own city, and 40,000 of them perished in the flames. The privilege of searching the ruins for the molten gold and silver was sold for money. Eighty years afterwards the city, having been rebuilt, submitted without a struggle to Alexander. One hundred years later, Sidon had become famous for its schools of astronomy, arithmetic, and others of the seven liberal arts and sciences inculcated in Free Masonry.

The antiquities of Sidon are numerous and full of interest. At the base of the adjacent mountains, on the east and south-east, are many of those tombs which strike the traveler's eye, as they did mine, with their square openings into the solid rock. There are also sepulchral caves in the adjacent prairie. In January, 1855, a cave was opened about a mile south-east of the city, in which was a sarcophagus, or rock-tomb, having on its lid a lengthy inscription in the ancient Phœnician character, of twenty-two lines, while on the sarcophagus itself was another almost as lengthy. These inscriptions, when translated, were a warning to all men under the curse of the dead man himself, not to open his sarcophagus, or disturb his repose, and declares that no treasures are concealed in the tomb

TWO DAYS AT TYRE.

BY BROTHER ROB MORRIS.

[Lovingly inscribed to his Masonic patrons at and near Omaha, Nebraska, and Montezuma, Iowa.)

I arrived at the old Metropolis of Tyre about sunset, April 14th. The last mile or two was peculiarly interesting, or would have been had I been less tired. On the right, near broken sarcophagi, excavated tombs and broken fragments of columns and ashlar, is a large fountain of water, near which I observed the largest and most splendid specimens of the crimson lily, peculiar to all these western slopes of the Lebanons, that I have ever seen. I could desire that our American ladies had the bulbs or seeds of this glorious and matchless flower for their gardens. One writer, I do not remember his name, suggests that this may be "the lily of the valley" to which our Savior alludes. I also passed the place where, at the capture of Tyre by Alexander, 2200 years ago, three thousand of its most patriotic and devoted defenders were *crucified unto death*, being hung up along this sea shore by that implacable monster. Three elegant arches, constituting a fragment of the ancient aqueduct which supplied the city with water, form a most attractive object, off a little way to the left hand, as you approach the city of Tyre.

I spent three nights and two days here. The weather being dry, pleasant and tolerably cool, none of that mud and stench, so often described by travelers, offended my eyes and nostrils. One writer had quite terrified me by his description, saying: "The filth and squalor of this place surpass even that of a Tunisian town. Scanty bazaars about five feet wide, wattled over at intervals by decayed sticks and palm leaves, the streets never less than ankle deep, often a foot deep in putrid mud; dilapidated, windowless hovels raised among huge fragments of polished granite and porphyry columns prostrate in rubbish,—such is modern Tyre, through which I picked my steps to the shore, where a few fishing boats form the navy of her whose 'merchants were princes.'" All this is absurdly exaggerated.

The city of Tyre, as is well known in history, was once situated upon an island half a mile from the mainland. This fact enabled the inhabitants to defy all attacks from without. Closing the gates of her triple walls; drawing chains across the mouths of her secure harbor, having abundant supplies of water from cisterns kept ever full, and an uncounted marine to bring provisions, clothing and all objects of necessity from her colonies and allies abroad, the Queen city of the earth reposed in her island home secure, and laughed to scorn the utmost efforts of her foes. Nebuchadnezzar consumed thirteen years of his busy life in an attempt to subjugate Tyre. Could anything better prove her importance? Alexander alone, was not to be thus baffled. His soldiers tore down and removed the materials from the large town three miles south of Tyre, and cast them into the sea, filling it solidly full and forming a strong mole, over which his army passed to the base of the walls. Here those invincible warriors were at home, and defence after defence fell before them, until, in seven months after the opening of the siege, Tyre fell into his hands. This mole has never been removed, and being now covered twenty-five feet deep by the drifting sands, Tyre has no appearance of ever having been an insulated city.

I found in the Mission Library, at Beprout, some lines of Lamartine's, which so perfectly express my own feelings and motives in making this journey, that I feel at liberty to transcribe them. He composed them at Marseilles, France, just before setting out upon his Oriental pilgrimage, in 1832.

I have not voyaged o'er the sea of sand,
Lulled in the hammock of the desert ship;
I have not quenched my restless thirst by night
In Hebron's well beneath the three green palms:
I have not spread my cloak beneath the tents,
Slept in the dust to which God leveled Job;
Nor yet, while round the flying canvas plays,
Dreamed Jacob's visions.

One page of the world's seven remains to read:
I know not how the stars appear in heaven,
What weight of nothingness is in the breath;
How the heart beats in drawing nigh to God's.
I know not how, laid at some column's base,
The shadow of old time falls o'er the Bard;
What voice is in the grass,—how mutters earth—
How weeps the wandering breeze.

I have not heard, amidst the cedars old,
The cries of nations gather and resound;
Nor seen the eagles on high Lebanon
Prophetic, at God's finger, sink on Tyre.
I have not laid my head upon the soil
Where proud Palmyra only has a name.
I have not heard beneath my lonely feet
The empty state of Memnon.

I have not heard from out its deep abyss
Jordan lamenting, raise its mournful voice,
Weeping with cries and tears, sublime as those
Where Jeremiah startled its sad waves.
I have not heard my soul within me sing
In that deep cave, where he, the Bard of Kings
Felt in the night, the hymn with hand of flame
Guide his rapt fingers o'er the harp.

I have not walked o'er traces most divine
In fields where Christ beneath the olive wept,
I have not sought his tears beneath the roots;
Tears that the jealous angels cannot dry.
I have not watched throughout long nights sublime
The garden where he sweat his bloody sweat.
The echo of our griefs and of our crime
Resounding in one lonely heart.

I have not bowed my forehead in the dust
Whereon the Saviour's parting footsteps prest;
I have not worn beneath my lips the stone
Embalmed with tears, on him his mother closed:
I have not smote my bosom to its depths
Where he, the future conquering by death,
Flung open his great arms to clasp the world,
And stooped to bless it.

Therefore it is I part; and therefore fling
A worthless rest of days—upon the east
What matters it where—winter winds o'erthrow,
The sterile tree that flings beneath no shade.
The madman, say the crowd, themselves most mad.
All do not find their bread in every place.
The poet-traveler,— his bread is *thought*,
His heart it leans on God.

I do not know that my readers will perceive the appropriateness of these lines as I do, standing upon an eminence and looking over the ruins of this city. Here, to-day, the fishermen's nets lie along, for a hundred yards together, upon the very site of palaces that aroused the envy and cupidity of the world's conquerors.

At this solemn hour, the intensely blue waters of the Mediterranean heaving so quietly before me, the *actual* fades away into the *ideal*, and the spirit of history rises to my view. The surf, beating upon those wooden piles, wails forth the "howlings" of Tyre, as the prophet anticipated them :

"*Howl ye ships of Tarshish:* for it is laid waste, so that there is no house.

"*Howl ye inhabitants of the isle.* Is this your joyous city whose antiquity is of ancient days?

"*Howl ye ships of Tarshish:* for your strength is laid waste.—*Isaiah* XXIII.

Did not the apostle James have the same thought in mind when, eight hundred years afterwards, he wrote :

"Go to now, *ye rich men*, weep and howl for your miseries, that shall come upon you. Your riches are corruptible, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days."--*James* v. 1–3.

And this was the doom of Tyre! "Situate at the entry of the sea," her "borders in the midst of the seas," she "sealed up the sum, full of wisdom and perfect in beauty." I suppose there was never a city of such wealth, magnificence and splendor as Tyre. Having the *commerce* of the world at her control, the world's *wealth* was cast profusely into her capacious lap. Of merchandize she had "fine linen, with broidered work from Egypt"; "blue and purple coverings from the isles of Elishah; "silver, iron, tin and lead from Tarshish;" "the 'persons of men and vessels of brass' from Javan Tubal and Mesheck"; "horses and horsemen, and mules" from Togarmah; horns of ivory and ebony, and precious cloths" for chariots from Dedan; "emeralds, purple and broidered work and fine linen, and coral, and agate" from Syria; "wheat, and honey, and oil, and balm" from Judah and the land of Israel; "the wine of Helbon, and white wool" from Damascus; "bright iron, cassia and calamus" from Dan and Javan; "lambs, and rams, and goats" from Arabia; "the chief of all spices, all precious stones and gold" from Sheba and Raamah; "all sorts of things, blue clothes and broidered work, chests of rich apparel bound with cords and made of cedar," from Sheba, and Asshur, and Chilmad. (*Ezekiel* XXVII.) And this fairly represents the traffic of the entire world at the period in which Ezekiel wrote.

She sat here, a strong city on the flanks of Lebanon, guarding the great military road from the east to the west. No important expedition between the ancient rivals, Assyria and Egypt, could be made that did not pass under her walls. As I cast my eye across this narrow plain, not three miles in width, and lit up by the stars of Syria, I see the world's highway for a thousand years, from Sesostris to Nebuchadnezzar, as afterwards for Omar and the Crusaders.

One of the most interesting objects accessible at Tyre are the remains of the ancient Cathedral. This lies about east and west, being, as all those edifices are, in the form of a cross. It is about 183 feet long by 110 feet broad. On the *most eastern stone* of all is a drawing which I also remarked upon an old stone at Gebal, resembling the emblem in our Royal Arch books, viz.: an arch thrown from one pillar to another, and pendant from its centre a symbolic figure—I cannot tell what. This church was built about the beginning of the fourth century and dedicated in an eloquent oration yet extant by the celebrated Eusebius, the oldest dedication sermon, I believe, that has remained to us. The building itself is described in glowing terms by Eusebius in his Ecclesiastical History, Part X., Chapter 4. There is only a small piece of the church remaining, and that at the eastern end.

In Maundrell's "Journey from Aleppo to Jerusalem," 1697, he says that in all the ruins of Christian churches which he saw in Oriental countries, though all their other parts were totally demolished, yet *the east end he always found standing and tolerably entire.* To account for this curious fact he offers several conjectures, viz.: Perhaps the Christians bribed their Mohammedan conquerors to spare those thrice sacred portions of the holy edifices; perhaps the conquerors themselves felt a sort of veneration for those sections, and forbore to destroy them; perhaps they stood longer than the other portions because more strongly built; perhaps some occult Providence preserved them to be the permanent monuments of Christian architecture in these lands of Christ. To Maundrell's list a fifth conjecture would naturally be added by the Masonic traveler, viz.: that as all those churches and cathedrals were built by divisions of the "Traveling Architects," who were the Freemasons of their day, and as the eastern portions of the churches are, Masonically speaking, the most holy portions, the Mohammedan leaders, hating all Christian objects with a malignity that nothing on earth can parallel, would spare the *Masonic portions* because they themselves were of the same great fraternity. And this conjecture of mine is the more rational when we reflect that (as I wrote in my visit to Smyrna) the English and all foreign Lodges use *the east end* for the altar, the place of obligation, the place of prayer, of enlightenment, of investment, etc., etc.; so that with them "to look to the East" expresses every Masonic idea. Maundrell says that, in not less than a hundred instances, he found the case as cited; nor does he remember, he says, a single instance to the contrary. He had therefore convinced himself, and, in my opinion, very sensibly, that it must proceed from something more than blind chance. I will keep this matter in mind in my own travels through this country, and allude to it again.

Watching the growth of plants and the movements of insects, beasts, birds, reptiles, etc., here in this ancient land of Phœnicia, I am reminded that here was the origin of hieroglyphical writing, carried afterwards to such perfection by the

Egyptians, in which system natural objects were made so largely to express abstract ideas, vices, virtues, etc. Thus, as I look at the flight of yonder bee, I must not forget that our ancient Phœnician brethren first made that insect their emblem of industry. The same idea prevails at the present day in all Masonic system, and our great and distinguished brother Napoleon Bonaparte did not think it unworthy his dignity to adopt the same as his personal device. That bit of mistletoe yonder was their emblem of fecundity, as was also the pomegranate, still used for mysterious purposes in the wedding ceremonies of the natives among yonder filthy huts of Arabs. The oak of which yonder specimen springs, doubtless, from the most ancient roots, was a hieroglyphic of the Supreme God. In a lower sense, it symbolized an expanded mind, thus forming a capital device for such a man as Hiram Abiff, or even of King Solomon himself. The reed that "shakes in the wind" by yonder brook, just as its progenitors did in the days of our Saviour, figured deceit, in which sense it often appears in the sacred writings. Instability was expressed by the aspen leaf; could anything be more natural than that? The vervain denoted prophecy; the selago, divine favor; the trefoil (white), union. Among the Druids, who doubtless received their theological system from the Phœnicians, this was a prime emblem figuring the new moon, the Ark of Noah, and forming the powerful pledge or symbol which demanded and conveyed mutual aid in the moment of peril. It was, in fact, a never-failing token of everlasting brotherhood, esteem, good will and assistance even unto death. Let me pluck from yonder tuft a specimen of the white, three-leaved clover, that my recollection of such great Masonic lessons may be invigorated.

Yonder ear of wheat was once recognized as the emblem of plenty and prosperity; even the straw upon which it grew was a pregnant symbol, the conservator of many potent virtues.

Thus I walk among emblems, in and around the city of Tyre, whether I impress yonder sea-shore with my footsteps, or muse upon the ruin-strewn plain, or climb the mountain-side overlooking them both. The quick-witted originators of Freemasonry found here everything ready to their hand in expounding through natural objects the most subtle instincts and movements of the soul.

JERUSALEM BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY BRO. ROB MORRIS.

It is known that an English Society was formed some years since, under the superintendence of Capt. Wilson and Lieut. Warren—the latter an active member of the Masonic fraternity—to explore various portions of Palestine, secure photographic views of all historical places and romantic or various scenery, and, particularly at Jerusalem, settle the many disputed questions of topography by actual excavations. The party, which was poorly supplied with funds, consisted of the officers already named, Sergeant Birtles, (also a Masonic brother,) and a few sappers and miners from the British artillery service.

Thus far the exploring party has been quite successful. Of photographic views they have taken more than three hundred, and forwarded the negatives to England, where they are painted and sold in aid of the Fund. Of meteorological and other observations their labors have secured great numbers. They have settled the latitude and longitude of many places, and taken measurements, altitudes, etc., with a care and accuracy never before attained to. The future of their observations is indeed hopeful.

But the most interesting part of their work is that which I have represented in the title, "Jerusalem brought to light." The party has done well in giving so much of their time to this locality; all other sacred places in Palestine are secondary in interest to this. There were many problems to be solved. Writers have confused almost every question that could be applied to Jerusalem, and enveloped the very city itself in a fog of uncertainty. Bridges, valleys, pools and mountains have been played against each other in this war of the tourists, until one was almost inclined to doubt whether even the locality of the city may be identified.

The Temple area, a tract of ground covering about thirty-six acres, is a vast embankment, inclosed within four walls, those running north and south being about fifteen hundred feet, those running east and west one thousand feet in length. Of these the south wall has been so cleared by the exploring party of the rubbish accumulated in long ages at its base as to show that its original height was not much less than one hundred and fifty feet. This is a discovery of great interest. Again: the valley (the Jyropœan) running north and south, and separating Mount Moriah from Mount Sion, has been opened sufficiently to prove that it was formerly broad and level, like the bottom of a basin, affording ample room for what was anciently termed *the Lower City*, having its water course or gully directly under the Temple wall on the east side of the valley. Other valuable discoveries are reported.

It is a source of gratification to every member of our fraternity that three of the officers having these important operations in charge are brothers in Freemasonry. I append an article clipped from *Harper's Weekly* of Feb. 29 last on this subject:

"The Palestine Exploration Fund Committee of England, at the head of which is A. H. ("Babylon") Layard, has lately been exposing our great ignorance in regard to the Land of the Book. We know far less that is reliable of Palestine than we do of Egypt, and while this ignorance exists much of the significance of the Bible must remain more or less obscure. Mr. Layard's Committee represents that our maps of Palestine are inaccurate, the names being confused in application and orthography; the archæology rests on no sufficient basis; the geology is all conjectural; and the natural history imperfectly investigated.

"Two exploring expeditions have been sent out by this Committee, under the direction of Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Anderson, Royal Engineers. They landed, with a force consisting of a corporal of sappers, an expert photographer, and a practical surveyor, at Beyrout, in December, 1865, and occupied six months in determining the exact positions of places, recording the features of the ground, taking heights, examining ruined sites, photographing, and generally investigating everything that came in their way. They fixed for the first time the exact latitude and longitude of nearly fifty places between Damascus and Jerusalem, and obtained accurate detailed maps of the whole centre line of the country, with several outlying districts. They also took 170 photographs, and made carefully-measured drawings of between thirty and forty structures—temples, synagogues, and churches—which had never before been taken. In 1867, in organizing the second expedition, Jerusalem was made the head-quarters. For the topographical and excavation department Lieutenant Warren, an officer of much experience and great energy, was selected. He started early in January last, and is now in Jerusalem, with two sappers, actively engaged in excavating and exploring. He has already been rewarded by a discovery in relation to the south wall of the sacred inclosure, which, without going into details—which would be unintelligible without illustration—we imagine to be one of the most important yet made there. In addition to his labor in Jerusalem, Mr. Warren has carefully surveyed much of the Philistine plain, a considerable portion of the highlands of Judea, and the valley of the Jordan, for about sixteen miles north of the Dead Sea. These surveys, combined with those of Wilson and Anderson, give us for the first time the materials for a correct map of more than three-fourths of the Holy Land. Most valuable discoveries have been also made in geology, zoology, botany, and natural history generally, which to all students of the Bible cannot fail to be productive of attention and interest."

From the Fulton Journal.

LETTER FROM D. W. THOMPSON.

JERUSALEM, April 12, 1868.

DEAR M———:

Does it not make your heart bound with sacred emotions to receive a letter from this (to me sacred place) the city of Jerusalem, the city whence our blessed Savior spent his life going about to do good, to walk over the streets that he walked over, to see the same scenes that he saw, and to follow him in all his wanderings to the place of his death, his resurrection and final ascension? Yes, I know it does, as it does mine to view them.

But to tell you the scenes that I have passed through during the past week, would be impossible, and I must only tell you the points that I have been to, and leave the full description until I can sit down at home and talk them over with you and the children.

First, then, I arrived here on Saturday, the 4th of April, (I am alone, Morris is at Damascus), it was the first night of the great Catholic, Greek, Armenian and Latin celebrations; there are about thirty thousand here from Russia, Greece, Abyssinia, besides Jews from all parts of the world, to hold their Passover, as well as Turks to celebrate their annual feast. This is a time that never has occurred before, and never may occur again—that all the celebrations are in one week, or within twelve days—but so it happened this year; and I have been so fortunate as to be here, and have gone as my feelings prompted, first to one place, then to another, to see and hear what I wished to, and thus have spent one of the most wonderful weeks of my life.

But I can only tell you where I have been, not what I saw. I have walked about Zion to mark her towers; I have been all around it, on the walls; to the valley of Jehosaphat; up the Mount of Olives the way that David went, (2d Samuel, 15th chap. xxiii ver.,) stood on the Mount of Olives and read the words of Christ to His disciples as to the destruction of the city.

But, what a sight! At my feet, as it were, lies the city; next, the valley of Jehosephat and the brook Cedron; then the Garden of Gethsemane; to the right, the tomb of the Virgin Mary; to the left, the tombs of Abraham and St.

James, the tombs of Hezekiah and the prophets, and the village of Siloam with its "shady rill" running to the valley of Hinon. I walked on until from the top I could see the Dead Sea and the green streak that told that the Jordan was there; the hills of Moab, Gilead and Edom; the Wilderness where Jesus was lead, and all the beautiful landscape; on through the olive groves to the town of Bethany—it is about one mile east of the Mount of Olives: here I was shown the place where the house of Martha and Mary stood, and went down into the tomb of Lazarus; then back by the way Christ came when he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. I then visited the Garden of Gethsemane, and picked some flowers, which I will try and save until I get home.

When you have read all the passages connected with this walk, and Christ's agony and crucifixion, you will, like me, be prepared to go to the Church of Golgotha, and the Holy Sepulchre. But how can I tell you the strange things that I have seen and heard here?

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is at the northwest end of the city, near where I am putting up. It is said to be the place where Christ was crucified. On entering I was led to the Golgotha, or place of the skull; this is a room about 20 by 25 feet, and fitted up in the most splendid style. At the back of the altar is the image of our Savior on the cross; at the back of this, fourteen pictures of silver; on each side is the image of the Virgin Mary and St. John; on the altar, a large silver communion box; under the altar is shown the three holes of the three crosses—the center one has a plate of silver over and around it, and above it is a gold picture of Christ set in diamonds. The room is hung with one hundred and seventy-six lamps. I was shown the rent in the rock, and the place where Mary stood when Christ was crucified; then the stone where he was prepared for his burial,—this stone is kissed by all the Catholics that come here.

But the most interesting of all is the tomb of Christ. It was this for which Turks and Christians have fought for hundreds of years; it has cost the lives of more than the whole population of this country, and although the Christians have the privilege of keeping it, yet it is the Turks', and they own it. I must say that it was with reverence that I approached it; it is in the west end of the church, under a large dome; it is in a marble house 14 by 28 feet, and 20 feet high; it is at this time hung all over the front with pictures, banners and ewels. I entered the outer room, or church of the angel—

this is the place where the angel stood when he rolled away the stone, and in this is a piece of the stone cased in marble—all pilgrims kiss this stone, as they do everything else, from the door posts to the tomb. I then entered the tomb and stood within the inclosure; the entrance is low, so that you have to stoop, but inside it is high; it will hold four or five at a time; on the right is shown the place where Christ lay; it is about three feet wide, and over it a marble slab; this has a crack across the center; there are flowers, pictures, etc., all around, and candles burning. I bought two candles, and had them lit with holy fire and set up at the head of the grave; by hard work he let me bring two candles away that had been lit with holy fire. I have been in three times.

But I must hasten on. I have been around and in the cave where the cross was discovered at St. Helena.

Sunday was Palm Sunday; all had palms, and as the procession passed they waved them and shouted; the old patriarch offered me his hand to kiss, but I did not do it.

Monday night was the Passover of the Jews. And through the kindness of a Jew I was permitted to go in and see this most ancient ceremony.

Tuesday the pilgrims go to the Jordan—some ten thousand of them—some on horses, some on donkeys, but most on foot. So to-day I go with Capt. Warren under the city to the excavations, and they are wonderful; he has got down one hundred feet and finds pillars, arches, rooms, vaults and stairs, running for miles under the first city, showing that Jerusalem has been buried two or three times.

Wednesday—Visited in and around Jerusalem; walked around it outside. (I have been on the walls before, to the pool of Gihon, the valley of Jehosephat, the tomb of Abraham, etc.)

Thursday—At the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; saw the great ceremony of washing of feet, by the patriarch of the Greek Church; he acted as the Savior, and twelve priests as the apostles.

Friday—Good Friday, the church was full—not less than twenty thousand; the pilgrims have all returned, and 250 Turkish soldiers are here to keep peace, for they do sometimes fight in their holy zeal. At noon the crucifixion takes place, and an image is hung on the cross; seven sermons are preached in the seven different languages; they then bring the cross and image to Golgotha and take it from the cross; this is the descent; a priest then takes out the spikes and kisses them;

then the crown of thorns, and they take him to the stone of unction and wash him, then to the tomb and bury him.

Saturday is holy fire. The church is full—floors, galleries and every place. Not only Greeks, Armenians, Romans, Arabs and Abyssinians, in their rich robes of state and priesthood, but Europeans and Americans, to see the strange event. After chanting and some strange exercises, a flame is seen to shoot out of the north end of the tomb; it is caught by a priest, who runs to the east and communicates it to the candles at the altar; then every one that has a candle, and every one has and some a hundred, lights them at the flame; while this is going on, another gets holy fire, and so the third, and in less than one minute the church is in a blaze of light. The pilgrims and others light a whole bunch of candles, and then, passing the hand over the flame, rub it over their person, head, neck, breast, and some go further; the noise is awful; all holloo, cry and laugh, as if they were wild.

Saturday the Bishop holds court, and all the priests go and kneel before him, receive his blessing and kiss his hand; I was invited to do so by one of the priests, but declined. All join in the procession—the Greeks, Armenians, etc.—and march around the tomb, waving incense and throwing holy water. My station was at the mouth of the tomb, and I had a good sight. This continues from 10 P. M. until 1 A. M., when the patriarch enters the tomb (as it is early in the morning,) and coming out announces that Christ has risen; the shout is taken up by the priests, then by the people, every one's candle is lit, the one hundred bells are rung, and every one rushes for the street. I find my hotel, and wonder whether I am really in Jerusalem, or if this is only a dream.

But I have not told you of the Jews' wailing, or of the Turks' sacrifices; nor, in fact, not one-tenth part of what I saw and heard, but I knew this much would interest you.

Next week I shall go to the Mosque of Oomar, the holy place of the Turks—the place where the temple stood. I shall go to the Jordan, Jericho, the Dead Sea and Hebron, and I will visit Bethlehem, the place of nativity, and write you from there.

Sunday—This morning the services consist of high mass; I do not go, but stay at home, to spend the morning with you and write this letter; but the bells from the Holy Sepulchre tell me that high mass has just finished, and the services of the week are almost closed, and the thousands of pilgrims will return to their homes, and the English to the Jordan or Damascus.

D. W. THOMSON.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOLY LAND.

BY WHITTIER.

Blest land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest memories pilgrim-like throng!
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.
With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before;
With the glide of a spirit I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was thrown.
Beyond are Berthulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, oh dark Galilee!

Hark! a sound in the valleys, where swollen and strong,
Thy river, oh Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain,
There, down from his mountains, stern Zebulon came,
And Napthali's Stag with his eye-balls of flame,
And the chariots of Jubin rolled harmlessly on,
For the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied,
Lo! Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet

The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?
I tread where the TWELVE in their way-faring trod;
I stand where they stood with the CHOSEN of God;
Where his blessing was heard, and his lessons were taught;
Where the blind were restored, and the healing was wrought.

Oh! here with his flock the sad Wanderer came;
These hills he toiled over, in grief, are the same—
The founts where he drank by the way-side still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on his brow;
And throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead and chains on her feet;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shekinah is dark where it shone!

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of Humanity clothed in the brightness of God!
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!
Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when
In love and in meekness he moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me.

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood;
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed Him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer;
Yet, loved of the Father! thy spirit is near,
To the meek, and the lowly, and the penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same, even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.
Oh, the outward hath gone!—but, in glory and power,
The SPIRIT surviveth the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same.

BEDGELART.

The Welsh tradition of Lewellyn and his dog Gelart is embodied in the following verses, by John Westall, of Fall River. The story, familiar to most readers, may be briefly related for the junior class. Prince Lewellyn, returning from hunting, found his dog Gelart lying beside the cradle, with marks of blood, which he supposed to be the blood of the child—and he instantly killed the dog, as the destroyer of his offspring. When he found that the blood was that of a wolf which the faithful dog had slain in defending the child, however, the prince's grief and his sense of gratitude occasioned the erection of a monument to the canine favorite thus mistakenly slain—the name of Bedgelart yet attaching to the location of the monument, though the monument itself has crumbled to dust:

The valiant prince Lewellyn came all eager from the chase,
And as he passed the nursery door in an instant paled his face.

And he stopped there for a moment, with abrupt and fearful start,
For all bloody by the cradle lay his faithful dog Gelart;
And its eye of deep affection met his dark and fiery glance,
That flashed with deadlier fury than when he couched the lance:

And he drew his glittering falchion, in hot haste from his side,
And smote his old companion, till the noble servant died.
Then he searched the gory cradle, and softly sleeping there,
He found his little infant, and not touched a single hair;

And by its side a dead wolf, which the brave old dog had slain,
When its rash and hasty master was hunting on the plain.
O! glad was proud Lewellyn, when he saw his darling child;
When its blue eyes gently opened, and it sweetly, sweetly smiled.

O! sad was proud Lewellyn, when he saw upon the floor,
His trusty, loyal servant, that could never serve him more.

Full of grief was proud Lewellyn, when he followed to the grave
The friend who saved his darling, when no human hand could save.

And he reared a storied monument, in the mountain land of Wales,
Where Snowdoun lifts his lofty head and the kingly eagle sails.
And near it rose the priory of saintly Bedgelart,
But both were long since worn away by Time's dissolving art.

Yet there stands the little village, with its meadows fresh and fair,
Its fine old trees, and quaint-dressed folks of ancient British air;
And it bears the same name as the priory, from which it ne'er will part,
For it means in Cambrian language, the grave of good Gelart.

For the Voice of Masonry.

REMARKS ON CONVERSATION.

Conversation, the glory and prerogative of man, the distinguishing mark of his superiority over the animal world. Our Great Grand Master, with expressive force, styles that member, which is the instrument of so much honor and so much good, his glory, and the best member that he hath. Since, by the means of the articulating tongue, not only all the pleasures and all the benefits of conversation are enjoyed, but man, weak man, is enabled to address and praise the Great Architect of the Universe, and to become, as it were, the thankful and adoring High Priest for the whole round of silent, but rejoicing nature. Formed, however, for these high and excellent ends, and admirably capacitated in every respect to answer them, this glory of man sometimes deviates from its purpose, and instead of the best, becomes the very worst and most pernicious member that he hath. This member (ill employed) we are told, boasteth great things, is a fire, a world of iniquity, can be tamed by no man; is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison, and so forth; showing how easy it is to offend in tongue, and permit "corrupt communications" to proceed out of our lips. Of these corruptions, so distinctive of all the good purposes of conversation, are Profaneness, Blasphemy, Obscenity, Lying and Slander. These evils sap the foundation of liberal converse. To hurl profaneness at the throne of the Omnipotent, to blaspheme His great name, is entirely in antagonism with our order, since we are taught to do, as most wise and good men have done before, and still do, never to mention the name of the Most High God, either without bowing the head, or making some token of obeisance and respect. This reverency of the name of the Deity, this just and serious impression of His superlative and unutterable greatness, will on no account, or even in the slightest manner, profane or unhallow this great name. Lewd and obscene discourse may be justly deemed the certain testimony of a depraved mind, and one of the surest means to deprave the minds of others.

When, then, we are thrown into the company of such, we have an easy and sure method to show our displeasure by being grave and silent. If we desire to be reverenced by others, we must first reverence ourselves, and there is no particular, perhaps, more necessary to this end, as well as to all the purposes of conversation, than Truth.

Truth is the very basis of conversation, of all intercourse between man and man. Almost every vice has, or boasts to have, something of bravery attached to it, but Lying is so mean and pitiful, so groveling and base, that the object guilty of it shrinks into the lowest insignificance. Truth is, in its nature, so plain and simple, that it requires no art, no subterfuge. Let us, then, maintain on all occasions, plain, simple, natural truth, assured that the "lip of Truth shall be held in honor, shall be established forever," but that "a lying tongue is but for a moment."

Another corrupt communication is Calumny and Slander, the bane of all conversation, the index of a black and malvolent mind. Men who are harmless and innocent can have no gratification in calumny and slander, but the inclination to these arises from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's self, and an impatience of seeing it in another.

We are told that a Prussian soldier, being overheard reviling Alexander the Great, was thus admonished by his officer, "Sir, you are paid to fight against Alexander, not to rail at him."

Avoiding then the extreme evils alluded to, our study should be to make our conversation not only innocent but instructive, useful and pleasing, to which purpose we must carefully attend no less to the *matter*, than to the *manner*, of our conversation.

On these subjects some remarks will be made in the August number of the VOICE.

HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN CHICAGO.

ITS PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY.

[This history will be extended to include Lodges in the State, if found practicable. In this place we offer a request to the Lodges of Chicago that their Masters, Wardens and Secretaries will prepare similar matter, ready, at their earliest convenience, for publication in THE VOICE OF MASONRY. The gathering up of historical facts in relation to Chicago Lodges may hereafter be of very great importance and use.]

In commencing the history of Freemasonry in Chicago, it is but natural to commence with the present oldest Lodge in the city, and as it happens to be the publisher's mother Lodge, and he its Chaplain, we commence with

ORIENTAL LODGE, NO. 33.

In tracing the history of this Lodge, we are indebted to W. Bro. Swan, its present Master, for access to the archives of the Lodge, in order to make as perfect a synopsis of its rise and progress as may be possible.

We find La Fayette, No. 18, was the oldest Lodge in Chicago, now extinct, through an unfortunate misunderstanding, and the charter withdrawn. In the year 1842, however, Masonry had so prospered that another Lodge was formed and named Apollo Lodge, No. 32, which continued to exist up to the month of July, in the year 1847, when, by unanimous vote, it was merged into and formed part of Oriental Lodge. In the month of July, 1845, La Fayette had so continued to increase that yet another Lodge it was deemed advisable to form. A petition was therefore presented to the Grand Lodge, signed by the following brethren, namely: W. B. Herrick, C. L. Schlatter, J. V. Z. Blaney, W. S. Brown, George Davis, S. W. Sherman, W. H. Davis, Samuel Hoard, Wm. Henry, Rev. W. L. Walker, Hamilton Hough and Reuben Taylor.

This petition was presented to the D. G. M., who, on the required fees being paid ($19.00) granted the dispensation prayed for, in due form, dated August 8, 1845, and signed, Levi Lusk, Caroling, Jacksonville. On or about the same day, Oriental Lodge assembled and passed its By-laws and Rules of Order, George Davis being its first Secretary, and Samuel Hoard its first Treasurer. The Rev. W. F. Walker was its first Master, Wm. B. Herrick, first S. W., and Charles L. Schlatter, J. W.

We find that the Lodge worked under dispensation three months, that on the 20th of September, 1845, an order was drawn upon the Treasurer for the necessary amount to procure the charter, and that, on the 15th of October, the Lodge opened under regular communication, and under the authority of its charter accordingly. On the 20th of December, 1845, new officers were elected, resulting in the choice of Bro.

J. V. Z. Blaney for W. M., the Senior and Junior Wardens remaining the same as the previous year.

An incident is here worth recording. At the regular communication, February 7th, 1846, Bro. the Rev. W. F. Walker presented a resolution, which was adopted, "That the Committee on Charity be instructed to take and place under instruction, in such school as the Committee may prefer, one of the children of our late Brother Cornell." At this same communication, also, the W. M. was instructed to direct "such of the brethren of the Lodge who were willing to each deliver a lecture limited in length, in such order and at such times as the W. M. may appoint, securing always one lecture for each regular meeting of the Lodge."*

On the 19th of December, 1846, the usual annual election was held, resulting in Bro. J. V. Z. Blaney continuing W. M., G. W. Davis, S. W., C. L. Schlatter, J. W., S. Hoard, Treasurer, and L. P. Hilliard, Secretary.

On the 26th of April, 1867, "a committee of three was apppointed, consisting of the W. M., S. W. and J. W., to confer with a like committee from Apollo Lodge, for the purpose of consolidating the two Lodges." On the 24th of May, the Committee reported favorably, and on the 26th of July following the two Lodges were consolidated by the members of the late Apollo Lodge being received into and forming part of Oriental Lodge, No. 33. It will be seen at this date that the names of nineteen of the old members of La Fayette, forming Apollo, returned to their former brethren, who had established Oriental Lodge about two years previously.

From that time to the present, Oriental Lodge has continued to grow and prosper, until she now numbers in her ranks over 300 members, among whom are many of our most popular citizens, as well as members of many of our churches. It will now be our pleasant duty to record the chief elected officers, year by year, as follows, namely: at the

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* **Note.**—Would not that be a good arrangement now, in all our Lodges, bringing out local Masonic talent?

Election Dec. 17, 1847—Geo. Davis, W. M. ; W. H. Davis, S. W. ; J. A. Reichart, J. W. ; J. V. Z. Blaney, Treasurer, and L. P. Hilliard, Secretary.

Election Dec. 15, 1848—Geo. Davis, W. M. ; W. H. Davis, S. W. ; J. A. Reichart, J. W. ; L. P. Hilliard, Secretary, and A. G. Burley, Treasurer.

Election Dec. 21, 1849—J. H. Bird, W. M. ; L. P. Hilliard, S. W. ; C. Drake, J. W. ; A. G. Burley, Treasurer, and P. A. Lantze, Secretary.

Election Dec. 20, 1850—Carlton Drake, W. M. ; W. Z. T. Fleshman, S. W. ; W. H. Adams, J. W. ; Wm. B. King, Treasurer, and J. Keen, Jr., Secretary.

Election Dec. 27, 1851—W. Z. T. Fleshman, W. M. ; W. H. Adams, S. W. ; Wm. B. Henrick, J. W. ; J. Keen, Jr., Treasurer, and Edward Wright, Secretary.

Election Dec. 17, 1852—W. Z. T. Fleshman, W. M. ;* W. H. Adams, S. W. ; E. B. Stevens, J. W. ; David Spangler, Treasurer, and H. B. Seymour, Secretary.

Election Dec. 17, 1853—W. B. Herrick, W. M. ; E. B. Stevens, S. W. ; J. H. Dykeman, J. W. ; D. Spangler, Treasurer, and H. B. Seymour, Secretary.

Election Dec. 15, 1854—W. B. Herrick, W. M. ; E. B. Stevens, S. W. ; G. W. Deering, J. W. ; D. Spangler, Treasurer, and H. G. Chase, Secretary.

Election Dec. 21, 1855—E. B. Stevens, W. M. ; G. W. Deering, S. W. ; W. C. Hunt, J. W. ; A. G. Burley, Treasurer, and H. G. Chase, Secretary.

Election Dec. 19, 1856—G. W. Deering, W. M. ; W. C. Hunt, S. W. ; J. E. Dalliba, J. W. ; Jas. A. Miles, Chaplain ; A. G. Burley, Treasurer, and H. G. Chase, Secretary.

Election Dec. 18, 1857—W. C. Hunt, W. M. ; J. E. Dalliba, S. W. ; L. C. Ellsworth, J. W. ; A. G. Burley, Treasurer, and H. G. Chase, Secretary.

Election Dec. 18, 1858—Wm. C. Hunt, W. M. ; J. E. Dalliba, S. W. ; Geo. F. Haines, J. W. ; L. P. Hilliard, Chaplain ; A. G. Burley, Treasurer, and H. G. Chase, Secretary.

Election Dec. 16, 1859—Jas. E. Dalliba, W. M. ; Geo. F. Haines, S. W. ; Benj. F. Patrick, J. W. , L. P. Hilliard, Chaplain ; A. G. Burley, Treasurer, and H. G. Chase, Secretary.

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* A somewhat singular circumstance occurred in this official year. On the 26th of January, 1853, the W. M.'s name was changed by the Legislature of this State to Thomas Shirley. On the 4th of February, it was ordered that the name of Fleshman should be substituted by that of Thomas Shirley in the Lodge records, as W. M.

Election Dec. 21, 1860—Geo. F. Haines, W. M.; B. F. Patrick, S. W.; J. W. Massen, J. W.; A. B. Burley, Treasurer, and H. G. Chase, Secretary.

Election Dec. 20, 1861—B. F. Patrick, W. M.; J. W. Mussen, S. W.; R. W. Dunham, J. W.; H. C. Ranney, Chaplain; A. G. Burley, Treasurer, and H. G. Chase, Secretary.

Election Dec. 19, 1862—R. W. Dunham, W. M.; J. A. Bunce, S. W. · W. A. Thrall, J. W.; A. G. Burley, Treasurer, and H. G. Chase, Secretary.

Election Dec. 18, 1863—R. W. Dunham, W. M, J. A. Bunce, S. W.; W. A. Thrall, J. W; Rev. E. W. Hagar, Chaplain; A. G. Burley, Treasurer, and John A. Farwell, Secretary.

Election Dec. 16, 1864—Joseph A. Bunce, W. M.; Wm. A. Thrall, S. W.; J. S. Turner, J. W.; Rev. E. W. Hagar, Chaplain; A. G. Burley, Treasurer, and John A. Farwell, Secretary.

Election Dec. 15, 1865—Wm. A. Thrall, W. M.; John W. Clyde, S. W.; W. G. Swan, J. W.; Geo. S. Tabor, Chaplain; A. G. Burley, Treasurer, and D. B. Fairman, Secretary.

Election Dec. 21, 1866—John W. Clyde, W. M.; W. G. Swan, S. W.; Edwin Powell, J. W.; Rev. James Billings, Chaplain; A. G. Burley, Treasurer, and D. B. Fairman, Secretary.

Election Dec. 20, 1867—Wm. G. Swan, W. M.; E. Powell, S. W.; F. P. Cram, J. W.; John C. W. Bailey, Chaplain; A. G. Burley, Treasurer, and E. N. Tucker, Secretary.

In the progress of Lodge discipline there are various causes of Lodge expulsion; but none seems so contumacious and wanting in self-respect as that of Dr. J. H. Hollister, who refused to pay his Lodge dues for four successive years, and to obey the summons of the Lodge seven distinct times. Its forbearance was so outraged that, on February 16, 1866, he was expelled from all the rights and privileges of Masonry. The comment upon this incident, inserted for illustration, is, that no man should offer himself as a candidate for Masonry who would be unwilling to pay his dues and obey the regulations of the Order he seeks to enter. A moral obligation of this kind is so binding that no man can honestly refuse to pay his just dues, unless he is unable (which was not the case here); then, indeed, the Lodge would cheerfully excuse him, and, if in need, give him their brotherly sympathy and charity.

In drawing the history of Oriental Lodge to a close, it is proper to say that the increase of its numbers, and want of suitable accommodation, led to a search for a more suitable and larger Lodge room, with other rooms required for committees, etc., when it was finally decided to take and occupy the fourth and fifth floors of a new building in the course of erection an the west side of La Salle street, between Washington and Madison streets, which were accordingly adapted for the purpose, and the building received the name of the Oriental Building.

This magnificent Oriental Lodge Room, together with its furniture and carpets and that of other committee rooms, have cost nearly or quite $27,000. It is admitted by all who have seen it that the Lodge room is the handsomest in the United States, constructed and embellished as it is in Oriental style, to suit its name. The Trustees hold a lease of these rooms for twenty years, commencing May 1, 1867. By the time that lease expires, possibly before, there can be little doubt that Oriental Lodge will initiate the erection of a building of its own, as is now being done in many of our Eastern cities and in Europe.

The general harmony of the members gives sure tokens of a prosperous and progressive Lodge, which shall continue in the future, as in the past, to be an ornament to the brotherhood of Masonry. The total membership up to this date is 339 members, with many applications for membership before the Lodge. This Lodge has enjoyed the kind and skillful care of Masters more than ordinarily qualified for their exalted office. Especially would the historian mention those with whom he has been most intimately Masonically acquainted, namely, Past Masters Patrick, Dunham, Thrall and Clyde, and, last, the present worthy occupant of the Chair, W. M. Wm. G. Swan, than whom no more earnest worker and urbane Master ever occupied the chair. For want of space we are unable to particularize the other excellent officers of the Lodge, but cannot pass over Bro. E. Powell, the S. W., who, in consequence of the occasional absence of the W. M., has to perform his duties, which he does with a care and courtesy giving token of his excellent executive Masonic ability.

In taking leave of this historical sketch of Oriental Lodge, we regret our own inability to make it of more general interest, and have, possibly, for want of suitable knowledge, omitted much that would be profitable to insert. The archives of the Lodge, however, running through the long period of twenty-three years, are so voluminous that it would have been impossible to insert at great length the history of Oriental Lodge. It will, however, hardly be deemed necessary to lengthen this sketch, as it will be seen that its chief historical records are here inserted.

TO ELLEN IN HEAVEN.

BY MARIUS VICTORINUS.

When starbeams fall from heaven's throne serene,
When glows the sun or smiles his silver queen,
When rivers flow with music to the sea,
My spirit soars from Sorrow's gloom to thee;
And blighted hopes renew their wonted bloom,
To fade no more in spheres beyond the tomb—
Where thou and I forever more shall move,
Beloved and loving, in a world of love.

Hope's spell magnetic welds the mystic chain
That links my spirit to thine own again:—
And, though on earth can'st thou be nevermore,
Our hearts commune in Love's mysterious lore:
And broken dreams anon will brightly beam,
Like evening glow upon a sylvan stream,
Where parting's painful hour may never throw
The shadow on the heart, as here below.

Thou only art the one to whom I bow,
To whom my sweetest thoughts forever flow,
My bride on earth, my spirit-queen in heaven,
Who from my heart in early love was riven!
My waking thought, and still my closing dream,
Is where thine eyes with pensive beauty beam,
While on my heart Hope's smiling seraph flings
A ray to light me through life's wanderings.

LINES.

BY MARIUS VICTORINUS.

Like the rainbow's soft bloom
On the clouds of the morn,
Are the bright emanations
In Beauty's soul born.
Like the gleaming dew-drop
On the breast of the rose,
Is the spell which Affection
On Sorrow's heart throws.

As the gloom of the blast
Hides the sun from our view,
So shades of Temptation
Shroud hearts that were true:
And the ray of a diamond
Their virtues can buy,
While Constancy's blossom
Must wither and die.

BOMBAY, INDIA.

Our interest is much excited in the progress of Masonry in the East Indies. In the May number of the "MASONIC RECORD OF WESTERN INDIA" Masonry there has an excellent Masonic organ. We receive it with much pleasure, and wish it hearty success in that distant East. They have five flourishing Lodges in BOMBAY, besides Knights Templar and Grand Encampment; one Lodge at BUNGALORE; one at MHOW; one at KURRACHEE, and one at LANOWLEE.

CENTRAL PROVINCES.

TO THE MASONIC RECORD OF WESTERN INDIA—DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Not seeing the Lodges of this part of India often mentioned in your valuable magazine, I herewith send you a few notes for the edification of those who, like myself, pitch their camp in the jungles of Central India. Brethren may be sure of a hearty welcome in any of the Lodges mentioned.

Commencing with Nagpore, Lodge Corinth, No. 1122, meets on the 2nd and 4th Saturday; Bro. Wood, W. M.; Bro. Carpenter, P. M. This, although a young Lodge, is strong in numbers, and bids fair to be *the* Lodge of Central India. I had the pleasure to attend a meeting here recently, when two candidates were initiated into the Order. I may mention one was the Postmaster General, and the other Chief of the Telegraph Department, Central India; they were both splendid specimens of old England, and sure to be an ornament to the craft; the former (Mr. Hutchinson) being 6 feet 4 inches in height, and powerful in proportion, puzzled the Steward to supply the necessary clothing. As to clothing, I would here remark, I have visited many Lodges at home and abroad, but the head dress supplied the candidates on this occasion surprised me. I would like to know the origin or authority for its use in the 1st degree. The working was well rendered, although W. Bro. Wood was indisposed at the time. After the other business of the Lodge was got through, the Poor Box was taken round by the Junior Mason, and the frequent jingling of rupees proved that the brethren practised Charity in the Lodge. The Lodge was closed in peace and harmony, when the brethren adjourned to a banquet, during which Bros. Captain Bedford, Lawler, and others gave some beautiful pieces of instrumental and vocal music, and the brethren separated after spending a happy evening. W. Bro. Wood is getting up a Royal Arch Chapter.

Passing on from Nagpore to Kamptee (10 miles,) we find Lodge St. Andrew's, No. 500, meets on the 2nd and 4th Tuesday, Bro. Turner, W. M., and Bro. C. H. Wilton, P. M. This Lodge is under Madras; works well; has many military brethren among its members; its very handsome banner, ornaments and furniture show this to be an excellent old Lodge.

About 152 miles of upland country, crossing two ugly rivers (unbridged) we arrive at Jubbulpore; this place is worthy of a visit—wild, picturesque, hilly—possesses some very fine sights; the most beautiful is, I think, the Marble Rocks; description impossible here, so travelers must come and see for themselves. Here we have Lodge Alexandra, No. 1065; meets on the 1st and 3rd Thursday; Bros. Read, W. M., Jordan and Chester, P. Ms. This is evidently a "crack" Lodge, nearly all military officers, who work well together. When I visited this Lodge there were three for initiation, and several for the other degrees. The work was really first-class here; the *punctuality in opening*, the *regularity and harmony* with which every detail of work was done, proved I was among right good, hard-working brethren. This Lodge, like the one at Nagpore, is new, not over-furnished with banners, tracing boards, etc., but the workmen made up for all this.

Several propositions made that evening proved the Lodge was not unmindful of its duty. One brother proposed help to the orphans of a poor brother; another to subscribe to the *Freemason's Magazine*; a third to subscribe to the *Masonic Record* of Bombay—all of which were unanimously carried.

Several other pleasing duties having been got through, the Lodge was closed about 10 P. M., after which the brethren did ample justice to a supper prepared for them in an adjoining room. Sorry to say I missed the music here; I was told the brethren intend giving a quarterly supper, at which this part of Masonry would not be forgotton.

I had the pleasure of meeting here a number of excellent military brethren, all I think belonging to H. M. 12th Regiment; I mention a few to show the good men one meets with occasionally under the Masonic Banner: the W. M., Bro. Lieutenant Read, and his Senior Warden (his brother, too,) Bro. Doctor Read; Bro. Colonel Ponsonby, J. D., a most kind, gentlemanly man, beloved by his men—happy such a Colonel with such a splendid Regiment. From inquiries I find a Lodge—Panmure—is attached to the Regiment, not working at present. W. Bro. Chester is a very good Mason; he is a painstaking Treasurer—better not to be found in India. Bros. Captain Johnson, Baker, Wakefield, Morgan and a host of other Masons, show by their uniform attendance to the duties of their Lodge what Masonry can do, even in India. The Lodge is to be photographed soon, when a copy will be sent you.

I am off to Allahabad soon, where I hope to visit Lodge Philanthropy, Bro. Colonel D'Oyly, H. M.'s 107th, W. M., from whence you will again here from me.

Ere I leave, however, I finish this by informing you and the brethren of the Central Provinces—Nagpore particularly—of a dastardly attempt made by some ignoble fellow to prevent men from joining the Order, by *anonimously* warning intending candidates against joining. You can publish the letter whole or in part, merely omitting the names entered by the slanderer. The letter you will observe was sent to Bro. ———, a similar letter I believe was also sent to Bro.———, both of Nagpore. Gibbet the cowan as you think best.

Yours, fraternally, P. M.

" *March 29th*, 1868.—Intelligence of your intention to join fraternity of the Freemasons has just reached me, and in duty to a fellow creature, I hasten to warn you to beware how you take such a dreadful leap in the dark, by swearing 'cheerfully to conform to ancient usages and customs' which you know nothing at all about. Remember that you will be called to give an account of this careless and injudicious step, at the great day of reckoning, and beware how you perpetrate a deed, which you will, most assuredly, have cause eternally to lament.

" How, in the name of judgment, could you be so blind and regardless of your own future and eternal welfare, as to attempt to join a *secret* society, of whose laws, nature or object, you know nothing at all? If you read your Bible, which you ought to do, you will learn that no *secret* society can have a good cause for its object; for our Lord distinctly condemns all *secret* societies, and directs that all doctrine and knowledge should be made as public as possible. If Freemasonry were really a good society, then behold the great and unpardonable uncharitableness exhibited by its strenuously and persistently withholding from mankind the knowledge which it pretends to possess, and so from the benefit to be derived from that knowledge. But Freemasonry is undoubtedly a diabolical fraternity, the members of which knowingly but secretly fight against God in behalf of the Devil, and so commit the unpardonable sin!!! The members of this fraternity will exultingly affirm that this fraternity originated in heaven; doubtless it originated in heaven, but with Satan's rebellion against God; and Freemasons espouse the cause of the Devil, and are consequently of his party. Avail yourself, therefore, of a warning voice, if haply you might thereby save yourself eternal regret. If Mr. ——— is similarly inclined as yourself, you will much oblige by showing him this communication. If you desire to enter into further communication with me on this subject, address a letter to A. V. O., Nagpore, to remain at the Post Office till called for, and I shall apply for it from the 31st March to the 2nd April, both days inclusive.—*A Philanthropic Voice from Obscruity.*

P. S.—If you are disposed to know anything more on the subject, I shall put you in possession of a manuscript, which will afford you a full account of the origin and object of Freemasonry, with the manners and customs of Freemasons, but not before you faithfully promise to return it to me after you are done with it.—A. V. O."

⁂ "A. V. O.," whose *nom de plume* is well chosen, is either a disappointed candidate for Freemasonry, or one of the Paul Pry genus, who has labored hard to obtain a knowledge of the Royal Art by any means, as his confession of being in possession of one of the thousand spurious works professing to give "a full account of the origin and object of Freemasonry, with the manners and customs of Freemasons," fully proves. "A. V. O." has adopted the generally received opinion among the natives of India and elsewhere that the "Lodge" is the *Boothkhana*, or "the abode of the Devil;" but he has yet to learn that on the opening of the V. S. L. in the Lodge, his Satanic Majesty takes his flight through the keyhole. We would venture to opine that "A. V. O." must have been indulging in his favorite propensity of eaves-dropping under the windows of a Lodge, when he imbibed the odor of the sulphuric flames issuing from his Satanic Majesty on his exit, which inspired him to indite the above diabolical libel against Freemasonry.—Ed: M. R.

[*Another Blanchard & Co. case in India.*—Ed. Voice.]

From the London Freemason's Magazine and Masonic Mirror.

DR. ROB MORRIS AND FREEMASONRY AT DAMASCUS.

Dear Sir and Brother :—I have just been enjoying the perusal of my friend Dr. Rob Morris's characteristic sketch of the contemplated lodge at Damascus, and wish him success with all my heart. Surely the Grand Master will respond to the petition of such a number of influential Masons, and permit our mysteries to be celebrated with imposing solemnity and amid surrounding antiquities, in the ancient mosque that graces the garden of Bro. E. T. Rogers, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul.

Few lodges have been started that promise better than that of King Solomon at Damascus, and certainly none under such extraordinary circumstances, as it bids fair to do. It will be another link in the Grand Masonic chain of "peace on earth and good-will to mankind," which is fast encircling the universe.

Yours fraternally,
WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

Truro, June 6th, 1868.

The above letter refers to a Masonic Lodge Meeting in Damascus, in Syria, held by Bro. Rob Morris recently, while there for a day or two. Sixteen brethren were gathered, all or nearly all Arabs, except Bro. Morris and Bro. E. T. Rogers, the English Consul there. The meeting was held in an ancient mosque, in Bro. Rogers's garden. The result was an application for a charter to the Grand Lodge of England.—Ed.

Shabby Clothes.—When John Tillotson was Dean of Canterbury, a remarkable scene took place in the hall of that worthy man's residence. From some cause or other, the Dean's father had not risen out of his country obscurity by his son's elevation ; so, on visiting the Dean in London, he presented himself in his usual dress of a simple countryman.

"Is John Tillotson at home?" he asked, on the door being opened, after a single knock, by one of the Dean's servants.

"John Tillotson!" growled out the servant, "and don't you know better manners? The *Dean* is at home, but not to see the like of you. So you had better be off."

"But he'll see me," replied the father, coolly, "for all you can say."

And Mr. Tillotson was right; for after the servant had dealt out a good deal of insult, which he thought very appropriate to a man shabbily dressed, another servant went to the Dean and told him what was taking place at the hall door.

"It is my worthy father," said the Dean, after hearing the description of the strange visitor.

And then, instead of being ashamed to acknowledge his relationship to one so meanly clad, he ran out to the door and fell down on his knees, in the presence of his servants, to ask his father's blessing."

Editor's Trestle-Board and Quarry.

The Masonic publishers at Bombay, India, and the London *Freemason's Magazine*, England, are at liberty to publish any part or all of Dr. Morris's letters to the VOICE they may wish.

JOHN C. W. BAILEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

ILLINOIS.

DIXON.—At the annual election of officers for Friendship Lodge No. 7, the following brethren were elected for the ensuing year, viz.:

William A. Levanway. W. M.: John D. Crabtree, S. W.; James Stuart, J. W.; James B. Chartus, Treasurer; William C. Robinson, Secretary.

The new hall, completed at an expense of some $7,000, was dedicated on the 24th inst.

IOWA.

CRESCENT LODGE No. 25, CEDAR RAPIDS.—Corrected list of officers recently elected. List on page 381 cancelled by reason of some declining office:

G. F. Benett, W. M.; C. P. Gilkerson, S. W.; B. F. Howland, J. W.; J. W. Henderson, Treasurer; Mason P. Mills, Secretary; M. T. Bell, S. D.; S. M. Brobst, J. D.; H. C. Morehead and E. S. Hill, Stewards; J. L. Enos, Tyler.

—At a meeting held at Boonsboro, in the hall of Mount Olive Lodge No. 79, May 29, the following officers were elected and appointed:

C. J. A. Ericson, W. M.; A. J. Barkley, S. W.; T. P. Coin, J. W.; Jas. Phelan, Treasurer; S. B. McCall, Secretary; C. C. Henshaw, S. D.; J. L. Zimbelman, J. D.; R. J. Hiatt, S. S.; H. C. Carmikle, J. S.; H. C. Carmikle, Tyler.

WISCONSIN.

The following are the names of the officers elected at the annual meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Wisconsin, recently held in Milwaukee:

Most Worshipful Grand Master, Harlow Pease, Watertown; Grand Senior Warden, Joseph Hamilton, Milwaukee; Grand Junior Warden, John Turner, Mauston; Grand Treasurer, William H. Miner, Fond du Lac; Grand Secretary, William T. Palmer, Milwaukee.

After his installation the Grand Master made the following appointments:

Deputy Grand Master, Alex. Megget, Eau Claire; Grand Chaplain, Rev. Samuel Fallows, Milwaukee; Grand Senior Deacon, Robert Wootton, Madison; Grand Junior Deacon, Charles P. Pardee, Pardeville; Grand Marshal, C. P. Mead, Waterloo; Grand Pursuivant, Samuel N. Dickensen, Sparta; Grand Sword Bearer, Homer S. Gross, Portage City; Grand Stewards, John A. Horlic, Racine, and A. H. Howard, Omro; Grand Tyler, Ebenezer Clewett, Woodstock.

Up to this time no Grand Lecturer has been appointed.

NEW YORK.

Grand officers of the State of New York, elected June, 1868:

M. W. Hon. James Gibson, Grand Master; R. W. M. John H. Anthon, D. G. M.; R. W. Christopher G. Fox, G. S. W.; R. W. Edmund L. Judson, G. J. W.; R. W. James M. Austin, Grand Secretary; R. W. John W. Simons, Grand Treasurer; R. W. Cor. A. Marvin, G. S. D.; R. W. Charles E. Young, G. J. D.; R. W. John Boyd, R. W. Philip Markle, R. W. William Sinclair, R. W. James M. Fuller, Grand Stewards; R. W. Rev. R. L. Schoonmaker, Grand Chaplain.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Manchester.—Trinity Commandery No. 1:

Sir John Duncan Patterson, Commander; Nathaniel W. Cumner, Generalissimo; Asahel A. Balch, Captain General; Joseph Kidder, Prelate; Daniel F. Straw, Senior Warden;

John N. Bruce, Junior Warden; James A. Weston, Treasurer; Joseph E. Bennett, Recorder; D. T. Burleigh, Standard Bearer; Charles Bunton, Sword Bearer; George H. True, Warder; Joel Taylor, Sentinel.

—Mount Horeb Chapter Royal Arch Masons, No. 11. Officers for April, 1868:

M. E. George H. True, High Priest; E. Joseph E. Bennett, King; E. Joseph Kidder, Scribe; Comp. Henry Colby, Captain Host; Comp. Alpheus Gay, Principal Sojourner; Comp. Harvey L. Currier, Royal Arch Captain; Comp. Henry Lewis, G. M. Third Vail; Comp. Granville P. Mason, G. M. Second Vail; Comp. David T. Burleigh, G. M. First Vail; Comp. John S. Kidder, Treasurer; Comp. Samuel B. Kidder, Secretary; Comp. Daniel Bailey, Senior Steward; Comp. Albert Jackson, Junior Steward; Comp. Joseph G. Edgerly, Chaplain; Comp. Joel Taylor, Sentinel and Master of Wardrobe.

HUGH DE PAYENS' COMMANDERY.—With the exception of St. George's Commandery of Nashua, the Hugh De Payens' Commandery, No. 7, of Keene, is the youngest Knights Templar organization in New Hampshire. In its youth it is prosperous, and its future looks promising. Its recently installed officers for the current Masonic year are as follows:

S. G. Griffin, Em. Com.; S. C. Fleming, Generalissimo; Solon A. Carter, Captain General; Rev. S. F. Fisher, Prelate; S. S. Wilkinson, S. W.; R. H. Porter, J. W.; J. R. Beal, Treasurer; A. M. Nims, Recorder; Edward Gustine, Standard Bearer; Wm. S. Briggs, Sword Bearer; D. W. Buckminster, Warden; Fred. A. Barker, Third Guard; Edward Farrar, Second Guard; W. J. Conant, First Guard; J. Henry Elliot, Musical Director; H. H. Hart, Sentinel and Armorer.

MERIDIAN SUN CHAPTER.—The newly installed officers of Meridian Sun Chapter, No. 9, of Nashua, are as follows:

Oliver A. Woodbury, H. P.; Rufus T. King, E. K.; M. V. B. Greene, E. S.; Henry M. Davis, C. of H.; Charles W. Pratt, R. A. C.; John F. Baldwin, P. S.; Daniel R. Marshall, Treasurer; Jacob L. March, Secretary; Charles H. Fosdick, M. of First Vail; Andrew J. Gilson, M. of Second Vail; Leonard Marsh, Master of Third Vail. This organization has now seventy-five members.

Woods Chapter.—With the exception of St. Albans Royal Arch Chapter of Exeter, recently formed and now working under a dispensation, Woods Chapter of Henniker is the youngest of this class of Masonic organizations in New Hampshire. The name was selected in memory of the late lamented Col. Imri Woods, of Henniker. Its recently elected officers are:

Horace Chase, H. P.; Oliver C. Fisher, E. K.; Josiah Morse, E. S.; Harris W. Campbell, Secretary; Josiah Morse, Treasurer; Daniel Johnson, C. of H.; David P. Perkins, P.S.; William O. Folsom, R.A.C.; Albert Johnson, M. of Third V.; Gilman George, M. of Second V.; John Gutterson, M. of First V.; Joseph Modica, Tyler.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Officers of Mount Tom Lodge:

Wm. Grover, W. M.; M. W. Prentiss, S. W.; A. C. Pratt, J. W.; P. Moore, Treasurer; H. L. Wheeler, Secretary; Wm. Orrell, S. D.; Wm. Atkinson, J. D.; R. S. Howard, Chaplain; T. T. Waterman, S. S.; T. S. Grover, J. S.; O. S. Tuttle, Marshal. Standing Committee: Wm. Grover, O. S. Tuttle, A. L. Shumway. N. W. Quint, Tyler.

Officers of Mount Holyoke R. A. Chapter:

Wm. Grover, H. P.; N. W. Quint, K.; R. S. Howard, S.; A. M. Averill, Chaplain; Geo. W. Prentiss, Treasurer; C. H. Lyman, Secretary; O. S. Tuttle, C. of H.; C. L. Frink, P. S.; R. B. Johnson, R. A. C.; A. Higginbottom, A. L. Shumway, Chas. Blodgett, M. of V.; P. Moore, Wm. Ruddy, Stewards; B. F. Lincoln, Tyler.

Book Notices.

MASONIC BIOGRAPHY AND DICTIONARY, comprising the History of Ancient Masonry, Antiquity of Masonry, Written and Unwritten Law, Derivation and Definition of Masonic Terms, Biographies of Eminent Masons, Statistics, List of Lodges in the United States, etc. Compiled by Augustus Row, K. T. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

. This work is divided into the departments of biography and dictionary, 289 pages; list of Lodges in the United States and Canadas, 55 pages; list of Grand Chapters in the United States and Canadas, 7 pages; and Subordinate Encampments organized under authority of the Grand Encampment of the United States or recognized by it, 2 pages--in all 365 pages.

In the biographical department there is a considerable amount of interesting Masonic reading of considerable research, and will be read with interest. It does not, however, rise to the dignity of a dictionary of Freemasonry, being deficient in a large number of Masonic words in use. There are also many words which, though found in the Bible, have no Masonic use whatever. The article, "Antiquity of Freemasonry," is of historical interest, and many others. It is, however, more of a biography than a dictionary, and in that respect contains much useful information. It will be found valuable, and we commend it as another aid to the Masonic student's library.

HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, prepared and arranged from original papers, by Alfred Creigh, LL. D., K. T., 33rd. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

This is, as announced in its title, a history of the Knights Templar in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, and we are pleased to find it one of the best we have ever perused. It will repay every Knight in the States to possess this work, which has been wrought out by its talanted historiographer, Sir Knight Alfred Creigh, in a manner that is highly creditable to his skill as a compiler. Not only is Pennsylvania very luminously illustrated, but all the other States are well illustrated in the Order of Knights Templar. The typography and paper are beautiful, and the work well done. 623 pages.

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All correspondence of the *Voice of Masonry*, whether editorial or otherwise, and all orders for Masonic Books, Jewels, Regalia, Working Tools, Columns, etc., etc., must be addressed to J. C. W. Bailey, 164 South Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

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THE
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SERIES OF LETTERS* FROM ROB MORRIS.

FROM JOPPA TO JERUSALEM.

BY BROTHER ROB MORRIS.

I arrived at Joppa (here called, in the corrupt Arab vernacular, *Jaffa*,) early in the morning of May 1, 1868, (Friday). Called at the American colony, (where there are four Masons,) and dined at 7 p. m. with the Governor of the city, his Excellency Noureddeen Effendi, an old and experienced Mason, belonging to a Paris Lodge. The next day, after making some examinations of the ancient city, and cutting the square and compass upon the ramparts at the southwest corner of the city, I started for Jerusalem by way of Rameleh, leaving Joppa at 3 p. m. The ride in good weather and at this season is the most delightful that it is possible to conceive of. It only needed good companionship to make it

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* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by J. C. W. Bailey, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

absolutely delicious; but my companionship, alas! was a negro "cavalier," (as the gentleman is styled in the grandiloquent Turkish language,) assisted by a muleteer of the lowest and most sinister class conceivable. There was a grievance of some kind or other that possessed the fellow's mind from the start. He swore (in Arabic) all the way to Rameleh. His "allahs" were mixed up with "mejeedy" and "howadjee" and "bucksheesh" in the most singular manner, and he *wouldn't* keep up with me, all that the "cavalier" and myself could do to instigate him. Once he threw my heavily-packed carpet-bag to the ground, by which it was burst open and injured, and altogether he was an infamous specimen of a muleteer.

But oh that delightful ride over the plain of Sharon! How the memory thereof comes over me as I write. The first hour was chiefly through orange groves, yellow with the heavy fruit, the largest and sweetest in the world. In them the happy songsters made melody for the American "howadjee" as he passed. The fences are of the immense *cactus*, whose trunks, often twelve inches in diameter, and leaves eighteen inches in length, (as large as elephants' ears,) and thorns keen as cambric needles, make such good protection wherever used. At this season the owners are trimming off the dead leaves, which the women and children bear away in baskets for fuel. Interspersed with the orange are trees of the lemon, fig, pomegranate, pear, carob, cherry, and probably many others of whose very names I am innocent. A large tree, with thick blue blossoms, is called here the *lilac tree.*

The only drawbacks to the scene are the lepers and other beggars, disgusting from physical mutilations, who pierce your ears with their wailings. That they are miserable is too plain to see, for death alone can terminate their anguish, and it is hard to resist the impulse to give them an alms. Two elegant fountains stand by the roadside, showing by their inscriptions that they were placed here under promptings of philanthropy alone. Built into them are fragments of large and splendid columns of marble and granite, and the water trough of one of them, like that which I saw three weeks ago, outside of the gate of Tyre, is a splendidly covered marble sarcophagus, or stone coffin, from which the original tenant had long since been removed.

I observed here an object worn by the females, different from anything that had previously met my eye. It is a black cloth tied over the face just below the eyes, in such a manner that the nose, mouth and chin are hidden. This cloth is ornamented with embroidery and jewels, and is altogether the most ridiculous object ever imposed by fashion upon the fair sex.

At twenty minutes to four the plain of Sharon opened out before me in all its beauty, presenting at one view all the variety of travelers and all the pastoral and farming scenes which are identified with this ancient country. Upon the road before me were footmen, donkeys, mules, horses, and camels. Women were borne along upon the backs of these different animals upon contrivances resembling large boxes, balanced with some skill; others rode outside, like the sterner sex. A picnic party of a dozen men, women and children, were enjoying themselves upon the soft grass. Upon each side the plowmen were at their labors with their miserable plows, and the poor little heifers to drag them. Great birds (storks) stood upright around the marshy places. An eagle was skimming the plain in the distance, and various hawks nearer at hand. Great fields of wheat and barley, nearly ripe, encroached upon the road, usually without any fence or other protection. Joppa was hidden behind me by the intervening groves. Far on the right, interminable sand-ridges, crowned with telegraph poles, showed where the coast line ran southward towards Egypt. The road before me is that upon which at least 1,000 workmen are engaged, connecting Joppa with Jerusalem. It is well engineered, ditched at the sides, and with good bridges where needful. Upon a hill far ahead is an Arab village, appearing quite pretty in the distance, and opposite to it a *wely*, or Mohammedan tomb. The natural features of Sharon resemble in almost every particular one of the prairies of Iowa or Illinois, showing off at its prettiest. The plain of Sharon has not so many flowers as one of our Western prairies, though the scarlet poppy is so beautiful an object as to be styled by some, "the lily of the valley." The largest of them I have ever seen grow about two miles from Tyre, up the coast, near a large fountain. Besides this there is the ordinary "white weed" of our country, a small yellow flower like the dandelion, and a few others. The mountains of Dan rise gloriously before me, while the mellow evening sun and the delightful sea breeze, both upon my back, give the last grace to my ride that nature is capable of. Such are my first impressions of the Plain of Sharon. The long trains of sheep and goats feeding over the prairie, presenting the vivid contrast of black with white, are led (not driven) by their shepherds, according to the Scriptural allusion. May I be ever as ready to follow my Divine Leader to "green pastures" as these poor creatures are to follow theirs.

Soon I overtake a line of camels laden with dragomen's goods, beds, bedsteads, tents, working utensils, &c., &c., intended for some party of travelers who are coming on behind me. Before night they will pitch those tents upon the soft green prairie grass, and enjoy their first night of "tent life in the Holy Land."

And now there opens out upon my sight a large olive orchard, always, to me, an attractive object. Next is a blind man following his conductor by holding the end of a cane forward and touching his back. A little further, and the village which seemed so romantic in the distance proves to be a mere collection of mud huts, where cattle, sheep, and human beings herd indiscriminately together. A large water-shed in a grove of trees points to the manner in which the precious fluid is brought to the surface from the deep wells of this plain. A grove of palm trees next appears, by many degrees the most beautiful tree in the world. In two hours from Joppa the tall tower of Rameleh comes in sight, the only object of the sort, I believe, in all Palestine. Another hour brings me to the town itself, much larger and better built than I had imagined, and there I was welcomed by a universal cry of "buckshеesh, bucksheesh, howadjee." I always take these words to imply the warmest sentiments of respect, and I bow courteously in response!

What particular sin I had been guilty of, for which the penalty was to be sent to the "Locanda," or hotel, instead of the convent, I do not know; but whatever it was, I feel that the penance was ample, if miserable fare and a hard bed, only soft with fleas and only musical with mosquitoes, deserved the term. My muleteer demanded, on arrival, five francs. As I had paid his employer everything in advance, I refused. The fellow actually howled around the entrance to that "Locanda" all night! He ate nothing, gave his horse nothing, but simply swore and yelled until daybreak. In the morning my cavalier gave him a thrashing, took my carpet-bag upon his own saddle, and drove the scamp back to Joppa.

Early on Sunday morning, May 3, (as early as 5 o'clock,) I started to Jerusalem, and arrived at 1 p. m. The road is being rapidly made by the Pasha of Jerusalem. All the rocky passes have been opened; the steeper hills are ascended by serpentine ways; the streams are substantially bridged, and at the present rate of progress there will be a carriage way from Joppa to Jerusalem within twelve months. The scarlet poppy continued to cheer my eyes. Around the town of Rameleh the olive trees are growing by thousands. The land is rich and black in excess. A neat fragment of arches remains to show what was formerly a grand structure. An immense wheat field appears on my right, with the ripening grain rank and luxuriant.

A party of thirteen sailors from some English ships at Jaffa are on ahead of me, as merry as a ten days' leave and a bottle of whisky can make them.

My "cavalier" looms up grandly this morning. He is a negro, but of a fine type; small head, keen, expressive eye, sits erect upon his saddle, his carbine lying before him and his short sword at his side, his splendid stallion curveting under him, he looks the very picture of an armed guard. Yet for all that I would rather depend on my own pistol in a difficulty than upon half a dozen of him. These Arab cavaliers, however, are arrant cowards at best, stern as they look.

Advancing eastward the mountains of Dan present their graceful outlines quite distinctly. Directly before me is a cleft in the heights, through which, I presume, the road passes. I have now an ascent to make of 2,600 feet, "going up to Jerusalem." The soil here is about eighteen inches deep, and rests upon a foundation of gravel. The plants are the same as yesterday, except that the common American "dog fennel" begins to abound, and a miserable interloper it is wherever found. The solemn roar of the donkey is heard from the villages on the hillsides; mellowed by the distance, even that horrible bray sounds tuneful. The camels browzing on the plains look like immense ostriches as their long necks reach hither and thither in search of food. The wind makes its mournful refrain through the glasses on the telegraph poles just as along our roads at home. The swallows dart swiftly under our horses' feet to catch the insects as we start them up. At 6:30 I reach the town of Kabob, on the left, a cluster of dirty mud huts. Thus far I have never seen a dwelling place in all Palestine that was outside of a town or village. Here is a patch of tobacco, the plants being six or eight inches high. An elegant chapiter from some costly marble column lies on the ground here, and another a little further on. A well of water with a heavy stone lying on it recalls many scriptural allusions. The fig trees here are uncommonly large and luxuriant. Three little "bucksheesh" seekers are standing by the roadside, with the quantity of one shirt between the three.

At 7:45 I reach Latroon, the traditional home of the Penitent Thief referred to in *Dies Iræ* thus:

> Et *latronum* exandisti,
> Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

I fear, however, that the thieves who live hereabouts so numerously at the present day are anything but "penitent." Here I meet nine British sailors who started yesterday to walk from Joppa to Jerusalem. They are fairly stranded here high and dry on the shore. Their only money is half sovereigns, and the whole nine of them can't muster half an Arabic word. I lend them a lot of small change to buy coffee with, instruct them into the secrets of Turkish currency, and pass on. Rising the hill east of Latroon a romantic valley opens out, that, in its way, excels anything I have seen in the country. What a paradise this "vale of Ovoca" would make under good American cultivation! At its eastern extremity is a large and welcome spring of water, (called in this country an *Ain*, or *Eye*.) At 9 o'clock stopped for refreshments at a native Khan. The Arabic style of "eating house" is simple but effective. The chap who "keeps hotel" here (at what I call *Khan Caroob*) found a natural cave to begin with. At right angles with this he built, of the abundant native stone, a room twelve feet square. From the boughs of an ancient *caroob* tree he laid poles across to his wall, covered them with bushes, and behold the *Khan Caroob* complete! Here all day he retails coffee, hard boiled eggs, and arrack to the passers-by. His terms are more liberal than first-class American hotels, for I only paid him three piasters (eighteen cents) for several cups of coffee and other things.

And now the road begins in good earnest to mount the hills of Dan. For four hours I rise along the really good way which the Pasha is macadamizing until the crest is reached near Jerusalem. At 11:5 I am opposite the romantic and well-known town of Abou Gosh, formerly the celebrated robber upon these hills. At 11:35 is a large vineyard, the only one I ever saw where the trunks of the vines were so large that, like trees, they hold up their own boughs and foliage. At 12:30 I enter a charming valley, and remark a structure of massive stones presenting the far-famed Helræo Phœnician *bevel*, so attractive to a Freemason's eye. At 1:10 I reach the crest of the hill, and shortly afterwards sight "the Holy City."

At *Khan Caroob* I fell in with Captain Edward Gladstone, attached to the British ship "Lord Clyde," now at Joppa, and a member of Phœnix Lodge, Portsmouth, England. His companionship over the weary hills of Dan and Benjamin made the way short and agreeable.

It is simply impossible for a person of feeling to look over the desolate hills that surround Jerusalem without sorrowful emotions. Every other sentiment merges into *pity* and *sympathy* as the traveler approaches the Holy City. A stillness like that of the grave pervades the land. You meet and pass the wayfarer, native and foreign, without the exchange of a syllable, and enter the gate of the city with a sensation of awe, as though about to visit a resting-place of the dead!

THE QUASI-MASONIC SOCIETY OF THE DRUSES.

BY BROTHER ROB MORRIS.

In Colonel Churchill's "Mount Lebanon" occurs this suggestive passage (vol. 2, p. 265): "The wiser and more sober part of the Druses meet together at intervals, in all privacy and simplicity, *like a Lodge of Freemasons*, to cultivate the spirit of brotherly love and union, to inspire each other with a solemn regard for the strictest principles of moral virtue, and with a holy and untiring zeal for that faith and those doctrines which they firmly believe the Deity has communicated to them. Their numbers in Mount Lebanon may amount to about 4,000."

This quotation is calculated to set the Masonic reader upon inquiring into the origin and history of this singular sect. I have not failed to get what light I could upon the subject. While at *Ain Zehalteh*, April 25th, on my way to the Cedars of Lebanon, I visited some of the tombs of the chiefs of this society, at that place. The body of the deceased seems first to be laid in a grave *underground*. Upon this a solid platform of stone is constructed, about twelve feet square and six feet high. On this platform a tomb is constructed, about eight feet by three, and four feet high, on which finally the monument stands, which is built of six stones elaborately carved in the Saracenic style, displaying stars of six, twelve and twenty-four points, inscriptions in Arabic and devices of many kinds. Some of the figures are really elegant.

The founder of the mysterious society of the Druses was a person named *Hamze*, who lived in Syria in the eleventh century. This man taught the doctrine of faith in one God, and forbade his disciples to endeavor to penetrate into the nature of the divine being and attributes. He gave as the real origin of this new faith, the name of *Hakem*, who died about the year A. D. 1021, after promising to re-appear in due time to extend his empire over the earth. Hamze claimed to be the first minister of this religion, dating his era in the Mohammedan year 408, synonymous with 1020 of the Christian era. It is no part of my plan to pursue the history of this singular imposture, but to give a sketch of the moral and social theory which the Druses inculcate.

"Be sincere and truthful in all your words;" thus the priests are ordered. "Speak the truth. Fear nothing but sinning, and serve only the Holy One, the Eternal."

"Be towards the faithful a tender father and a kind instructor. Watch over them and help them in public and in secret."

"True prayer is the attachment of the heart to the unity of God." "God wrongs no one, even to the weight of a grain of sand; he knows the secrets of all men."

No proselyting is permitted among the Druses, and it is affirmed that a convert from any other sect would be positively rejected. The only superiority acknowledged among them is virtue and strictness of morality.

In communicating the peculiar secrets of the Druse system to women, certain forms similar to those practiced in Adoptive Masonry are used. Each woman must be accompanied by her husband, son, brother, or some man who has lawful charge of her, and the women are compelled to sit behind a curtain or screen, so as not to be seen, while the man who is conducting the ceremony is not even to look toward them. No woman is permitted to give any expression of assent or dissent, or give way to smiles or tears.

The emblem of the Druse religion is an anagram made by the letters *Sdk*, pronounced Sudok. They represent figures, viz.: S, 60; d, 4; k, 100—making 164, which is the number of the ministers of that faith that is never exceeded.

The Druses teach that the once pure and brilliant soul, having been deprived of its nourishment, which is *the light of wisdom*, falls back into darkness and error. "Happy is the man," says one of these preachers, "who devotes his whole heart and mind to the search of wisdom; happy he who has made wisdom his abode, who regards it as the pearl of great price, the only true good, who treasures it up within himself as a stronghold inaccessible to strangers."

The doctrine of free-will is taught by the Druses as reconcilable with justice. They argue that unless man is a free agent he is not answerable to reward and punishment. "If the divine orders were absolute and irresistible, none would be unbelievers, and there would be no use for rewards and punishments." So far as the Hebrew Scriptures are concerned, they believe that everything therein contained which is admitted into the Druse system is of divine origin, and that the rest is the invention of men.

The Druses possess seven commandments, viz.:

1. Truth in words.
2. Reciprocal vigilance for each other's safety.
3. Absolute renunciation of whatever religion may have been previously acknowledged.
4. Keeping aloof from all heretics.
5. Recognizing the unity of God.
6. Resting in God's will and works.
7. Absolute obedience to all God's orders.

Conformity to these seven rules, and *keeping them strictly secret from all persons not in their society*, were obligatory both upon the male and female Druses.

In a previous paragraph I stated their rule concerning veracity. "Falsehood is not permitted to us," says one of their writers, "for that would be to doubt religion, and to be deficient in faith." "All money engagements should be faithfully kept." "There should be no dispute or discussion among brethren."

The doctrine of mutual protection and assistance lies at the basis of this great fraternity, and is probably the cause of its long continuance and influence. As Col. Churchill remarks: "It is this principle that has been the mainstay of the Druses, giving them the attitude of strength and compactness in the presence of their enemies, and enabling them, in spite of many reverses, to hold their ground and maintain among their native mountains of Lebanon the attitude of independence and superiority."

The will of their founder under this head was very explicit. "Watch over the safety of the brethren; administer to their necessities; satisfy their religious and secular demands; receive their excuses; look upon those who deceive them as your enemies; visit them when sick; do good to them when poor; and relieve them, not holding short your hand." It is forbidden to a Druse, when he knows his brother to be in want, to permit him to seek relief elsewhere. No one has ever seen a Druse begging.

In regard to the secrets of the Order of Druses, their founder, Hamze, taught that "whoever shall be known to reveal them shall be put to death without pity, as an outcast and an infidel. The reading of the mysteries must be done in a secret place, and only to those members who have been long in the faith. The books which contain them are never to be removed from the place of their deposit. If any portion should fall into the hands of a stranger or apostate, that person should be put to death. Every Druse is under the strictest obligations to look to the safety of the mysteries, to profess the greatest indifference toward them, and to pretend not to know them."

Concerning moral duties the Druses are enjoined that the spiritually-minded should keep themselves from all stain and fault, crime and impurity; put away loose desires and sinful thoughts and actions, and cause the purity of their hearts to shine forth in their lives. They are admonished to despise the world, and rather be content with a little honestly gained than great riches. They are exhorted to fidelity, patience and a courageous perseverance. They must not tolerate a murderer, a thief, a fornicator, a spoiler of other men's goods, or one who is violent or unjust. Finally, to confess the unity of the God-head, to imbibe into their hearts with praise and thanksgiving the sublime revelations and teachings of the Universal Intelligence; to submit cheerfully to all the dispensations of Providence, whatever they may be. Such is the moral code of the Druses.

One object I had in view in preparing this brief sketch of the Druses is to call the attention of my readers to the singular analogy existing between the moral code of this Society and that of Freemasonry. Glance again over my synopsis of their social and moral duties, and compare it with the theory as laid down in the Blue-Lodge Monitor. Compare it with the Masonic lectures upon Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice; Faith, Hope and Charity; Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth; Freedom, Fervency and Zeal. How is this analogy to be accounted for? I have a theory upon which I am at work that attributes their origin to some Masonic instructor of early times, but am not yet prepared to publish it.

As we know that Odd-Fellowship originated with Free Masons, (and if the history of the Society had not preserved the fact, a comparison of the two would prove it,) so a comparison of the Druse system with the Masonic shows so many points of analogy, that it is difficult to avoid the conclusions to which I am fast arriving.

MASONIC BALLS.

Beacon Falls, Conn.,
June 23, 1868.

I was reading in the April number of the Voice an article that pleased me much, headed "Masonic Balls." It was true to the letter. I believe that God (and reverentially be it spoken), our High Priest and Head of all, never intended that we should be good Christians, (and we cannot be true and sincere Masons only as we follow the laws of nature and revelation, which the Christian must and does do) and deviate from that straight path of sobriety, and thus come in contact, to a greater or less extent, with distress, pain and woe. Anything that breaks up the ordinary habits of a well-ordered and systematic life, will be an infringment upon some one of Nature's laws, and is sure to be, sooner or later, followed by a penalty. If I understand the principles of Masonry aright, it is only so far as we follow Christ in his life and example will we become Masons indeed. Hiram Abiff, to whom we are indebted for our existence as an organized institution, lived the humble, devoted Christian's life, and his unblemished life, devoted as he was to his God, should teach us all that if we hope to meet him again in that temple made without hands, in heaven above, we must obey not only the laws of Nature, but also those higher laws of Nature's Lord and Master, Jehovah.

I have always been opposed to dancing, particularly the dancing of our day, which not only often takes from the hours that should be devoted to the renewing of strength spent in the necessary labor of the day, but also that the tendency of the exercise is to lower and paralyze the tenderer susceptibilities of our nature. This God never intended, and the more we square our lives to the teachings of His Word, and on the trestle-board of our life carry out the plans there sketched by the Worshipful Master, the more happiness shall we receive, and the purer and more influential shall we be as Masons, and also as Christians.

To my brethren of the Craft I would say that, till I became a Mason I had never known what it was to be satisfied; now I think I have begun a life that will lead me to the spot where, at some time, I shall be re-united to our brethren who have already crossed the Jordan and ascended up the everlasting hill upon which the new Jerusalem is situated, where we shall find the temple, and our good and loved Master, Hiram Abiff.

This should animate the hopes of every good Mason, and encourage him to gird up his loins and go onward in the right, choosing rectitude as the square by which we shape our actions in our daily intercourse with others; with the compass of that regulator, Time, we improve each hour aright, and and thus we shall finally attain to a level with true perfection.

In this way our lives will be unspotted in our contact with the debasing pleasures of this world, and we shall, by our pure example, win others to come and go with us, and many may be brought to inherit the mansions of glory with us.

I must now close, and should what I have written have a good effect in inducing my brothers to think more highly of this, our sublime Order, I may attempt to talk again. I am a new member, but I mean to be an earnest worker for the good of the Order. If my life is spared, I hope my brethren will hear often from me, if this, my first attempt, should meet with favor. J.

From the London Freemason's Magazine

(No. 12).—TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The authoresses of "East Lynne" and "Lady Audley's Secret," have often been denounced for writing "sensational novels," but wonderful as are the plots and counterplots which the brilliant imaginations of these writers—whom in spite of all the critics we cannot help liking—have woven into romance, we believe that there are often occurrences in real life which far transcend the most extraordinary flights of fancy which authors may indulge in. The following incident furnishes a case in point: In Guernsey we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Bro. Wakley, who was then W. M. of Loyalty Lodge, and Grand Junior Warden of the province. Bro. Wakley often pleased us by the plain, common-sense, and eminently fraternal speeches which he made on festive occasions, and we may say that throughout the island he was much respected as a man of unimpeachable veracity. A graphic account of one event in Bro. Wakley's life, which cannot fail to remain imprinted on his memory as long as life can last, was given by him at a meeting of the Loyalty Lodge, Guernsey, held on November 21st, 1866, a report of which appears in the *Magazine* of December 1st, 1866. We venture to say that if Miss Braddon or Mrs. Henry Wood had published in any of their works, a narrative like this, they would have been told that it was not only improbable but impossible, but the facts resting upon incontrovertible testimony are not more strange than true.

Bro. C. J. Carleton, of Doyle's Lodge of Fellowship, Guernsey, told us of another case in which Freemasonry had prevented a *fracas*. A landed proprietor in the south of Ireland having been defrauded by his steward, issued an advertisement to the effect that "all the tenants" of Captain —— were requested to meet him at a hotel in Cork on a certain day, whereupon the editor of a local paper published a facetious article, headed "A Strange Landlord," and intimating that the Captain must be a curious person not to know the addresses of his own tenants. This put Captain —— in a furious rage, and he at once purchased a pair of pistols and a heavy whip, for the purpose of offering the offending editor the alternatives of an apology—a duel or a horsewhipping. Arrived at his hotel in Cork he met a very agreeable gentleman at dinner, whom he discovered to be a fellow-Mason, and getting comfortable and chatty over dessert the Captain inquired if he knew Mr. ——, and then proceeded to explain confidentially the object of his visit; the pistols and whip eliciting the warm admiration of the gentleman. Next day the Captain proceeded to Mr. ——'s office, and on being ushered into the editorial sanctum was surprised to find the excellent brother with whom he had spent an agreeable evening to be the identical editor. Of course satisfactory explanations ensued, and the result was the formation of a valuable friendship. Then we may remark that until quite recently dueling was thought highly honourable in Ireland, and it will be remembered that a few years ago The O'Donoghue, M. P., feeling aggrieved by a speech made by Sir Robert Peel, M. P., sent the honourable baronet a challenge to fight a duel, which was afterwards the subject of an amusing scene in the House of Commons. In the general statutes of the "Order of Knights of the Eagle and Pelican, Princes Grand Rose Croix in Ireland," there is the following clause, the necessity for which was no doubt apparent when it was adopted:

"It is strictly prohibited, under pain of degradation, that a Prince Mason should challenge or provoke to combat a brother of the Order."

As a further illustration of the curiosities of Freemasonry, we may mention that it is within our knowledge that an Englishman who went over to America to personally observe the civil wars, having been captured during General McClellan's raising of the siege of Richmond, subsequently obtained his freedom from the Confederates, through being a Mason. Moreover, Freemasonry was extensively practiced among the negro population in America previous to the abolition of slavery, and was sometimes of great service to escaping slaves. Bro. the Rev. J. Sella Martin, an escaped slave, well known in England as a writer in "Good Words," was an accomplished Mason long before he obtained his freedom. We do not know how far colored Masons obtain recognition among lodges of white men in the United States; but we have unquestionable authority for what we have stated. Bro.

Dr. Morris, of Kentucky, in the *Freemason's Magazine* for November 16th, 1867, stated that the American negroes have "more than one hundred lodges of their own, contained in some twenty Grand Lodges, the whole forming a national organization that meets triennially." The account of how Masonry was introduced and spread among these people will add a most interesting and remarkable chapter to the history of the Craft.

Bro. P. L. M. Nicolle, of Doyle's Lodge of Fellowship, Guernsey, writing to the *Freemason's Magazine* of May 9th, 1868, under the signature of "Aproned," relates a curious circumstance that occurred while he was traveling in Australia. Still more singular was the experience of our Bro. General Bulharyn, of Jersey, who, when traveling in the interior of Asia, was admitted to the sacred temples by giving the Masonic signs.

The whole course of our reading and study of Freemasonry induces us to believe that the signs and symbols are much older than the ritual. We are convinced that, whoever originated the modern system, it was simply adapted, not invented. J. A. H.

THE LORD'S PRAYER OF FREEMASONRY.

This is the title of a beautiful lithographic picture, printed in colors, suitable for framing, about 20x16. The poetry of the prayer is in the centre, in double column, in which occurs at intervals the "Lord's Prayer," worked into it in the most appropriate manner. It is inclosed, or rather surrounded, by "a design after the architectural design of Solomon's Temple, found in the oldest archives of Masonry." The entire Prayer was originally dedicated to the present King of Prussia, upon his embracing Freemasonry, and is highly prized in the Masonic circles of Europe.

The original in German has been translated by Otto Peltzer, Esq., of Chicago, and is now on sale. The picture is got up in the highest style of the lithographic art, in six colors, and would be an ornament in any parlor, and especially in a Lodge room. It can be had at the office of J. C. W. Bailey, 164 Clark street, at $3 per copy, or framed and glazed for $6 or $8, according to style and finish.

THE CELEBRATED GAVEL SONG.

BY ROB MORRIS, LL.D.

This is one of the most popular Masonic songs of the day. It was composed to accompany the ceremony called The Perfect Square.

Tune—"*Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.*"

Through the murky clouds of night,
Bursts the blaze of Orient light—
In the ruddy East appears the breaking Day;
Oh, ye Masons, up, the sky
Speaks the time of labor nigh,
And the **Master** calls the quarrymen away.
Chorus—One, Two, Three, the Gavel sounding,
One, Two, Three, the Craft obey;
Led by holy Word of Love
And the fear of One above,
In the strength of God begin the opening Day.

Oh, the memory of the time
When the Temple rose sublime,
And **Jehovah** came in fire and cloud to see!
As we bowed in worship there
First we formed the **Perfect Square**,
And the **Master** blessed the symbol of the Free.
Chorus.

While the Mason-craft shall stand,
And they journey o'er the land,
As the golden sun awakes the earth and main,
They will join in mystic ways
To recall the happy days
When on Zion's mount they built **Jehovah**'s fane.
Chorus.

Life is fleeting as a shade—
We must join the quiet dead,
But Freemasonry eternal life shall bear;
And in bright Millennial way
They will keep the Opening Day
With the sign and Step that make the **Perfect Square.**
Chorus.

THE FREEMASON AND THE MORAVIAN.

A Chapter from the German of Zschokke.

BY BRO. GEO. S. FRANKENSTEIN.

When Mr. Selber returned home, and joined his little family group, his countenance was beaming with joy. All his household, with great satisfaction, heard from him the solution of a riddle which had transformed a poor journeyman-carpenter into a gentleman and physician, who was treated with great consideration at the feast of a Governor.

Solomon's father had taught him to look upon things as they are. He had taught him the importance of learning some trade by which he could earn his bread; so that no unforeseen circumstance could reduce him to helpless destitution. He had taught him that labor was honorable, and that the cultivation of the mind and heart was the true test of manhood.

A deeper red suffused Maria's cheeks.

"He belongs to God," said she. "He who requires little of the world can be rich, or can be poor; can be high or low in station, without for that reason becoming either any happier or any more miserable. He is a true follower of Christ who joyfully carries his cross through flowers and through thistles aloft toward Golgotha to victory. His inner life, full of celestial fire, is, in the midst of the phantasies and dreams, the joys and miseries, the wisdom and follies of the fleeting hours and of passing mortals, a constituted whole within itself, independent of the uncertainties of fortune, and free from the power of outside opinions, a life in elysium."

Solomon's father's idea, that men of education should learn a trade, struck Mr. Wormwood as something rather new and singular, but on the whole beneficial. It led them to a feeling of humanity and Christian kindness.

" And teaches us to look upon and love all men as brethren—to see but one family of God upon earth," added the pious Daniel.

"Even for this reason," said Maria, " such a manner of life seems neither strange nor singular to me. With the Lord and his disciples it was a regular custom. Only in this way can the heart, more independent of earthly considerations, strive for holiness and immortality. When neither ambition charms us, nor insult makes us falter; when neither ease nor riches ensnare the heart, nor can lead it to a preference for that which is wicked, then are we open only to the influence of the Holy Spirit, which, with irresistible might, masters our whole soul, and under the banner of purification, leads us, as children of immortality, homeward to Almighty God. In our day, however, the world is estrayed from Christ, and has become false to nature and to the godlike; for this reason, the most simple and the most natural appears the strongest, and the artificial, the singular and unnatural, seems quite proper and ordinary."

To Maria's observations Joseph made an equivocally pleasant face. The beautiful, self-insinuating tone of her voice, which stole into every heart, and with it the clear, earnest, holy expression of her eyes, carried with it an eloquence that could not be resisted. Gladly would Joseph have urged something in contradiction to her opinion, simply because her opinion was an apology for Solomon; but he was at a loss what to say. He adopted another method, however.

"There is," said he, "measure and aim in all things. Nothing good springs from aught save the love of the Savior! A mind without faith is a nut-shell without the kernel. The principles which were instilled into Mr. Wise, seem to me to be better suited to a PHILOSOPHER than to a CHRISTIAN and believer in Jesus Christ. To him the people of all nations, and of all religions, are alike beloved, and in the different religions he sees only man's work. Truly, upon earth everything is man's work, but God's work does not for this reason stand any the less by the side of and over all. Doctor Wise, however, as he has himself already told us, has prayed with EQUAL DEVOTION in the churches of the LUTHERANS as with the CATHOLICS, the JEWS as with the HEATHEN. This seems to me to be a chilling indifference to religion in particular. There is but ONE true one. The false religious zeal of the Turks is altogether more honorable than the fashionable indifference of Christians. Whoever has heartily and zealously embraced that which is good, MUST of necessity abhor that which is evil. Tolerance toward the erring and the misdoers is the greatest intolerance toward Truth and Justice."

"In what you say there is a great deal of truth," rejoined the pious Daniel. "I myself made remarks of this nature to my friend Solomon. He remained silent, either from conviction or from modesty. It is, however, certain, though affected at the same time he may be by the philosophy of the time, that he is at heart a living friend of Jesus. Such a man as he is has no pleasure in the unholy ways of the worldly."

"From the depth of my soul I hope so!" sighed Joseph. "But we should not conceal it from ourselves that we are poor weak mortals here upon earth in all our operations. He who pretends to love ALL, does not love from his heart, for unto us has not been given the infinite. One only can we love undividedly with all our heart. Therefore our Brotherhood was formed, a circle of the prayerful, lovers only of the ONE dear Savior; through him, all things to God. Lukewarm love is no love; tenderness toward the whole world, no tenderness. But he whom we love holds us upright with his whole love, so that we do not sink. I would not now exchange my Jesus for the worldly philosophy of Doctor Wise."

Madam Martha signified assent with a gentle nod of the head, and said in a low voice: "After Jesus, through the strife, through the press from without and within!"

Emboldened by these words, Joseph added: "To me my Savior, my own zealous love, is a surety that I will not become indifferent in faith; that I shall hold fast to the one and highest. What gives us suretyship for the virtue of Doctor Wise? Where is his refuge in the stream of sinful dissipation, and in the turbulence of the passions? Cold and heat comes from one mouth, and these self-same philosophical principles justify the evil as well as the good?

Maria arose and said: "Let us not judge! Another was Paul, another Peter, another John, another each of the first Apostles; and yet they all loved the one, the chosen; if not with the same THOUGHTS, still with the same LOVE. The child and the sire, the ignorant and the learned, judge and think differently; love, however, in them is always the SAME feeling. Has not each flower its own form and color? Yet all herbs and plants take deep root in the earth in every way. So our lovely faith is the root of the soul extending into the heavenly, and all manifestations are only the manifold flowers of the invisible world."

In Maria's words Joseph again felt a slight reproach. He was preparing to reply as Mr. Selber turned to his daughter, caught her in his arms, and said: "We contradict each other in judgment upon the honest Solomon."

Mr. Wormwood remained silent; however unwillingly. But wisdom demanded it. He had set even this day for formally asking Maria's hand from her parents. His engagement with Maria heretofore was only a pious wish of their fathers, who were friends in youth. Now that he had come to learn her better who was his intended, what the fathers in their happy moods might have speculated upon had become the dearest wish of his own heart.

To this engagement Mr. and Mrs. Selber declared themselves as not at all opposed. But they both reminded the bridegroom that it was true they would decide about Maria's hand, but not upon her heart. He himself, said they, should learn her predilections, or win them. They would themselves, in a favorable moment, speak with their child; but leave everything, in pious prayers, to the Savior. After this beginning the good Wormwood had really not gained much. He felt that Maria had never spoken with such earnestness for him as for the "Adventurer," as in thought he always called Solomon. Between him and her there was something which as often repelled them from one another as they exhibited a desire to approach each other. What this was he could not explain to himself. When he rode about in solitude, Solomon's fine figure involuntarily appeared ever before him. Something bitter, like jealousy, stirred within him. But he was consoled by the fact that Maria had thus far seen but little of, and had spoken but little with the supposed rival, and that Solomon had shown but little desire to visit Bethany since he had left it as a journeyman carpenter. This gave him new courage. He resolved that evening yet to open his heart to the adored. A dinner, to which he was invited in the city, prevented him from passing the day with the pious family.

When he appeared at Bethany in the evening, he came with joyful and hope-sparkling eyes. There was something mysterious and important in his whole manner. The family took a walk through the garden. Mr. Wormwood received Maria's arm; the parents willingly allowed them to speak with each other alone; they knew the loving suitor's designs. He, however, in order to prepare for himself a more favorable disposition with the bride of his heart, for the pre-determined solitary conversation, began speaking of an extraordinary discovery which he had in the afternoon had an opportunity of making. Susie and the parents again stepped up, merely to hear the wonderful news. They all remained standing.

"Whilst we arose tolerably late from the banquet," said Joseph, "I noticed a number of the guests curiously pressing toward the window. They beckoned to me and said: 'In the large building opposite, the FREEMASONS OF THE CITY HAVE THEIR LODGE, and to-day they had a celebration; you can now learn to know all the Free Masons of our city, for they are going into that house, to their secret assembly.' I accordingly stepped to the window. They named to me all the gentlemen who, in great numbers, went into the large house. At length came one whom nobody but myself knew. It was Doctor Solomon Wise. He went with the rest into the Masonic Temple. When I saw this I felt as though a dagger had pierced my heart."

So said Joseph. The dagger might truly have been a figure of speech with him; but in actuality it penetrated Maria's and her father's heart. Maria shuddered, and withdrew her arm from Wormwood's. Mr. Selber clasped his hands together, and sank his eyes sorrowfully to the earth; Susanna lisped: "I never would have thought this of Doctor Wise." Madam Martha said: "The dear Savior have compassion upon us!"

The confusion of the family of Bethany can only be understood when it is told in what ill-repute the Free Masons and their secret practices were held in the city, and, indeed, among the greater portion of the people. According to the assurance of the orthodox morning-preacher, they were altogether ordinary heathen, rebels from the faith, Deists, Atheists, Naturalists, who desired to know of no hell, of no heaven; who avoided churches, or visited them only for appearance sake, and who found in sinful enjoyment their greatest good. It was known, indeed, that a number of them were merry brothers, that their morals were often too free; that they led a questionable life. True, many of the richest and most respectable men of the city belonged to them; true, of many nothing evil could be said; nevertheless, it was a stain on them TO BE FREE MASONS. This always made their way of thinking suspicious. It was well known that they industriously gathered alms and spent them; but even the affected secrecy with which they supplied the wants of the indigent, and relieved the oppressed, itself only increased the suspicion that their good deeds were nothing more nor less than hypocrisy, and dust in the eyes of the mass.

Mr. Joseph Wormwood thought he had now called up the favorable moment in which he could draw Maria to his pious, Savior-loving heart. He joined in the general sorrow over Solomon, over the lost sheep.

"That which errs," said Maria, "is by no means lost. In a heart like his can the longing for the godly ever die? Is his life not a struggle for the better salvation? And who is holier than a sinner who finds grace?" So spoke Maria. Her soul was filled with grief. It is true it so happened to Mr. Wormwood that he found himself alone with her, but he found not a moment to open his heart to her. It is true he spoke of the happiness which ensued when silent believers in a hallowing faith adhered steadfastly and in confidence to each other; of his heaven upon earth, if he could always live in Maria's and her parent's society; at length, too, of the fire of an OVERPOWERING LOVE since he had seen Maria, and how he had in the flames thereof become holier. Maria understood him not. Joseph sorrowfully returned to the parents.

With very dissimilar emotions was Solomon awaited the next day by the residents of Bethany. Mr. Selber looked at him with mournful friendship, Mr. Wormwood with great uneasiness, Madam Martha with pious timidity, Susie with curiosity, Maria with a pleasant, to herself undefinable agitation. He came in earlier than he was expected. He expressed his regret that he could not the day before already promise to enjoy their society; to-day must therefore compensate him for his loss.

"You were without doubt," said Mr. Wormwood somewhat pointedly, but in a polite tone, "in a circle of nearer and dearer friends, who had more right to your society than we solitary ones here have."

"In part yes, in part no," replied Solomon; "but the smallest duty does ever precede the greatest pleasure. And I come to you, also, to-day—in part—for the same reason that kept me away from you. I come begging. I would through you apply to the EVANGELICAL BROTHERHOOD for a subscription for the same object which the FREE MASONIC LODGE OF THIS PLACE yesterday, in the most munificent and feeling manner, promised me aid. From whom, in these selfish times, can we yet hope for great assistance for a brother's fortune, besides such and kindred associations of excellent men?"

This unlooked for and strange comparison of the EVANGELICAL BROTHERHOOD and the FREE MASONS—Christ and Belial, thought Madam Martha in quiet—robbed them all of speech.

"But you do not beg for yourself, doctor?" inquired Susie, who remained the most undisturbed.

"NOT for myself, yet AS for myself!" answered Solomon, and drew forth a large folded paper, which he handed to Mr. Selber. "In the Orient I became acquainted with seven brave Germans, who languished in rigorous slavery. One of them accidentally made himself known to me as a FREE MASON; this drew me toward him. In this paper you will find everything which concerns these worthy to be lamented Christians. I vowed to them, that directly after my arrival in Germany I would, by means of the collection of a sufficient sum for ransom money, endeavor to achieve their freedom. Yesterday I made a beginning. There was directly obtained, by subscription, nearly a thousand guilders. From other Lodges I expect no less, and no insignificant sum from your Brotherhood."

Mr. Selber opened the paper and read. It contained a circumstantial account, by Solomon's hand, of the condition of the slaves, the cause of their misfortune, the price for the freedom of each one, their names, their origin, and gave at length the means whereby the ransom-money could be conveyed to the Orient. Solomon called upon the generosity of the compassionate in such soul-stirring language that no one in the family, not even Mr. Wormwood, heard the words read unmoved. "These men must be aided, and should I give the entire sum out of my own pocket!" feelingly said Mr. Selber. All said: "Certainly!" Maria was mute, her eyes wet. Yet, through her tears, she smiled with indescribable loveliness upon Solomon, moved a step nearer, laid both her hands with a soft pressure upon his arm, then drew herself, coloring, back.

Joseph, who with excruciating sensibility was witness of this flattering reward of Solomon's, would gladly have purchased a similar boon with his entire fortune. "Oh, why did you not first come to US, my dear doctor? why did you not tell ME of your vow? I ALONE would with pleasure have given you the required price!" said he. He was compelled to make so extraordinary an offer at the least for the sake of obtaining a friendly glance from Maria, or to maintain an equality in her eyes with the dangerous rivalry of Solomon's generosity, his sympathy might be a serious thing or not. But he shrewdly added, in order again to have the hated name of Free Mason heard: "It almost makes me regret that you gave a certain organization of persons—I mean the FREE MASONS—the preference, who do not in our city, as well as in various others, enjoy the best reputation."

"Let that rest!" replied Solomon. "There are many noble persons among them. We must not regard the name, but the works. The condemnation of the great mass argues nothing more than a peculiar, blind confusion. You are yourself aware in what bad repute the religious practice and belief of the Moravians is with the public; how they denounce the pious brethren without exception as fanatics and enthusiasts, or as hypocrites; as heretics and sectarians; as head-drooping, long-faced pharisees, full of holy pride; as pretending egotists. No educated man agrees with them. In our day, however, there is practiced with the so-called 'voice of the public,' or 'public opinion,' an intolerable idolatry; an unmistakable dominant PREJUDICE, a quite vulgar GOSSIP, is often placed by the idolaters upon the throne of their adoration. How much of my happiness would I have lost had I for this forsaken Bethany!"

A pause of reflection ensued. Joseph first broke it, in order that the field of victory might not be left to his adversary. "What WE do and are is open to the scrutiny of the whole world!" said he. "Unworthy brethren of the Society we expel from among us, and purify ourselves in earnest. If the crowd finds fault with us, so much the more unjust is it; for then it is wilfully unjust and blind. With Free Masonry, however, it seems to be another matter. IT AVOIDS THE LIGHT; it hides its practices under the veil of secrecy. Neither truth nor virtue requires the darkness which it so zealously courts; many members of this Order are known, too, who have not been expelled from it, though immoral their domestic and public conduct might often be."

"You are quite right in all that you say," replied Solomon. "But we must not forget that many poor Christians are found in the land, and many miserable citizens in the state, without therefore condemning either THE RELIGION or the STATE. The great crowd, however, hate smaller organizations which think they possess certain advantages or excellencies that the crowd either does not so regard, or is excluded from their advantages. Then, in its idle self-conceit, it argues from the faults of individual members the imperfection or dangerousness of the whole fellowship."

"Can this really be applied to the United Brethren?" asked Mr. Selber. "I am inclined to doubt it, for every one who is prompted within himself to join it is willingly and gladly taken into the bosom of the organization."

"Just so, too, in the society of Free Masons; there are always strict probations in advance!" replied Solomon. "The offense of the Evangelical United Brethren is not that they strive for a more exalted piety, a more intimate union with Jesus; but that in the great church they have made a PARTICULAR SMALL CHURCH and a SECTARIAN APOSTLESHIP. In this, as well as in various other things, Moravianism and Free Masonry bear a resemblance to each other."

At these words, Madam Martha, either involuntarily or in astonishment, clasped her hands together, and her manner indicated an unpleasant surprise. Solomon noticed it, and therefore quickly added: "I will more clearly explain myself. Moravianism and Free Masonry both proceed from the heart toward the highest spiritual aim of men. It is true, in this AIM they differ from each other; but in the MEANS they again become like each other; in the one it is godly, in the other mortal. Moravianism looks to ETERNITY, Masonry to the WORLD. The former desires the purest ennoblement of the RELIGIOUS relation, the most perfect union with God through Christ; the latter desires the highest exaltation of man's condition in THIS life. The former wish, in their community, to restore the simplicity and purity of PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY; the latter would reinstate, within its Temple, the human species in its HIGHEST WORTH IN LIFE; where, without regard to the difference in religion in the nationalities, the state-engagements and civil condition, the mortals embrace each other only as brethren in universal affiliation to the Father of the universe. Both organizations are intelligent efforts to convert the beautiful ideal into the real; not with the hope of UNIVERSALLY establishing such a state, but from time to time through its observation to raise the mind above the daily routine of life, or to reanimate and to strengthen its energies for the oppression and languishment of existence. So little as a Moravian can in earnest believe that in the end all Christians, Turks, Jews and Heathen will become actual Moravians, and promise to present the picture of ONE herd and ONE shepherd; even as little does it enter the mind of a Free Mason to make a trial of converting all the nations of the earth into one single Brotherhood, to abolish the differences of standing, and to remove all the prejudices which have in this world accompanied the possession of gold, civil advantages, and churchly divisions."

"Thus I find," said Joseph, "in your own representation of the matter, not only not the least similarity, but the most antagonistic difference between the two objects."

"In the aim; but in the means they again become like each other," answered Solomon. "Both objects are honorable and great, the means in both confining, often be-littling. Here and there, there is a slightly similarly-minded, within-itself-secluded COMMUNITY; here and there is used a peculiar, technical language, little understood by the uninitiated, which, to the world, is therefore often apparently ridiculous; here and there are practiced, at the assemblies of the brethren, peculiar CEREMONIES and USAGES, mostly of an emblematic character; here and there they entitle each other BRETHREN and SISTERS, and have, besides, their particular directors, chiefs, orators, holidays; here and there a like encouragement to the poorest humanity; here and there the WEAKNESS of some, deceiving itself as well as others, treats the DEAD form as the real existence, satisfies itself with the EXTERNAL, and transforms the whole institution into a means of feeding its self-love, its little, earthly selfishness, its worldly designs. A holy object—frail means and defective ways."

"But yet, not the means but the object is the chief thing which separates us; there is nothing in the form but everything in the substance," replied Joseph.

"I, too, say this; but the aims of Masonry and of Moravianism do not oppose each other," said Solomon, "but stand beside each other, like TIME and ETERNITY in the UNIVERSE, or as body and soul in man, where one cannot exist without the other. The conduct and object is the chief thing, not the means and the form. Therefore, whoever feels and wills the holy object of the United Brethren with a really Christlike heart is a Moravian without being made a corporate member through ceremonious receptions; and there are many of the noblest Free Masons who have never seen a Lodge and learned its emblematical business. Love of manly virtue in man, without question as to his origin, rank, riches, paternity and belief; longing for the perfection of the individual man and the combined human family in general—this constitutes the true Free Mason. And the sanctification of the spirit in love to the Savior, the sublime Mediator between ourselves and God—this constitutes the true Moravian; only this INWARD CONSECRATION, not alone an outward one. And so," added Solomon, in a low voice, "I, too, am a Moravian."

Clasping the young man in his arms, Mr. Selber cried aloud: "And so, after *your* idea, my brother, I, too, am a Free Mason."

Joseph as silently acquiesced in the sublime conclusion to which all were moved by the truth, eloquence and noble sentiments of the speaker. Maria, her face suffused with glad tears, and moved by the eloquence of the heart, gave her hand to Joseph, who received it as the precious boon of his life.

PRINCETON, N. J.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY W. B. RICHARD RUNYAN, BEFORE THE LODGE, ON THE 15TH OF JUNE LAST.

Worshipful Master, Brethren, Ladies and Gentlemen, friends all:

I feel somewhat embarrassed in attempting to address you this evening on a subject which some of you have no doubt heretofore considered as being under the lock and seal of Masonic mystery, and in a *place* where your imaginations have often pictured that no exercises were allowed to be witnessed except by those whose sufferings on the gridiron, and equestrian exploits on the goat, have qualified them to be numbered among the faithful.

However natural this supposition may be, it is erroneous. Masonry has indeed her secrets, which are unknown to all but the initiated, but her design, her benevolent and philanthropic spirit, have been and are understood by all minds which have taken the trouble to examine her records, where they can find nothing to suggest the idea of an expunging process; to blot out a single line of her history. The design of the Masonic institution is to make us wiser, better and, consequently, happier. The principal subject which Masonry, as a speculative science, has to deal with is man. It seeks to unfold in him a proper appreciation of the Deity and his works, and in all his laudable undertakings to look for applause and guidance to the Author of all wisdom, the Almighty ruler of the universe. His moral sensibilities are to be developed and exercised, his intellect cultivated and refined, his evil passions subdued, and, all acting together in harmony and in accordance with nature's laws, impress the world with the importance and dignity of the individual man. When we take into consideration that he is made in the image and likeness of the Supreme Architect of the universe, and that the same Almighty Being breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, we will realize in a measure the importance of the subject. In our physical construction we are fearfully and wonderfully made, presenting instances of astonishing endurance and tenacity to life, and instances to impress us how easily the "silver cord is loosed" and the vital spark suddenly extinguished. While as Masons we contemplate and properly estimate the mysterious processes of human life, and are filled with wonder at the infinite wisdom and knowledge of a Being who governs and directs the pulsations of every human heart, as well as the movements of worlds and systems of worlds which geometry reveals, and by hypothesis worlds and systems of worlds beyond the reach of human observation and conception; yet feel grateful that he has implanted in man the noblest of all his gifts, reason, which, if properly exercised and guided by the Great Light in Masonry (the Holy Bible) which always has a prominence on the Masonic altar, "that Book of Books, the only book by which the bark of man can navigate the sea of life and gain the port of bliss securely," will direct his steps through the intricate paths of life to a safe and peaceful haven. Freemasonry is designed to take hold of man in his rude and natural state, and, by developing the nobler powers of his nature, prepare him intellectually and morally for the various duties which he may be called upon to perform "while traveling through this vale of tears." It recognizes the fact that unless the passions of man, that rage within his breast like an ocean amid a storm, be not regulated and subdued, they will operate as a destroying element, as a consuming fire; consequently he is met at the very threshold of the Temple, and in the most impressive manner made acquainted with its absolute and vital importance. Tongues cannot depict the wretchedness, suffering and misery produced in the world by the unrestrained exercise of the passions. Men may be found in every station and avenue of life with shattered constitutions, ruined fortunes and blasted hopes, showing the results unmistakably, in their presentation, of the fearful wreck the passions have been making in the individual man; and when we take into consideration the mental anguish and suffering occasioned by these acts to those more intimately connected with them, as well as the effect upon society in general, we cannot but realize the importance of this branch of Masonic teaching; for by teaching the individual man to control his passions you prepare them in the aggregate to be good citizens and rulers, under whose harmonious and enlightened sway no foreign or fratricidal war would drench a land in blood or fill it with the weeping and wailing of orphans. The human passions is a theme which is dwelt upon in the Holy Scriptures, where we may find "line upon line and precept upon precept." The minister, while standing behind the sacred desk, proclaiming the everlasting gospel of peace, struggles, with all his powers of mind and soul, for the reduction of this disturbing and destroying element. Learned disquisitions on the same subject may be found among the writings of moralists and philosophers in all ages of the world. Freemasonry, from remote antiquity, by her beautiful and harmonious system and regularity, leads her subjects, step by step, and, by keeping constantly before their minds the essential qualifications of a good Mason, touches and opens their hearts gradually to receive those principles of morality and virtue which prompt them to deeds of charity, "to soothe the unhappy, to sympathize with their misfortunes, to compassionate their miseries and to restore peace to their troubled minds." Her moral code cannot be improved—it needs no revising, enlarging or changing. It is founded on the immutable truths of the Bible, indisputable and eternal. Through a long succession of centuries, amid the wreck of empires and the darkness of the middle ages, she preserved her light undimmed, and emerged in all her beauty and brilliancy, like gold tried in the furnace. No other system ever devised by men to impress on mankind great moral truths has ever had the power to unite men of different nationalities, religions, habits and customs, scattered over every part of the habitable globe, to work together in harmony, and all seeking to purify the moral atmosphere, teaching mankind the necessity of walking "uprightly, in their several stations, before God and man, squaring their actions by the square of virtue, and reminding them that they are traveling on the level of time toward 'that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.'" There is something that inspires us with thoughts above ourselves when we contemplate the genius, the pure spirit of Masonry. No special allurements have ever induced her to overstep her ancient landmarks and parade her beauties ostentatiously before an indifferent world; but the world nevertheless feels the benefits of her labors, like gentle dew falling in the stillness of the midnight hour. She encompasseth not sea and land to make proselytes, but exerts an unobtrusive influence upon the hearts of men, which prompts them to seek admission within her temple walls; she presents no allurements to those who have no higher motive than to forward selfish aims and selfish ambitions, but those who drink in her pure spirit she elevates in the scale of morality and virtue, and proves indeed a fostering mother.

Happiness is what Free Masonry seeks to confer upon her votaries, and happiness is what God designed for man by endowing him with mental and moral power and making him lord of creation, spreading out before him nature in all her profusion, and inviting him to explore her to her most concealed recesses. She invites to the study of astronomy, that he may learn to admire the starry heavens, and take in and comprehend the beauty of that faultless dome, studded with those beautiful gems of the night, compared with which all man's ingenuity and skill, even in the palmiest days of Grecian and Roman architecture, sink into insignificance. She invites to the study of mathematics, by a proper knowledge of which he may be made to feel the insignificance of all human calculations compared with the calculations of Him whose problems are beyond the possibility of human solution. His attention is called to the five senses of human nature—hearing, seeing, feeling, smelling and tasting that the world of wonders by which he is surrounded may contribute to his happiness, enabling him to find "tongues in trees books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." He looks abroad upon the varied fields of nature, and, although poor, perhaps, compared with those whose mansions glitter in his sight, calls the delightful scenery all his own —"his are the mountains and the valleys his; and the resplendent rivers his by a peculiar right, and by an emphasis of interest his, whose eyes they fill with tears of holy joy, whose heart with love, and whose exalted mind with thoughts of that unwearied One who planned and formed, and still upholds, a world."

From these scattered reflections we turn and ask ourselves the question, What are our duties as individual members of Princeton Lodge No. 38? It is our privilege to make this one of the first in the State, and, working directly for that object, and that without the violation of any Masonic duty, but, on the contrary, in perfect accordance with a command enjoined upon us, "to manifest a noble contention, or rather emulation, of who best can work and best agree." It is our privilege to so conform to the precepts and privileges of the Order as to mark our distinction among men and Masons. It is our privilege, by the exemplification of Masonic virtues in our family circles, to lead them to feel that the white apron is not a meaningless badge; but an emblem of all that is lovely and noble in human character; and while it is our duty to watch with a jealous eye that no innovations are suffered to creep in and destroy or mar the harmony and beauty of her proportions, yet we must not forget that we live in an age of progress unexampled in the history of the world, where the means for the improvement of the mind lie scattered around us like leaves in autumn weather; and that duty to our God, to ourselves, and the claims society has upon us, alike demand that we should not let these golden opportunities pass unheeded and unimproved.

It needs no labored argument to prove that Masonry demands intellectual development at the hands of her chosen disciples. At the very outset of a Mason's career, she puts on the yoke of mental discipline, for the purpose of inducing intellectual culture, and makes it, to a certain extent, a pre-requisite to his standing before men and brethren as a Free and Accepted Mason; and if this be necessary at the very outset, how much more necessary to his advancement if he desires to understand the principles which have kept a society together in one unbroken mysterious chain running back for more than four thousand years—if he wishes to understand "the secret sympathy, the silver link, the silken tie, which heart to heart and mind to mind, in body and in soul, can bind"—if he wishes to hold sympathetic communion with a "Rob Morris," whose soul-stirring productions seem in unison and harmony with the music of the spheres, he must study as *he* has and breathe the spirit of our glorious institution, which entertains no narrow, contracted views of the principles which it inculcates; but, on the contrary, dispersing sectionalism and bigotry like mist before the beams of the morning sun—teaching man that catholic and liberal view of duty which embraces all mankind, wherever located, as one family and having one destiny—teaching him solemn lessons of mortality, and impressing him with the truth that "Leaves have their time to fall, and flowers to wither at the north wind's breath, and stars to set; but thou, thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!" an institution eminently calculated to exercise in harmonious union all the capacities of the intellect and all the most exquisite powers of the soul; filling man with a high sense of his duty to God, to his neighbor, and the various relations he sustains to his family; enabling him to delight in the soul-kindling flashes in the eyes of his children, indicating an ardent desire for more light, and qualifying him to nurture the budding thought to bloom and ripen for immortality; ennobling and enriching everything with which he comes in contact; developing and enlarging the powers with which a beneficent Creator has endowed him; leveling, plumbing and squaring him for that upper and glorious temple, where the Supreme Architect of the universe presides.

For the Voice of Masonry.

THE LESSON OF THE PAST.

BY MARIUS VICTORINUS.

O man, thy thoughts how strange and volatile!
Now bright with beauty and now black with guile:
Thy heart, now warming, fain would soothe distress,
Now hating even an infant's soft caress.
So strange such contradictions ever seem,
We deem existence but some horrid dream—
A purgatorial lessson to the soul,
To fit it for a sphere where never roll
The seas of Passion: and such lesson here
Should teach us Christ's pure maxim to revere.
Not in all nature is there to be found
Two things alike, above, below, around;
Yet all in harmony move on serene,
Unlike, yet blending—man, behold the scene!
The wildest storm that ocean ever rolled,
Perchance some Nation's destiny controlled;
And Death and Famine oft divide the earth
To give some grander Nation place for birth.
The book of nature, balanced ever well,
Will render justice, although man rebel.

Hail, blest New England! in such lands as thee
Hath Genius birth and heavenly Liberty;
There Ethics proves a science most sublime,
To battle Error and to conquer Crime;
Yet on thy record spots are standing still,
Dark as those which Geneva's history fill.
Have we forgotten SERVETUS, who died
That CALVIN's vengeance might be satisfied?—
In later years the ready-kindled fire
Wherein Age, Youth and Beauty did expire,

Because some puritanic Pharisee
Deemed Error Truth and Truth but alchemy;
Or rather, writhing 'neath some truth that fell
To shame Hypocrisy and break its spell,
With hatred nerved, he plotted to remove
The wretch to hell, more like to heaven above.
Had I a scourge—such one as I would make,
Each strand thereof a living, writhing snake,
I'd lash such Pharisees till yells below
Proclaimed their advent in the realms of woe.
But truly, I am of a gentler mind,
And fain would bless nor ever curse mankind.
Time was when golden suns illumed the sky
Of prose satiric, and of Poesy;
When Byron lashed great scoundrels with his lyre,
Whose living echo never will expire.
Yet there are vices which should not control,
Which indignation wakes in Virtue's soul:
While such exist nor wit nor rhyme shall spare—
Truth's ear is deaf to Error's fear-wrung prayer.
If God, forgiving sin, permits to live
Thy brother, man! canst thou not faults forgive?
At times the noblest heart, to error driven,
Proves there is no perfection, save in heaven;
Although it err, perchance the cause was great,
Which once removed, its passion will abate.
That Golden Rule which Jesus came to teach,
Proves keenest satire on some men who preach
And war against each other, as if heaven
To ablest disputants will yet be given.
Truth's *signet* to each soul should be applied,
Each heart by Virtue's *perfect square* be tried,
And, erring oft, yet never once denied.

INDIANA.

EXTRACT FROM THE VERY LUMINOUS AND EXCELLENT ADDRESS OF P. G. M. H. G. HAZELRIGG, DELIVERED BEFORE THE GRAND LODGE OF INDIANA, MAY 26, 1868.

"A distinguished Past Grand Master of Kentucky, Brother Rob Morris, who has contributed much to the Masonic literature of this country, in a publication of Masonic Laws, gives perhaps as near a correct definition of the unchangable laws of Masonry as we have. He says, First, "The boundaries set up as checks to innovation. Second, Those peculiar marks of distinction by which Masons are separated from the profane, and by which they are enabled to designate their inheritance as Sons of Light. Third, Those immemorial laws which have been handed down from age to age, and from generation to generation, no one knowing when they originated, and no one having a right to alter or change them, but all being bound by a fair and liberal interpretation of them."* But our distinguished Brother,not being content to stop there, goes on and sets forth his list, up to seventeen in number, differing from all the others, but having at least the characteristics of novelty to recommend them.

A committee of the most learned Masons of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, at the head of which was Past Grand Master Fellows, in a report which was adopted by the Grand Lodge, says, 'Your committee are of the opinion that the only written landmarks are those in the Ancient Charges of the Order, forming part of the Constitution of the Grand Lodge; and the unwritten, those contained in the ceremonies of initiation, and the ties which bind us together as Masons; nor is it thought proper by legislation to make any new obligations, with penalties attached, nor for a Lodge at least to attempt by resolution, to define the Landmarks of the Order.' That there are laws of the fraternity, as unchangable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, no well-informed Mason for a moment doubts, but what those laws are, will perhaps be definitely settled simultaneously with the finding of the philosopher's stone, and from present prospects, I fear not much before; but be that as it may, after a close and laborious examination of all the old Constitutions, Charges, Regulations, and landmarks, I don't mean those of the present century, I find not one word about Grand Masters making Masons at sight, as I understand the words to mean; I am, therefore, forced to the conclusion that such a power *does not now, nor ever did, exist*, except when given by the Grand Lodge itself, from which the Grand Master derived his office, and not believing that Grand Lodges are omnipotent, I very much doubt whether they are, as we now understand the relation between Grand and Subordinate Lodges, competent to grant such a power, however I would not covet the task of undertaking to successfully defend such a power.

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* First published by Bro. J. W. S. Mitchell, in the "Masonic Signet," in 1848, several years before Bro. Morris published his work.

It may be well here to define what I understand to be meant by making Masons at sight. I understand it to be, the Grand Master taking the candidate to some appropriate place and there, either alone, or with such aid as he may summon, or be able to procure, make him a Mason. Am I correct in this supposition? It can't be simply going into a regularly constituted Lodge, and there making it a case of "emergency," by dispensing with the 'previous notice and due inquiry into his character.' In some jurisdictions Subordinate Lodges are, by a unanimous vote of its members, authorized or permitted to declare a case one of emergency; but this power is derived from the Grand Lodge who creates them, and is the exercise of a right the propriety of which is very doubtful, particularly when we take into consideration the solemn pledge of every Master of a Lodge at his installation. And if we have that reverence for old regulations which we ought and all profess to have, a Mason can be made no where, by Grand Master or any one else, but in a regular Lodge. In 1663, under the Grand Mastership of the Earl of St. Albans, it was solemnly declared, 'That no person of what degree soever, be made or accepted a Free Mason, unless in a regular Lodge, whereof one to be a Master or a Warden in that limit or division where such Lodge is kept, and another to be a craftsman in the trade of Freemasonry.' Again: 'That no person hereafter who shall be accepted a Free Mason, shall be admitted into any Lodge or assembly, until he has brought a certificate of the time and place of his acceptation from the *Lodge* that accepted him, unto the Master of that limit or division where such Lodge is kept.' Not only this regulation but the organization of Grand and Subordinate Lodges, as it now exists throughout the habitable globe, forbids the making of Masons in any other place, or by any other power than that of a regularly organized Lodge. The power to grant Dispensations to organize Lodges and therein 'to receive and enter Apprentices, pass Fellow Crafts, and raise Masters,' does not carry with it the power to make Masons at sight. These Lodges when organized have powers which a Grand Master has not; they can make laws, admit members (though this is controverted by some), and try and expel them, none of which can a Grand Master do, though it is by the authority of his dispensation that they do it, and that is because he is authorized by the constitution to grant such powers to be exercised by others, while the right to do it is not granted to him; and before a Dispensation for organizing a Lodge is granted, certain prerequisites are necessary, without which I apprehend a Grand Lodge would, in the prudent exercise of its power, declare the Dispensation void. If it be true, and I take it for granted that it is, that every Mason should be a member of some Lodge, what becomes of your Masons made in Lodges under Dispensation, if they don't thereby become members of it? Where is your made at-sight Masons? Straggling through the world with that Masonically worthless army of non-affiliates. It can't be consistent with any well-defined ideas of organized Masonry that they are made non-affiliates at their making. A Mason made anywhere but in a regularly organized Lodge, comes nearly up to my notions of a 'clandestine made Mason.'

It is true that a chartered Lodge can't exist without a charter signed by the Grand Master, as it is that one under a dispensation cannot without a dispensation signed by him; his signature is as necessary to the existence of one as the other —it gives him the same power over both; he can arrest or suspend the functions of the one just as he does the other; the power to do which is granted by the constitution, by and under which and without which he can't exist, and I believe no one claims that a chartered Lodge is the mere creature or agent of the Grand Master. Both Lodges derive their vitality from the Grand Lodge. The instrument by and from which both derive their rights and powers, is granted to certain brethren therein named. 'Together with all such brethren as are now or may hereafter become members.' Hence the rule that these grants of power can't be surrendered while seven members, the original number, are opposed to the surrender.

Grand Masters doubtless are possessed of large and extensive powers, but making 'Masons at sight' is not one of them. Since 1717, and I suppose before, they have just such powers as are conferred upon them by law, and I doubt whether any more; they can't exist in this country without a Grand Lodge—they are made by them, and from them, the General Regulations and Ancient Landmarks, they derive their authority, and no where else. They can neither make nor abrogate a law, unless they are authorized by the law itself to dispense with it, and where this power is not given it can't be exercised; thus, when the regulation of 1721 declared that no man could be made a Mason in any Lodge (and he can be made in no other place) without due notice being given, also provided that the Grand Master might dispense with this due notice; but the very next regulation declares that no man can be made a Mason without the unanimous consent of all the members present, and that the unanimity could not be dispensed with; and so sacred have we in this jurisdiction held this doctrine of unanimity, that we forbid the making while a single member objects, whether present or not, if he makes his objection known. It is of all ideas the most absurd to suppose that he, who is under the most solemn obligation not only to obey the law himself, but also to see that others do so too, can dispense with that obedience. The power to dispense with a law can only be done in pursuance of law; and where no provision is made for that purpose, there is no power. The obligation to obey the Landmarks is no greater than that to obey the laws and edicts of the Grand Lodge—they are one and the same."

ORIENTAL LODGE vs. DR. J. H. HOLLISTER.

In the discharge of our duty as historian of Oriental Lodge, in the July number, we had occasion to refer to the expulsion of Dr. Hollister therefrom, not for any immoral act, but simply for contumacy toward the Lodge. In our strictures upon the folly of members not paying dues and disobeying the order of the Worshipful Master, as illustrated in his case, we have nothing to retract. The Junior Warden, at the time, was bound to bring the charges, which were established, and the Lodge did what was its obvious duty, and could do no other. Personally, we had no knowledge of this gentleman, and had no motive to speak of him only in the illustration of a principle which will apply to any other member under similar circumstances.

We have had a visit from Dr. Hollister and find him a gentleman with, no doubt, as nice a sense of honor as any of us, and willing to bear all social burdens. His explanation goes to show that he did not deem himself bound to pay dues after notifying the Secretary of the Lodge of his determination to dissolve his connection with Masonry, and paying, as he says, a year's dues in advance. He deemed, an still deems, he had done his duty and would pay no more.

The difficulty, of course, arose from his want of knowledge of Masonic Law; and although, in the abstract, it seems hard if a man cannot get away from Masonry if he desires it, yet it is pretty clear that some expressions of his with regard to some of the members led to an indisposition to grant him a dimit, and especially so, as he had no intention of leaving the city: and so, not being dimitted, he was not released from his obligations to Oriental Lodge.

We doubt the propriety of compelling a brother to remain a brother if he has none of the elements of Masonic Brotherhood in him, and it would be well, perhaps, the Law should be altered. But as the Law is, one vote will keep a man out, and one objective vote shall keep a man in, unless some moral offence is proven. But no moral offence had been committed, and dimit could not issue while there was an objection, and, therefore, the final results are as we have already stated. The general opinion is, Dr. Hollister was badly advised, but otherwise, his record as a citizen of Chicago is without blemish.

IOWA.

On Wednesday evening, July 1st, 1868, West Union Lodge, No. 69, A. F. & A. M., held their annual election, which resulted in the re-election of the following brethren for the ensuing year: Wm. Cowle, W. M.; L. L. Ainsworth, S.W.; J. S. Wright, J. W.; J. S. Sampson, Treas.; C. H. Millar, Secretary.

[FACETIOUS.]

JOINING THE FREE MASONS.

That Masonry is of very ancient date is proved by the fact that during the wet season Noah used to hold lodge meetings in the corner of the Ark. He was obliged to give it up, however, owing to the curiosity of Mrs. Noah, who, notwithstanding the fact that her husband placed a couple of lions and a crocodile at the door as outside guard, came pretty near finding out the secret and starting a female lodge on her own hook.

I must tell you of the perils and trials I had to undergo to become a Mason. On the evening in question I presented myself at the door of the lodge-room, No. 66,666, sign of the skull and the cross bones. I was conducted into an ante-room where five or six melancholy chaps in sashes and embroidered napkins were waiting to receive me. On my entrance they all got up and turned somersaults and then returned to their seats. A big fat fellow, who sat in the middle, and who seemed to be the proprietor, then said, "Sinner from the outer world, advance." I advanced. "Will you give up everything to join us?" "Not if I know it," I said, "there's my wife and fourteen fine——" Another party told me to say "yes," as it was merely a matter of form, so I said, "Yes, I give up everything." The fellows in the towels then said, "'Tis well. Do you swear never to reveal anything you may see or hear this evening to any human being, or to your wife?" "'Pon my word I will not." They all groaned again, and said, "'Tis well." They then examined my teeth, and felt my muscle, and then they groaned again. I said, "If you don't feel well, I've got a little bottle here that——" The fat man here took the bottle from me and told me to shut up. He then in a voice of thunder said, "Bring forth the goat." Another fellow came up with a big cloth to blindfold me. "No you don't, Mr. Mason," I said: "no tricks on travelers, if you please; I don't believe in playing blindman's buff with a goat. Stand back, or I'll knock you into smithereens." They were too much for me, however, so I had to submit and be blindfolded. The goat was led in, and I could hear him making an awful racket among the furniture. I began to feel that I was in for it and couldn't help myself. Three or four then pitched me on the animal's back, telling me at the same time to look out for squalls. I have been in a good many scrapes. I've been in an election fight—I've been pitched out of a four-story window—I've gone down in a railroad collision, and up in a steamboat explosion, but this goat excursion was ahead of them all. The confounded thing must have been all wings and horns. It bumped me against the table and chairs and stove and ceiling, but I hung on like a Trojan. I turned front somersaults and back somersaults, and rolled over and over till I thought it was all over with me. I was just on the point of giving up, when the bandage fell from my eyes, and the goat bounded from under me and disappeared through a window with a yell like a Camanche Indian giving up the ghost. I was in a lodge of Masons. They did not observe for a moment that I could see, so I had a good chance to watch their performances. They were performing their mystic rites with a vengeance. They were dancing a mystic war dance around a big skull, and playing at leap frog, and turning hand springs, and the big fat fellow of the ante-room was standing on his head in a corner finishing the contents of my little bottle. Order was soon restored, and I was led up to a desk and told to be at ease. The Chief Engineer of the establishment then put his thumb to his nose and stretched out his fingers in the shape of a fan towards me, commanded silence; the rest of the brothers did likewise and were silent. The governor then addressed me: "Brother Kobb, you are now one of us. You are a member of an institution which has lasted ten millions of years. From this forward your constitution is sound. You are water-proof, even fire-proof. With impunity you may walk through the lake, or sit down on a red hot stove. You are free from rheumatism, dyspepsia, whooping-cough and the measles. The Sheriff dare not seize you for debt, nor a policeman arrest you for a misdemeanor. You are one of us, you are safe. Here is the pass-word; with that and a big club you can get into any lodge in Christendom."

IOWA.

Brother C. Noel, of Adel, writes us, "Masonry is flourishing in our town. The Blue Lodge is receiving accessions at every Stated Meeting, and our new Chapter, which fourteen months ago numbered nine members, now has a membership of some thirty."

Editor's Trestle-Board and Quarry.

ARREARS FOR THE VOICE.

To the Readers of the Voice: Having got through seven months of the year, I ventured to send a friendly circular to my readers, of which the following is a copy:

Office of the Voice of Masonry,
Chicago, July 10, 1868.

Dear Brother: At foot I send you a statement of account for the Voice of Masonry, and, as I have already sent seven numbers of the present Vol. 6 for 1868, I shall esteem it much if you will remit me the amount immediately. I have some very pressing claims to meet, and I am sure your fraternal regards will induce you to reply promptly to this appeal.

Yours very truly and fraternally,
John C. W. Bailey, 164 Clark Street.

To subscription to the Voice of Masonry for 186 , - -
Do., " " " 1868, - - $2.00

To this I have had some not very complimentary answers from men who are willing to allow me to continue sending a magazine that costs me much money, and then when I write for pay, say they have not taken it out of the office this year, and do not want it. The loss is considerable to a publisher, who has to bear the whole burden, while to each individual it's a mere trifle. Thank God, they are not very numerous, or else it might be ruin, for all they care. Interesting and benevolent, is it not, for members of a benevolent society "*par excellence?*"

On the other hand, it's refreshing to have one of the following kind; and here I am thankful to say I have had many, some sending me for 1869 in advance, in addition to what they were indebted:

Mr. John C. W. Bailey, Chicago, Ill.:

Dear Sir and Brother: I am in receipt of yours of the 10th inst. You will find inclosed $2 for my subscription for the Voice of Masonry. I almost feel it a duty to make an apology for not remitting sooner, but, however, am glad you have continued to send it, as I consider it almost one of the indispensables. We now have a good, *live*, working Lodge of twenty members. We got a charter at the last Grand Lodge of this State. The name of it is Trowel Lodge, No. 216. Three principal officers: G. W. Dickenson, W. M.; G. W. Hayzlett, S. W., and Wm. Chapple, J. W.

Fraternally yours, * * * *

And now, Brethren, those of you who have not yet remitted, let me beg you will do so at once. I am trying to give you one of the *best* Masonic magazines that can be published, and want your aid. Two dollars a year individually is not much, but to a publisher it is everything to have it promptly and in sufficient number to enable him to spend money on the work and make it of intrinsic value as a literary magazine, and a true exponent of Masonry, and a thoughtful defender of our world-wide benevolent institution.

Masonry has a mission great and glorious. How greatly have we been impressed with this truth by reading Dr. Morris' letters. Gathering together, as he did, in the English Consul's ancient Gothic building, situate in his garden, the British Consul, Dr. Morris himself, and some French and Arab Masons, and forming a Lodge for brotherly counsel and fraternal greetings. How lovely, how Godlike such a gathering! Verily He has made of one blood all the nations of the earth!

American Masons, come to the rescue. Let every Brother that reads this resolve to increase my subscription list and aid me in making the VOICE OF MASONRY the voice of Masonry, indeed.

REMITTANCES FOR THE VOICE, received from July 10th to August 1st.—Having received many letters with cash, within those dates, I find it impossible to answer them all individually. The Brethren who have remitted will please look for acknowledgment here, *except* such as I had to answer in reply to other inquiries:

G. Danford, $2; Rev. A. C. Harris, $2; J. G. Hays, $2; Geo. R. Sanford, $2; J. H. Fairchild, $4; S. B. Mitchell, $5; P. Worrall, $2; S. C. Annable, $2; J. C. Beecher, $4; Adam Brewer, $2; F. S. Graham, $4; C. L. Marshall, $2; Thos.

Collins, $2; Samuel Rees, $2; John R. Porter, $2; L. W. Woods, $2; J. C. Luckey, $2; S. A. Jones, $2; G. A. Bates, $4; I. P. Brush, $2; Jas. H. Kerr, $2; Lewis D. Crans, $2; J. H. G. Hawes, $2; George Bellow, $2; Wm. Ward, $2; E. B. Clapp, $2; Willis Reeder, $2; A. Truesdale, $1.17; Henry C. Daniels, $2; L. A. Longmore, $2; I. A. Welmore, $4; A. M. McKenzie, $2; S. T. Osmer, $2; A. R. Cotton, $2; Geo. W. Burt, $2; T. G. Jaques, $5; J. C. Brenkmeyer, $2; Thos. Downing, $4; B. Kersey, $2; M. B. Mason, $2; Rev. J. Gierlow, $2; C. W. Crary, $2; E. B. Clement, $2; F. Keables, $4; S. V. Polk, $2; P. A. Maltz, $2.50; E. Enger, $2; Philip Kelley, $2; J. V. Harshlager, $2; W. H. Eastman, $2; M. Russell, $2; J. Hilsinger, $3.20; J. W. Weldon, $2; Geo. B. Young, $2; A. J. Thomson, $2; Chas. A. Pagelson, $2; I. N. Beard, $2; Sam. Catherwood, $2; Wm. Margrave, $5; G. W. Lininger, $4; J. R. Fairfield, $4; J. C. Wate, $2; Milton Maulsby, $2; A. J. Elder, $2; Samuel Wood, $2; James E. Johnson, $2; S. Melvin, $2; James Taylor, $2; Wm. Ricker, $2; Cole Noel, $2; W. Chapman, $2; R. H. Adams, $2; Sam'l Snider, $2; C. Pannell, $2; Eph. Adams, $2; Wm. Frees, $2; W. M. Allen, $2; John Hufler, $4; L. M. Cox, $1; W. H. S. Hughes, $2; E. C. Johnson, $2; Wm. J. Ross, $2; Daniel Burke, $2; D. A. Scott, $4; Alex. Beede, $2; R. Hill, $4; Jonathan Havens, $4; W. H. Long, $2; C. B. Smith, $2; Lester Cate, $4; L. H. Cutler, $4; Chas. Spath, $8; Stephen Fellows, $4; Buck & Bishop, $2; J. F. Sieberling, $2; F. Vandervoort, $2; A. E. Wheat, $4; D. Sheer, $2; C. A. Weaver, $2; J. H. Service, $2; Wm. M. Bentley, $2; James Ives, $2; J. T. Berkstresser, $2; N. Newman, $2; W. J. Mullen, $2; G. W. Hayzlet, $2; Jas. A. Hill, $5; Malta Lodge, No. 320, $2; J. H. Eldredge, $2; J. C. Vermilya, $2; Wm. Harvey, $2; R. V. Vermillion, $2; Fred. Webber, $2.

Let Brotherly Love continue.—*St. John.*

STANDARD NOTICES.

All correspondence of the *Voice of Masonry*, whether editorial or otherwise, and all orders for Masonic Books, Jewels, Regalia, Working Tools, Columns, etc., etc., must be addressed to J. C. W. Bailey, 164 South Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

INCREASE OUR SUBSCRIPTION LISTS.—Every reader of the *Voice*, Master Mason in good standing, is an authorized agent for it, and we look to such to enlarge our circulation. If each of our present patrons would secure *only one more subscriber*, the gain to us would be considerable, and enable us to greatly increase the illustrations, and other improvements we should be glad to effect, although we may say now that we have one of the best masonic magazines published.

Copies of Proceedings, Addresses, By-laws, &c., &c., are solicited, as heretofore. Address them as below. Give us early notices of deaths, casualties, celebrations, festivals, &c., &c.

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VOICE OF MASONRY
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ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

VOLUME VI. SEPTEMBER, 1868. NUMBER IX.

SERIES OF LETTERS* FROM ROB MORRIS.

MASONIC MEETING AT BEYROUT, SYRIA.

BY BROTHER ROB MORRIS.

The condition of Freemasonry at Beyrout is not, I regret to say, in a condition satisfactory to the members there or creditable to the great cause in which the fraternity are engaged. The reasons for this need not be enlarged upon; they are such as do not in the least compromise the honor of the craft at Beyrout, nor will it require any extraordinary effort to remove them. There is the best of feeling amongst the brethren there concerning future operations, and I feel confident that another year will be the opening of a new era for masonic progress upon the Syrian coast.

I had postponed my purpose to have the good fellows of Beyrout called together, owing to the protracted absence of

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* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by J. C. W. Bailey, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Bro. G. J. Elbridge, H. B. M., Consul General of Syria, late Master of the lodge here—*Palestine Lodge No.* ,—and been endowed, it is understood, with special powers for the extension of Freemasonry in this country. That functionary had been away on leave of absence to his native country for nearly a year, during which period little or nothing had been done in the affairs of the lodge, the actual Master, Brother R. W. Brigstock, M. D., being much engaged in the engrossing duties of his profession, and the other officers declining to act in his absence. But upon his return a general wish was expressed by the fraternity of Beyrout that we should have a meeting, and one was promptly called for Saturday, the 6th of June. The night, of course, was oppressively sultry, yet the attendance nearly all the resident members of Beyrout, about thirty. Amongst them were Bro. Eldridge, just named; Bro. E. J. Rogers, Master elect of this lodge; the present Master, Dr. Brigstock; Bro. Ridley, an old and highly respected merchant here, etc. The visitors included Brothers Samuel Halloch, of Philadelphia, Pa.; D. W. Thomson, of Fulton City, Ill., myself and others.

The extreme heat rendering the lodge room insupportable, we used the parlor of the lodge for our meeting, a well-furnished apartment very tastily arranged. Here, after an introduction to the brethren, most of whom spoke Arabic only, I opened the purposes of my mission to Palestine, my remarks being excellently interpreted by Brother Rogers, one of the best Oriental scholars upon this coast. I said, in brief, that I had come to this land of historical and masonic associations, representing a number of the more enterprising members of the fraternity in the United States. That in pursuance of my mission, I had visited all places particularly memorable in the history of our society, especially Tyre, Gebal, Mount Lebanon, the Bay of Rafts, (St. George's Bay) Joppa, and Jerusalem, and had collected relics of every land that would serve as tokens to my friends at home. That the most profound interest is felt in the United States in all matters relative to Syria and Palestine. That no questions will be propounded me with more earnestness than those relating to the condition of Free-masonry here. Then I pointed them to the world-wide reach and extent of our ancient association, showing them that I had found a group of the members of this fraternity upon the steamer that brought me to Liverpool; another upon the Mediterranean steamer; a large body of Masons representing five lodges at Smyrna; a company of sixteen Masons at Damascus, and a goodly number at Jaffa and Jerusalem. That all these, without exception, were earnest and zealous in the cause, glowing with the desire to extend the honorable and useful reputation of the fraternity. That the prospects were now bright for the establishment of lodges during the present year at Demascus and Jerusalem.

Then I sketched the principles and aims of the Masonic Institution. I showed them that a *prudent reticence*, so rare in this country where men talk more freely of each other than anywhere else, is one of the fundamental principles of the order. That obedience to the laws and regulations of the society; charity in relieving the wants of the distressed; the most scrupulous honor in our dealings with each other; promptness in recognizing masonic summonses; secrecy in preserving the fundamentic secrets of the order; fidelity in regard to exchanged confidences and profoundest caution in the admission of members to the lodge, are essential to the successful workings of the institution everywhere. I assured them that Freemasonry stood very high in the popular estimation, in Syria and Palestine—that is to say, amongst the governing classes and those who would do credit to its affiliation, and that it only needed for the Masons at Beyrout to strengthen themselves—to establish a few more lodges in that city—to establish regular meetings—to publish their laws, aims and principles for the reading of their own members and of the outer world, and the benefits of the royal order would be increased a hundred fold.

I told them of our methods of operation in the United

States, that our lodges hold regular meetings in places well known to every one; that they let the surrounding community know who they are and where they are, and what they are endeavoring to do; that they publish a number of journals devoted to the interests of Freemasonry; that when a stranger calls at one of their assemblies, there is an officer (the Senior Deacon) specially charged with the duty of welcoming and accommodating him; by him the visitor is introduced to the officers and members of the lodge, and his stay in the place made pleasant in consequence of his masonic associations. On behalf of the great American fraternity, representing one-half of all the Freemasons in the world, I invited them to come and see us and verify the statements I had made.

By special request I then recited "The Level and the Square," following after "Our Vows." Both seemed to give satisfaction. An hour was then spent in the interchange of friendly sentiments. There is a fervor about these Syrian Masons that is extremely pleasant to a stranger. I was overwhelmed with kind wishes, invitations and solicitations "to come again" and "to come often," and if anything can tempt me again to take the long journey from Kentucky to Beyrout, it will be to repeat the agreeable sensation of that evening among the Masons of Beyrout.

Before dissolving the meeting, one of the lodge-officers suggested that as few of the craft there had ever received a side-degree of any kind, they would be pleased and perhaps benefited by the communication of the *Secret Monitor.* Pleased to gratify them so easily, I explained what a side-degree was, and what was the object of this one. All expressed the wish to receive it, and certainly, if its *uses* are at all commensurate with the enjoyment it gave to that good set of fellows, the *Secret Monitor* is not to be slighted. In this, as in all other inculcations of the evening, my words were translated to them by Brother Rogers. My views were substantiated by Bro. G. J Eldridge, now (or soon to be) Deputy

Grand Master for the District of Syria, and by the other English-speaking Masons present. To conclude, the assembly proved to be one of unmingled enjoyment, and will, I think, do good.

I cannot close this article without pointing out the chief difficulties with which the masonic devotee in that country must necessarily contend. It is the necessity of working the Rituals in French and Arabic. A portion speak French only, (all foreigners in Syria speak French, no matter what may be their nationality) while the larger portion only speak Arabic. No one in Syria has the Rituals in that language, and this subjects the Worshipful Master to *extemporizing* the lectures, covenants, &c., *as he goes along*, a task at once immensely difficult; and in fact impossible to be satisfactorily performed. In a lodge that I visited at Alexandria, Egypt, (the *Lodge des Pyramides*) the work is done alternately in French and Arabic, and the record books (which I examined) are kept correspondingly. But even there the Rituals (in all French lodges the Rituals are printed and laid out in the pedestals for the officers' use) are printed *in French* not in Arabic, and this reproduces the difficulty above alluded to.

Let one of my readers who is Master of a Lodge conceive the difficulty of being compelled to translate into a foreign tongue, clause by clause, the language of the Rituals so that the candidate would understand it! the difficulty, too, is increased, when that foreign tongue is *the Arabic*, an oriental language whose phrases and trains of thought are essentially different from our own. I think I have said enough to show that instead of blaming our Syrian brothren for their want of progress, we should give them great credit *for what they have done*, and lend them warm wishes and sympathy in their labors.

ADDRESS UPON THE INITIATION OF ABDEL KADER.

BY BROTHER NICOULLARD, ORATOR OF THE LODGE OF THE PYRAMIDS.*

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT,
June 18, 1864.

Freemasonry is to the world what the Nile is to Egypt; she yields good things to it without exposing her origin. Freemasonry took man in his infancy to conduct him to his immortal ends. Imitating the GRAND ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE who has given him for a temple *the entire world*, and for his lights, *the stars that brighten the celestial vault*, she has made him comprehend that an unceasing rule of labor is laid upon him, which he must discharge to his Creator as he has received it. In himself, she erects her temples, kindling in him, those fires only which he can feed—I mean, those virtues which are the splendor and glory of his nature.

She was born in the necessity which good men experience, of remaining *united* in the practice of the true law, in spite of the divisions which time and the spirit of discord have sown in humanity; of remaining *equal* in spite of the distinctions of caste and rank created by the caprices of fortune; of remaining forever *free*, in spite of tyranny.

And she has taken for her device immortal principles invoked to regulate societies and formulas in these three magic words, *Liberty*, *Equality*, *Fraternity*.

Whenever a people has courage to write these upon their *conscience* at the same time as upon their *monuments*, it bespeaks for them the circuit of the world.

But soon, like the lightning flashes, they re-enter the cloud and seem forever scattered; because the nation which has once taken them down from its forehead, alas! will never let them again penetrate either to its soul or to its will.

But where will they conceal themselves when frightened by the shock of social cataclysms? in the breast *of this society* which gave them birth!

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*Translated by Bro. Rob Morris, from the original French copy presented him in Egypt.

As it is always in the open arms of its mother that the distressed child takes refuge and the young man is undeceived by him who has experienced the disappointments of life; so the world, having given birth to a man, through love, shows him when he is slain, or rather when *he seems to die*, his proper affections, the better to awaken them, and when the horrors of the profane universe curse and drive away these younger sons of Masonry, she collects them together again.

She can lament with them and blend her tears with their sufferings; but she maintains an eternal trust to produce those principles which are the heart and life of humanity; she tenderly shelters them, preserves them, developes them, shortly to return in greater strength and ardor to the universe that awaits upon them, as the earth only receives a man to restore him to nature in immortal youth, to the head of all things, to God, to eternal life!

Masonic freedom is not that goddess of savage aspect, of disheveled head, who communicates sometimes to the world her sublime thrills and terrible aspirations; who with one hand shakes off the chains of nations and with the other butchers kings; who, it is true, arouses the people from their lethargy and instructs them to redress themselves, but at the same time placing murderous weapons in their hands, teaches them to avenge themselves, who forms new tyrants out of independent men, and after having drawn the world out from the slavery of feudality and of princes, precipitates it into terror.

No, masonic freedom is the unrestricted practice of actions which flow from the just knowledge of right and duty. It consists in marching bravely in the way of conscience, with no more disquietude from clamorous enemies and the shock of passion than the eagle observes the cry of the hawks that enviously follow the majesty of his flight.

Freemasonry consists in the knowledge that a man may be a freeman in chains and a slave upon the throne.

When Equality is mentioned, it can only be a question of *moral equality*. Does this exist upon earth except in Freemasonry? We doubt it. She introduces it into the human conscience that it might afterwards pass into human codes. She developed it and preserved it in her own bosom, to spread abroad the cement with care, little by little. All Masons are equal, whatever may be their rank, position or fortune.

It is this charming equality which enables us to apply that other principle of our order—*Masonic Fraternity.* Not more than her sister, Liberty, does she resemble that profane virtue which is indicated under her name. Masonic fraternity alone begets acts of devotion. It is impossible to enumerate the wonders she has performed.

To efface among men the distinctions of rank, color, creed, opinion, country; to destroy fanaticism and superstition; to extirpate national hatreds, and with these the scourge of war; in a single word, to make of all the human kind *only one and the same family*, one in devotion, in labor, and in knowledge —this is the great work which she assumes; this is the mission which each day she accomplishes.

For this, it is sufficient to put in practice this one precept which commingles with that of all religions—"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Wiser than the best of other institutions, she hastens to announce to her adepts that *to be called a Freemason* is not sufficient; and that we cease *to merit the title* in ceasing *to practice the virtues* which it imposes.

So also, it is said in Scripture, "Circumcision is not in the flesh, but in the spirit." And we also declare—He is not the Mason who is *called a Mason*; but he who makes his own soul a temple sufficiently pure that the Holy Spirit may take delight there; he who puts sublime charity *into practice* by giving his bread and shedding his blood for his brethren.

No person, more than yourself, illustrious Brother Abdel

Kader, has merited through these virtues, this mark of devotion and love—no person is more gloriously entitled to bear it.

When we reckon the acts of your career, we can say to you—you have long been a Mason!

But they are again especially presented to the mind, those scenes of carnage and affliction when an insane people, exasperated by fanaticism and treason, massacred with fire and steel an entire disarmed population. Again echoes to our hearts this declaration made to the Minister of France, by yourself, illustrious Emir: "Hark ye, while I live, while a single one of my Mograbbins* live, no one shall touch your person! As the dangers increases, I must increase the means of defense. If you persist in remaining here at your own residence, you will oblige me to divide my forces. If you consent to go to my quarters, I can apply to the security of the Christians, the soldiers whom I must employ to protect you. You may say to yourself, wherever is the flag of France, there is France. Very good. Bear your flag with you—plant it on my house, and then the house of Abdel Kader becomes France."

And so the tri-colored flag soon towered over the holy mansion, which became the refuge of the Christians, and there is no house under the heavens where it could float with more pride than yours.

But it did not confine itself in striving for that which that man of God had laid upon it. The armies of civilization were absent. To him, the descendant of the Prophet, was given the mission of placing himself in their stead. Bold, with only a handful of the faithful, he took the offensive against the massacre. At the head of scarcely three hundred men, followed by his two sons, he plunged resolutely into those quarters whence the revolt proceeded, urging the Moslems to join themselves to him, and inviting the Christians to take refuge among his own people. "Oh Christians!" he said, oh unhappy Christians! come, come to me! I am Abdel Kader, the son of Muhi—Eddin, the Mogrebin—have confidence in me, and I will protect you!"

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*The Mograbbins were Abdel Kader's body guard.

At the sound of this signal of hope, many visages, marred with terror, peered through the lattices of the Christian dwellings (at Damascus). An immense cry of joy resounded in the desolate dwellings, and every one hastened to meet the unexpected succor which had been divinely sent them.

Among the 12,500 Christians whom he saved from death, there were found Lazarists, Sisters of Charity, and four hundred children, their pupils. Oh, it was a grand and beautiful spectacle—the descendant of the Prophet traversing the ensanguined streets of Damascus, marching among the priests, the ecclesiastics, the children, who had been snatched from death—these soldiers. ancient enemies in the holy war, now leading in one hand the poor orphans, to whom they had become protectors, and with the other thrusting back the blows from the butts of muskets of cut-throats, endeavoring to snatch from their rescuers the sacred deposit intrusted to their fidelity.

But the multitude was not slow to come, reclaiming with insolence the Christian refugees at the house of the Emir. He bore quietly their insults; he, this venerable Sultan. He went out unarmed to appease the crowd, and the annals of civilization will write, in letters of gold, his noble words which contain the doctrine of freemasonry and religion.

"Oh my Brothers!" he said to them, "your conduct is impious. Are we then in a day of brimstone and fire, that you have the right to slaughter these men? To what degree of abasement have we descended when I must declare that Moslems cover themselves with the blood of women and children? Has not God said: "He who shall kill a man except during the disorders of a country, shall be regarded as having murdered the whole human family." And again: "Let there be no constraint in the matter of religion; the true path is sufficiently distinguished from the false." Hold back! there is yet time. If you will not listen to me, it is a sign that God has removed your reason. Are you brutes, whom the sight of grass and water alone can excite?"

"The Christians! the Christians!" cried the agitated crowd, as formerly the Roman people shouted in their amphitheatres: Thou infidel, deliver the Christians to us, lest we include you in the same prescription; lest we include you among your new brethren."

"The Christians," replied Abdel Kader, his eyes beginning to flash lightnings upon them; "so long as only one of these saliant soldiers who encircle me can stand erect, you shall not have them, because they are my guests.

"Ye murderers of women and children! try then to remove from my dwelling these Christians to whom I have given asylum, and I promise that you shall see a terrible day, because you shall learn how the soldiers of Abdel Kader can make their powder speak."

Then turning himself to his faithful Hara Mohammed, he said: "Hara! my horse! my arms! And you, my Mogrebbins, let your hearts swell with joy, because I take God to witness, we shall fight for a cause as holy as that in which we were engaged in former days."

This cry of war was the end of the strife. It remains engraved upon the grateful memory of the civilized world, and causes us a just emotion, because it reveals the power of those masonic sentiments which rule the soul of our illustrious Brother.

Yes, *he was already a glorious Mason*, who without distinction of race or religion, called all men his brothers, and was willing to pour out his blood for them.

Joy fills our souls as we contemplate this assembly in which a workman, so powerful for his wisdom and the veneration which he inspires, comes to bear his part in the building up of the temple of wisdom. A great call for prayer rules us- We ought both to give praise and thanks to God for his in. scrutable designs and infinite purposes, who recompenses the virtuous man by giving him to relish the sweets of friendship as large as his own soul; and at the same time **FREEMASONRY**, for its constant efforts towards the happiness of the human race and the religious and moral fraternity of the people.

We pray that there may be given to our illustrious Brother, long and happy days, that he may long be able to take part with us in removing the ruins of barbarism, and in making the germs of universal truth, faithful in hostile and ignorant lands.

Honor then; honor; three-fold honor to Freemasonry, that sustains men in the relationship of brethren!

To the brave; to the invincible! to him who informs us how to subjugate our passions and to follow in love the life-giving and eternal principles of Charity!

To Him who gave to the universe the two laws that govern it and cause it to gravitate toward moral and physical progress—*Right* and *Liberty!*

To him who learns from man how to handle the chisel and the sword, and teaches that labor is the most certain means of conquest!

Glory to Masonry! She has been invoked to assure the future of humanity. May she increase! may she multiply! Glory to her! Her children are diffused throughout the earth. Everywhere she has multiplied the homes of peace and love.

She is at the same time, a universal religion, language and country. What more striking proof can be given of this, than our meeting to-day.

Divided by religious instruction and practice, we are united in its breast as friends, as brothers, as members of one and the same body. We have come from all parts of the world and from the four cardinal points. Masonry alone causes us to love each other as children of the same father. She is the universal language and all of us recognize and understand ourselves every day by its signs. Glory to the vast chain of union with which she envelopes the world! It is by these signs of love that she arrests the wild fury of the human tempest. Hatred being removed, men already less inimical, perceive them invincibly attracted to the grand and sympathetic circle of her mysterious bonds! Glory to her! The miracle of fraternity which she accomplishes, bears to-day its fruits. The masonic sword which we have entrusted to the hands, so pure, of our well-beloved brother, sheds no less light than the sword of war; and it appears to me from the brightmess of our star, that a new day is breaking in the East!

AN EXCURSION TO THE PYRAMIDS.

BY BRO. ROB MORRIS.

It was on that calorific morning of June 17th that I left my hotel at Cairo, ("the Hotel d'Europe, late Griffiths") at 6 o'clock, bent upon doing what every traveler *must* do once in his life, viz.: *visit the Pyramids.* These are distant some three or four hours ride from the hotel named. The previous night had been spent in restless tossings upon a bed made up too hot for the human system, and in a room to which a breath of fresh air was an utter stranger. Having just got into a refreshing sleep, it was no welcome call that my "dragoman" made. He had engaged the night before to set off at six, but I would have preferred an hour's sleep "just now" to all the Pyramids in the world. Grumblingly, therefore, I arose, morosely I drank my matutinal coffee, stingily I paid my hotel bill, most sluggishly I mounted my little animal for the promised ride. But the novelties that opened out on every side, as I journeyed, the long rows of acacia trees, large, verdant and stately; the great sycamine trees, upon each of which five hundred Zaccheuses could have climbed; the thousands of country people crowding into the city, with their camel loads, and mule loads, and donkey loads, and women loads of grain, melons and cut straw; the fresh, morning air from the deserts not yet over-heated by the sun of June; the immense military barracks, the marvellous canal, the vast citadel on my left hand, and other innumerable sights and sounds peculiar to the most ancient city of Egypt, soon aroused me up, and made my three or fours ride one of the pleasantest of my life.

The night previous the annual rise of the Nile had begun, and all Cairo had taken a sober Mahommedan *drunk* over it; that is, they had spent the hours of darkness in what they call singing, fireworks, carousing on strong coffee, smoking incalculable quantities of their tobacco (nearly as strong as a withered cabbage leaf), and talking, fifty together, at the tops of their voices. The yearly rising of the Nile! May the blessings of God attend it, for upon it depends the food, (which is the life) of four millions of people, who, as I write these lines, are watching its rising, inch by inch, with all the earnestness that so important an event demands. We crossed the historical stream at the lower end of the island of Rhode, and near by the "Nilometer," an instrument by which the great stream is guaged. At this place the Nile is said to be about a mile wide, a distance soon crossed under the influence of a fine wind from the West, which caught our funny triangle of a sail cloth just in the right place, and wafted us to the other side with a velocity which made even my experienced and impassive donkey throw his enormous ears back with amazement. I took the opportunity to dip my leather drinking cup, which has been in so many memorable fountains, into the Nile, and can testify that its water, albeit a little too warm for so hot a day, is sweet and good. The boat we crossed in is a mere skiff, yet carried four donkeys and a score of men, women and children, all amicably mingled together, and all talking and shrieking at once. A thousand such boats line the river banks at the two shores, waiting for passengers and freight. On my way over I passed several large, flat-bottomed boats, just arrived from Nubia with loads of dates. They exhibit the peculiarity of extended platforms *over the rudder*, and are pitched along the bulwarks with *dried cow-dung*, instead of the more expensive products of the pine tree.

Remounted on the eastern side of the great river, I sped merrily forward over the plain, steadily drawing nearer to the vast masses that had presented their forms to me the day before, as I entered Cairo. It was threshing time with the people, and the level lands east of the village of Ghizeh were crowded with great piles of grain undergoing the rough manipulations of these farmers. A rude, heavy machine is driven over and over the straw, until it is bruised and cut into mere chaff. This is steamed, the favorite feed for camels and donkeys, and sent to Cairo in enormous quantities.

Great groves of palm trees, many of them teeming with clusters of young dates, also lie along this road to the Pyramids. The palm is always a charming sight to me, for I esteem it as the handsomest tree on earth. But it is noticeable that, among the hundreds and thousands of these trees in Egypt, there is scarcely a *young tree* to be found on my path this morning. This is owing to the severe and unpaternal system of taxation practised in this country, which begins the *day a tree is planted*, and oppresses the owner for a lifetime before the tree can bring him any returns. This Turkish system reminds me, for all the world of an imbecile woman, who kept poultry. Whenever a hen cackled to denote the completion of parturition, that dame used instantly to catch and *kill the hen*, that she might realize at once her utmost value. The story of the *financials* of the Egyptian people is, I suppose, one of the saddest histories that humanity has produced.

I arrived at the pyramids about a quarter before 10 A. M. Within two miles of them I began to see *a great face* with feminine features, peering towards me, over a pile of sand, seemingly to ask who was this man approaching from the direction of the orient sun? I needed no dragoman to tell me that the mysterious creature with her Ethiopian lips, and nose, and ears, and uncouth head-dress, &c., is THE SPHYNX.

The statue is not, and never was beautiful judged by the American conventional type, but there is an air of sweetness and benignity, mingled with an enquiring and even startled expression that remains a pleasant picture upon my memory. The statue is *unique.* I shall never see such another face. I rode directly towards the mighty image and found how perfect is its proportions when, although it does not look very large, I sat on horseback, *under its chin* and should have required a nine-feet pole to reach it. It is cut out of the original stone, which being composed of strata of very different degrees of hardness has left it by the operations of the elements in a sad state of dilapidation. Fortunately the strata out of which *the head* was formed is harder than the seams below it, and so the head is tolerably well preserved. A lofty genius had this artist then to shape a *cliff of stone* into a human image!

Riding past the Sphynx, I pressed forward to the central Pyramid of the three which stands in a range, nearly north and south from each other, and a few hundred yards apart. By this time the sun was shining its fireiest. The dry yellow sand of the desert reflected it as from in numbered crystals and in brief, I had a painful and even dangerous task before me to accomplish the purposes of my visit that day to the Pyramids.

It is *the right hand* one of the three as you face the west that is the largest and that may be ascended and entered. This is styled the Pyramid of Cheops. The base, perfectly square, covers the area of *thirteen acres.* Let the reader measure off a plat of ground, perfectly square, of thirteen acres, driving a stake at each corner, and he will form a better conception of the ground-plan of the Pyramids than pages of description will give him. The present height is 480 feet; originally it must have been more than 500 feet, as several of the upper tiers of stone are gone. Formerly it was encased in large smooth blocks of granite, rendering it impossible to ascend it, but these are all gone.

I went around to the west side of the Pyramid of Cheops and to the northwest corner, where a shady nook was found in a cavity formed by the extraction of several of the original stones from the building. Before me on the west were remains of what had once been in men's tombs and temples, now lying in almost shapeless ruins. Beyond them were the drifting yellow sands of Zehara extending thousands of miles even across the Continent to the Atlantic Ocean. In this pleasant nook, which I shall call "The Chamber of Refreshment," I ate my dinner, and drinking some modest glasses of the light claret of Italy to certain friends far away, who I knew wanted to be with me at that particular time, place and occasion.

Resting here, I called to my mind a paragraph from the *Christian Treasury*, which is so much to the point that I copy it entire: "The age of the Pyramids is by no means a settled matter; but there is sufficient evidence to bring the oldest of them within the post-deluvian period. One writer presents a theory which is peculiarly interesting. It supposes the Pyramid of Cheops, so called to have been erected by a king who was a worshipper of the true God before idolatry was known in Egypt. In support of this he cites the total absence of idolatrous inscriptions, so common on all other Egyptian monuments;—the traditions of the priests that they were built by a race of "accursed kings" who despised the Gods; the name of Saophis (Cheops) which Eratosthenes translates "the hairy," indicating a Phœnician and not an Egyptian;—and various other noteworthy suggestions. It has been frequently remarked that the Pyramids are not mentioned in the Bible; yet it is not improbable that in Job the allusion to "desolate places" which kings and counsellers of the earth had built for themselves, and in which they were "at rest" refers to the Pyramids and other Egyptian tombs. The idea that among the splendid remains of Egyptian idolatry that are lying scattered and broken along the Nile banks, these silent, solemn monuments are the remains of an older and purer faith which stands firm on the rock as of old, outlasting the decay of temples and altars to false gods is an idea worth considering for its very grandeur."

All this is well said, and there could be no theory more tempting to a pious believer in the truths of the Bible. If true, then Abraham, who came to the base of this vast monument more than 1800 years before the Christian Era, found a faith wrought into these great blocks congenial with his own. Let me pick out and preserve some of the beautiful *nummulites*, or money-stones with which they abound and esteem them as medals commemorating that fact.

And now *to climb* the great Pyramid! Shade of the mighty Cheops, put strength into my muscle and steadiness into my brain. The same sweat and the same fatigue will now affect the *Howadje* who comes from the far west to ascend that fearful height, that affected the poor slaves who cut these stones in the quarries, moved them to the spot, and raised them where they now soar almost in the clouds, above me who is it has said, "The lark now carols the same song, and in the same key as when Adam first tuned his enraptured ear to catch the moral. The owl first hooted in B flat, and *it* still loves the key and screams through no other octaves. In the same key has ever ticked the death-watch, while all the three noted chirps of the cricket have ever been in B since Tubal Cain first heard them in the smithy or the Israelites in their ash-ovens. I am reminded of the quotation as I divest myself, as far as possible of clothing, abandoning my baggage to the care of the dragoman, and start with an Arab company of eight to ascend the Pyramid.

And here let me say a word concerning these Arabs, with whom I am destined, before we part, to have considerable trouble upon the question of "*backsheesh*." Agreeable to contract with the dragoman, he undertakes to furnish me a donkey, (a fat one is particularly named,) to pay the ferriages, to pay the Sheik of the Pyramids his fee, which, I believe, is five francs, and which requires that gentleman to supply me with Arabs enough for climbing, descending, &c., to furnish a good collation with coffee in my descent; in short, to pay all expenses. His advice, at leaving the hotel, was "to take no money with me, and then I should have no trouble about '*backsheesh*.'" Under this impression, and being case-hardened on the backsheesh question by a consideerable experience in Syria and Palestine, I started up the Pyramids, two Arabs preceding to lift me by the hands, two Arabs following to *boost* me from behind. I had got only a dozen tiers of stones in the air before these chaps began their importunity for "*backsheesh*;" nor did they once cease their clamor until four hours afterwards I rode away from that miserable place. Nay, worse than that: whereas I only had four attendants when I started, I had, on arriving at the top as many as the king of Siam upon a triumphal journey. They positively swarmed out of the great crevices of the Pyramids like insects. Boys, with jars of water, offered that refreshment at every turning in quantities sufficient to drown me, and each prayed for "*bachsheesh*." An old man, said by the Sheik to have been in Napoleon's Battle of the Pyramids, 68 years ago, rubbed my knees at every pause, and whispered "*bachsheesh*." Men offered me bits of sulphate of lime, picked out from between the stones as we ascended, and solicited returns in *backsheesh*. One villainous chap who had learned some English repeated the popular ballad of "Jack and Gill," and asked his reward in *backsheesh*. The crowd and the confusion, not to mention the flavor of the unwashed multitude, and the certainty that they were imparting fleas to me by thousands, added to the great heat and fatigue in climbing, made the ascent an extremely unpleasant one. Yet, when I paused at the most favorable points of view, sat down and looked over the great panorama before me, I felt that in a few minutes I should attain to one of the most memorable passages of my life.

And so it proved. Having rested a moment and selected the most favorable point on the summit of the Pyramid I gave myself up, as well as the noisy clamor of the Arabs would permit, to the romance of the occasion. I was in the center of some of the most memorable scenes upon earth. Yonder, far in the south, where five pyramids stand in a row, is the site of ancient Memphis. Near there Moses was born, the infant Jesus was born, Abraham tarried, Alexander came, Napoleon came. Turning to the north is the battle-ground where Bonaparte destroyed the Mamelukes. Pointing to the pyramids, the great Captain said to his soldiers: "Forty centuries look down upon you from yonder pile!" Beyond that battle field the site of Heliopolis is pointed out. To the west, that interminable stretch of yellow sand is the Desert of Zohara. Below me, on the east, is the Plain of Egypt, over which the Nile in a few weeks will sweep in a flood of fertility.

The governor of Cairo has constructed a straight and commodious carriage-way from the river to the Pyramids, which will soon be ready for use. How incongruous to the scene it appears! How strangely inappropriate is yonder railroad that I crossed in coming here this morning! and the line of telegraph poles seen even from the tops of the pyramid! It is enough to make the mummy of old Cheops move uneasily in its sycamore coffin to contemplate the changes that are coming over his ancient dominion.

But, oh, these nuisances of Arabs! Finding that they can get no *backsheesh* out of me, they are attempting a new project: every one of them has a lot of coins and relics to sell, and they press them upon my attention with an impudence that is insufferable. Half the pleasure of my visit is lost in this annoyance, and so, with one more look at a panorama I shall never see again, I prepare to descend, having yet to see the interior of the Pyramid.

The descent was more laborious than the ascent; the shock of jumping from block to block soon tired me at the knees. Sets of muscles that I never used before, and was not aware of possessing, came into painful prominence. It was several days before I could rise without pain from my chair.

The entrance to the Pyramid is on the north side, beginning about one-fourth the way up the slope. The doorway is composed of massive blocks, on one of which is a hieroglyphical cartouch, the only engraving, I believe, that has been found upon the whole building. In going in, there is at first a long descent through a low and narrow passage. Then there is a corresponding rise to a room called the Queen's Chamber, which must be near the center of the Pyramid. It is composed of enormous slabs of red granite. In this chamber is a sarcophagus which was originally found a little outside of the room over the doorway. Below this chamber is a smaller one entirely empty, styled the King's Chamber, constructed of the limestone of the country. The echo in this room is very fine; I sung a couple of verses of a hymn there with good effect. And so my exploration of the Pyramid ended. I was quite exhausted, and glad to get out in the fresh air and the light of day. An Arab furnished me with a pint of good coffee at the entrance, and I went back to my shady nook thankful for the opportunities I had enjoyed.

After spending a couple of hours writing letters, dated, "From the Shadows of the Pyramids," being all the time the subject of clamor by a begging, thieving, bawling mob of Arabs, I took a walk around the Pyramids, made a hasty inspection of the ruins that lie near by, on the West, and collected a good many pieces of the pure white alabaster that strew the ground, also of nummulites, granite, and a small sack-full of the desert sands. But the afternoon was extremely hot, and it was almost at the peril of sun-stroke that I walked so far. I tested the fact that, although from its immense height the Pyramid does not seem so large as stated, actual measurement prove it. The other two Pyramids, close by, have never been opened, nor is it known that they contain any cavities. The Arabs offered to climb to the top of the nearest one if I would pay them for it, but I had no cash to spare for the purpose.

I purchased about one hundred Roman coins of the Arabs here. They are of bronze, dating from the period of the Ptolemys, and their immediate descendants. The fellows had images of many kinds to dispose of, but they looked too new for "antiques," and were doubtless made to order. No doubt real scarabœi, cornelians, and other relics, may be bought here; but it requires a person well skilled in Egyptian antiquities to distinguish them from the counterfeits. I should advise my friends to keep their money in their own pockets.

The journey home was not so pleasant as the morning ride had been. The winds from the east came full-charged with heat from the sandy sweeps beyond the Nile, and it was like breathing the vapors from a furnace to inhale them. I was glad to get back in my Nile boat, and watch the strange life with which it is thronged. There is food for a day's meditation, sitting upon the river banks at Old Cairo. I passed on to my Hotel by a different way from that I had come, and saw this great Oriental City from every point of view. Damascus and Cairo are the only two purely "Eastern" Cities. Unchanged in language, style of building, habits of dress, etc., by foreign intruders, they present, in general, the same features they have presented through the centuries that have so greatly changed the face of Europe and America.

Notes.—Some of my readers possessing a taste for statistics, may like to see some of the dates, derived from standard works, concerning this majestic pile, known as the "Pyramid of Cheops." It originally occupied an area of 588,939 square feet, or almost *thirteen acres and a half!* Each side of this square (as any one may see who will apply the rule of Square Root to it), is 767 feet, or 255 yards. Not seeming so large as this, I tested it by walking round it. It is *not an inch less*—the reader may be assured. The original perpendicular height was 479 feet; the total contents of solid maaonry, 89,418,806 cubic feet. It weighs 6,978,369 tons. Counting the mason-work at 25 cents a cubic foot, including quarrying, workmanship and transportation, the cost of this Pyramid would reach twenty-two millions dollars! The stone in this Pyramid is sufficient to erect 1,120 columns 200 feet high and 20 feet square. The blocks are roughly squared, but laid in regular courses, varying from two feet two inches, to four feet ten inches thick. The joints are in all cases "broken," in regular mason's style. There are three sorts of stone used in the Pyramid: First, the red granite (*Syenite*), with which the so-called "Queen's Chamber" is faced, and perhaps some other parts of the internal works; second, a stone called by geologists *swinestone*, (or *stinkstone*,) because, when struck, it emits a fetid odor. This article was procured from the eastern side of the river Nile; it is very hard, and was used to line the internal passages; and, according to some writers, to case the whole Pyramid externally. The third quality of stone was the limestone from the cliff on which the Pyramid stands. This is nummulitic limestone, very rich in fossils, but not a good quality of stone for fine work. The mortar used for lining the passages, was composed entirely of lime, but that with which the interstices of the building are filled was made, it is said, of ground brick-dust (red), and the Nile mud. I confess, however, that I did not see any traces of this, and should not have suspected that there was any mortar used among the tiers of stones. This stone is not very hard, and shows, on its edges, the marks of the chisel by which it was roughly squared. In its disintegration it gives out many fine bright pieces of crystalized gypsum, or plaster of Paris (Selenite), of which I preserved my vest-pocket full. It also gives out the fossil nummulite, often very perfect.

A few lines to close this article:

Not useless; cold must be the heart
Can linger here in critic mood,
Failing to recognize the good,
And look and sneer, and so depart.

Not useless; were it but to prove
What aspirations are in man;
Almost of heaven this mighty plan,—
Almost an impulse from above.

Not useless; were it but to stir
The sense of awe within the breast:
What grandeur does this pile attest!
Is it a *mortal's* sepulcher?

Not useless; no: while life abide
The measure of man's soul to me,
The utmost stretch of thought will be
My memories of the Pyramid!

From the Fulton Journal.

LETTER FROM D. W. THOMPSON.

NAPLES, June 28, 1868.

Dear M———: Here I am at Naples, face to face with old Vesuvius, and although she is rather quieter than I would like to see her, better so than when she buried Pompeii and Herculaneum.

After three days of delightful sail from Alexandria we arrive at Brindisi; from here took railroad for Foggia.

Italy is a most beautiful country, nothing that I have ever seen can compare to it; its fine olive groves, its vine-clad hills, beautiful vallies, its clear skies, makes it one delightful picture, through which you ride hour after hour and never tire.

At Foggia we took stage for an eleven hours ride and change of scene as well as conveyance; before, it was as level as Illinois, now we mount hills hundreds of feet high, and beauty lies all round you, then descend to rich valleys and purling streams. The coach has three compartments—the coup, that is the front; the body, the behind; the boat, that is on top with a carriage cover over it; in front of this sits the driver—the team consists of six horses, four abreast, two each side of the pole and two ahead of them, on the near horse sits an out-rider who keeps up an awful yelling and whip-cracking, and between him and the driver they keep those six horses on a dead run up hill and down for two hours, and then get fresh horses to crack through again.

The roads are all macademized, in fine order and smooth as the floor. At 5½ P. M., we arrived at Naples, and put up at the Grand Hotel De America. My window takes in at one view the bay and Vesuvius, gently smoking. My first night was spent looking about town, visiting its beautiful public gardens, listening to the music, watching the boats on the bay and just drinking in this delightful scene. The next day, bright and early, found me (and a party who came from Alexandria) on our way to Pompeii, it is about nine miles from the hotel, and is said to have been buried about A. D. 60, and discovered about 1148. It is wonderful what a good state of preservation the city, the houses, and especially the paintings, are in; we travel for hours through streets worn into ruts by the chariot wheels, we visited houses in all styles of architecture, but have not the time for description, and must leave it until I can *talk* it over. My next visit was to the buried city and theatre of Herculaneum, this is older than Pompeii.

The ascent of Vesuvius can be made much of, but my idea is, it is one of those things that tourists suppose they *must do* if they come here; I did not think so, and only went as far as the donkey could carry me comfortably; there is nothing grand or imposing in the ascent; you get no better view of the bay than from my hotel window, nor as good, so I cannot go into raptures over a climb up the black, barren sides of a hill. The Museum well repays for the loss of half a day, as it contains many of the best things from Pompeii and Herculaneum; it is the best arranged museum I ever saw. But I must not spend more time here if I would see Rome to-night. I shall arrange my affairs and start.

Arrived at Rome, June 29th. Here commenced that shameful system of passport espionage. I had to pay about two dollars to the Italian Consul to get his permission to go to Rome; but that is not all, for at the border of the Papal States we were stopped, and every carpet-bag, hand-bag and trunk is searched. Two things the Pope is particularly afraid of—Bible and rifle—so I put my Bible in my pocket, and my pistol has gone on with my extra baggage to Suza (for which I had to pay $3.50, whereas, in America I could either take with me or check through the fifty miles); but after much trouble we entered Rome. We were quite lucky to get here to-day, as to-morrow is the great feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, and to-night all Rome is illuminated, and we took advantage of it, and must say it is worth the journey—the largest church in the world lit up with thousands of lights of glass from bottom to top.

June 30th.

We have been very busy to-day at the antiquities of Rome, the Forum, the Coliseum, and the old walls. The inside of St. Peter, with its paintings and statuary and frescoing, is one of the great wonders of Rome.

To-day is the great celebration of St. Peter and Paul; in the evening the grand church of St. Paul was illuminated with thousands of lights, and presented one of the finest spectacles I ever saw; in fact, the whole city was in one blaze of light.

The next day the Pope attended high mass in the church of St. Peter. We went and had a fine view of the ceremony as well as the Pope. He is not the feeble man that many suppose him to be, but a whole, hearty old man, not likely to die these twenty years yet. I visited the inside of St. Peter's, and can give you no better idea of it than to tell you it is one vast museum of sculpture, painting and fine arts, exceeding anything of the kind in the world. I visited ten of the five hundred churches; three hundred are said to be worth seeing.

We visited the most important galleries of paintings, statuary and churches, and was glad to ride out around the ruins of Rome, the Aqueduct, the Coliseum where many a Christian was put to death; it was here that those great gladiatorial combats were fought; you can scarcely conceive of a building so large, but the estimate is it will hold 87,000 spectators. But I must hurry on to Paris; but Rome or the police have not done with me yet, they make me pay one dollar for the privilege of leaving Rome and looking through my carpet bags. I hope I have seen the last temporal and spiritual head of Rome and its abominations.

July 1st.

At eleven P. M., start for Paris but can only ticket through to Susa, a town at the foot of the Alps.

At 10½ the next morning reached Florence—it is a beautiful city surrounded by hills; we climb to the top of the towers of the church of Santa Croce, then the churches, galleries, the national library here contains some 23,000 volumes and 3,500 manuscripts; the painting and statuary are very fine.

TURIN, July 3d, 7½ A. M.

We stop here until 11 P. M. This is the capital of Piedmont, and I call it the most beautiful city in Europe—its long, broad streets, its fine public squares, all laid out at right angles to each other, its monuments, fine hotels, and railroad depot, surpass any in this country.

Started for Susa, where we arrived at 12½ o'clock in the morning; stopped till morning, as I concluded to go by rail, instead of coach, to St. Michael's.

American ingenuity has contrived a railroad up and over the Alps, an elevation of thirteen thousand feet, and sometimes a rise of one foot in eight; it is done by a centre rail, and is, in itself, a perfect wonder.

At 8½ A. M., on the 5th of July, I celebrate by crossing the Alps; the ride is worth coming all the way from the States to take—now on the edge of a hill, with the valley thousands of feet below, and the hills as high above.

Start for Paris, where I shall arrive the next day (Sunday), at 7½ in the morning.

I hope I shall be in Fulton by the 10th of August.

PARIS, July 7, 1868.

Dear M—— I have been in Paris two days—nearly three, and as a matter of course cannot see much of a city it takes fifteen days to see.

I arrived here Sunday morning at 7½ o'clock, and Sunday is *the* day in Paris; in the morning all go to church, saint and sinner, then in the afternoon all seek for that enjoyment that suits them best, and anything is done by the authorities to gratify their desire. All the public gardens, picture galleries, museums, etc., are open for the public inspection, and this cheap and innocent amusement is open to all.

Sunday was a great *fete* day at Versailles, at the old palace of Louis XIV. It was the grand water day, as they call it, when the galleries and gardens are opened to the public, at 4 P. M., all the fountains are set to playing, and all Paris turns out. At 12 I, with two English gentlemen boarding at the hotel, took the cars for Versailles, about fifteen miles away.

The grounds are very large and extensive. First we walked through the picture galleries; that was all we could do, for the crowd had to keep moving. There are some splendid specimens of art here, both in painting and sculpture, and to give you some idea of this vast collection, it will be sufficient to say that it is ascertained that if the paintings alone were spread out side by side, there would be 10½ miles of fine art. As to the rooms, they are in keeping in frescoing, gilding and furniture.

But the gardens; this one containing 100 acres laid out in pure Italian style, in perfect beds, walks and fountains, that on the other side is laid out in French style, moss flowers, and arranged in regard to colors, fountains, etc. Then away down the front, for miles, stretch woods, fountains, lakes, cascades, etc.

We walked for miles until tired out, but at 5 P. M. all must be at the grand fountain to see the water let on, as it is only let on four times a year. It was a sight worth seeing. Not less than 75,000 persons, dressed as only Paris can dress, and a large sprinkling of the military in front, a large lake, and on the other side of the lake, at five, the water commenced to flow from the centre figure, and, in about ten seconds into 175 streams, and such a shout as went up was grand.

Although all kinds of liquor and wine were for sale on the ground, I did not see a single person intoxicated. A walk through the grounds, dinner and rest, complete my first day in Paris this time.

Monday is not a good day in Paris, as most of the public places are closed to clear up after Sunday's rush; but I visited the tomb of Napoleon the Great, and several churches, and had a general look through the city, and, as I said before, it is the most beautiful city in the world. In the evening strolled through the Champs Elysees. Here you see Paris by gas-light, and it is the same as at Versailles, gay and happy.

Tuesday. First to the Louvre: this is the rear of the palace; it is the great museum filled with antiquities; this, also, has a splendid picture and fine art gallery. This building has 4½ miles of galleries. Next to the Tuileries, the palace of the present Emperor, and as he is not at home, Paris can walk through the apartments twice a week, reception rooms, parlors, saloons, etc., all in a style that astonishes one.

From the Tuileries a fine avenue stretches for miles, on which are fountains, statues, and everything to make it beautiful. A drive of 2½ miles along this avenue to the grand triumphal arch of Napoleon, and back to the hotel to take the train to-night to London, employs me 2½ days in Paris.

D. W. Thomson.

TRUE PLEASURE.

There never was a man who enjoyed more ample power to gratify his passions, and indulge himself in every earthly pleasure, than our great Grand Master Solomon; and there seems never to have existed a man who had either a greater relish for, or drank larger draughts from pleasure's intoxicating cup. We must acknowledge, therefore, that his testimony is decisive on this head: and in the book of Ecclesiastes he gives us that testimony. After having informed us that "whatsoever his eyes desired, he kept not from them; that he withheld not his heart from any joy," he adds, as the result and sad close of the final account that "all was vanity and vexation of spirit!" The gratification afforded no solid and substantial joy; and the consequences were bitter and distressful to the reflecting mind. What then is the nature and boundaries of true pleasure. With regard to the former, it may be defined thus, as that which is agreeable to the whole of our being, and inconsistent with none of our moral or religious obligations; for, in our estimate of virtue and vice, of pleasure and pain, we must always, to avoid any deception, take in the whole of what we are: the Great Architect of the world having in so wise and wonderful a manner, united the distinct parts of our nature, having so combined our soul and body, that not only their effects each upon the other, but their offices and operations are reciprocal, and in the closest manner connected. Hence, while some pleasures are peculiar to the animal nature, and in a high degree satisfactory to that nature, yet, when indulged beyond the proper bounds, the soul instantly reverts, and claims her position, or denies her tribute. We must therefore, in our pleasures, consult our whole nature, and remember that we are not animals only, but rationals also; and not only rationals, but social; and not only social, but immortal; ordained to fill up certain offices in this life, and for the life to come accountable to Him, who for all these things will bring us into judgment. In regard to the latter, the boundaries of pleasure, in general it may be observed, "That no pleasure can be true, or pursued with propriety or wisdom, which makes too large inroads on our time, our fortune, our health, our character, or our duty." It is not intended to allude particularly to more than one, namely, character, so important to the mason. Pleasures which fix a brand on the character are ever to be shunned, as deceitful and destructive. Character is a jewel of such inestimable price that it can never be rated too high, or preserved too cautiously. It is a sort of current coin which enables a man to pass through life easily and happily; and is a possession which stamps a value upon all we are and have beside; insomuch that confidence with men, and honor from them, are its natural and almost necessary result. Nor is there any sphere or station of life, however exalted, or however depressed, which renders character a matter of indifference, or can sink its worth. Easily then we can conceive how ruinous that pleasure must be which mars the beauty of our fair reputation, and renders either equivocal or despicable that character, which is, or ought to be, our best passport through the journey of life. We must not imagine that while our pleasures are under these restraints, that we shall be debarred from all satisfactions and amusements; or that thus bound by the laws of reason and religion, we must bid adieu to cheerfulness and delight. Not so; we shall find quite the contrary on experience. True and substantial pleasures will not only infinitely counterbalance the loss of all which vice in its gayest moments can boast, but such as will show us the emptiness of all that boasting, and satisfy us fully, that the nearest, surest road to the mansion of true pleasure is through the Temple of persevering virtue. Our ancient brother Pythagoras hands down to us this precept: "Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful."

A MYSTERIOUS ORGANIST.

Years ago, at the grand Cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody from the King to the peasant was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when, one bright Sabbath morning, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the crape-shrouded organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale but strikingly handsome face, great, black, melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed and sighed and clamored, as if a tortured human heart were throbbing through its pipes.

When the music had at length ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger and asked:

"Pray, who are you, sir?"

"Do not ask my name," he replied; I have heard that you are in want of an organist, and I have come here on trial."

"You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton. "Why, you surpass him that's dead and gone, sir."

"No, no, you overrate me," resumed the stranger, with a smile; and then, as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans and began to play again. And now the music changed from a sorrowful strain to a grand old pæan, and the mysterious organist—

"Looking upward, full of grace,
Plays till from a happy face—
God's glory woke up in his face."

and his countenance seems not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the melodies which swelled around him, he sat with his "far-seeing" eyes fixed on the far-distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a bright young girl, with a wealth of golden hair, eyes like the violet's hue and lips like wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes were turned towards her as she seated herself in the velvet-cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his eyes upon her and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears than she started as if a ghost had crossed her path. The blood faded from her cheek, her lips quivered, and her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist in a long, yearning look, and the melody lost its joyous notes and once more wailed and sighed and clamored.

"By faith," whispered the King to his daughter, "this organist has a master hand. Hark ye, he shall play at your wedding."

The pale lips of the Princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Ay, full well she knew who it was and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart.

When the services were over and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft and commenced his task. While he played, a veiled figure glided in, and knelt near a side shrine. There she remained until the worshippers disappeared, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said:

"Madame, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the doors."

"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply; "leave me—leave!"

The sexton drew back into a shady niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ loft, paused beside the organist.

"Bertram!" she murmured.

Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There, with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above falling full upon her, stood the Princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet, with the ermine trimmings, the tiara, the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a grey serge robe and a long thick veil, which was now pushed back from the fair, girlish face.

"Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the Princess.

"I came to bid you farewell; and as I dare not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bell-ringer, and having taken the seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."

A low moan was the only answer, and he continued: "You are to be married on the morrow?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh! Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take upon me the vows which will doom me to a living death."

"Think of me," rejoined the organist. "Your royal father has requested me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be there. If I were your equal I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up."

"It is like rending my soul and body asunder to part with you," said the girl. "To-night I may tell you this—tell you how fondly I love, but in a few hours it will be a sin! Go, go, and God bless you.

She waved him from her, as if she would banish him while she had power to do so, and he—how was it with him? He arose to leave her, then came back, held her on his heart in a long embrace, and with a half-smothered farewell, left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor. At an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the sexton began to prepare for the wedding. Flame-colored flowers nodded by the wayside—flame-colored leaves came rushing down from the trees and lay in heaps upon the ground; and the berries drooped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace gates were opened and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral, where the marriage was to be solemnized.

It was a brave pageant—far brighter than the untwined foliage and blossoms were the tufts of plumes which floated from stately heads and festal robes that streamed down over the housings of the superb steeds. But the Princess, mounted on a snowy palfrey, and clad in snow-white velvet, looked pale and sad; and when, on nearing the church, she heard a gush of organ music, which, though jubilant in sound, struck on her ear like a funeral knell, she trembled and would have fallen to the earth had not a page supported her.

A few minutes afterwards she entered the cathedral. There, with his retinue, stood the royal bridegroom, whom she had never before seen. But her glance roved from him to the organ loft, where she had expected that mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow of the King to whom she had been bethrothed from motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt at his side on the altar stone; mechanically listened to the service and made the responses.

Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and then whispered:

"Elizabeth, my queen, my wife, look up!"

Trembling in every limb, she obeyed. Why did those eyes bring a glow on her cheeks?

Ah! though the King wore the royal purple, and many a jeweled order glittered on his breast, he seemed the same humble person who had been employed to teach organ music, and had taught her the lore of love.

"Elizabeth," muttered the monarch, "Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar (the Royal Freemason) are one. Forgive my stratagem. I wished to marry you, but I could not bring to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret."

While tears of joy rained from her blue eyes, the new made queen returned her husband's fond kisses, and for once two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage.—*Royal Freemason.*

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LONGFELLOW IN ENGLAND.

C. K. (the Rev. Charles Kingsley) publishes the following graceful welcome to the American poet Longfellow:

Welcome to England! thou whose strains prolong
The glorious bede-roll of our Saxon song:
Ambassador and Pilgrim-Bard in one,
Fresh from thy home—the home of Washington.
On hearths as sacred as thine own, here stands
The loving welcome that thy name commands;
Hearths swept for thee and garnished as a shrine
By trailing garments of thy Muse divine.
Poet of Nature and of Nations, know
Thy fair fame spans the ocean like a bow,
Born from the rain that falls into each life,
Kindled by dreams with loveliest fancies rife;

A radient arch that with prismatic dyes
Links the two worlds, its keystone in the skies.
The noblest creature of those dreams of thine,
From Hiawatha to Evangeline,
Here thou wilt find, where'er thy footsteps roam,
Loved as the cherished Lares of each home.
What prouder refrain heartens to the core
Than thou hast sung in brave Excelsior?
Where sounds more gladdening 'mid this earthly strife
Than the sweet clarions of thy Psalm of Life?
None but the rarest *raconteur* may grace
The mimic contest where most yield thee place,
Say which, for either, fairer wreaths produce,
Irving's Astoria or thy Flower de Luce?
Which haunted hostel lures most guests within,
Hawthorne's Seven Gables or thy Wayside Inn?
Turning thy pictured page, what varying dyes
Shine through each latticed margin's new surprise!
Here the swart Blacksmith, smirched with grime and tan.
Tears in his eyes, yet every inch a man.
Here, 'mid the rice-field, heaving his last breath,
The poor Slave-monarch dreams himself to death.
Here, while without loud raves the tempest's din,
Here, while around the revellers brawl within,
The dying Baron thro' the grave's dark goal
Seeks Christ's redeeming passport for his soul.
Who hears not now, stormed down among thy leaves,
The rain that poured like cataracts from the eaves,
Roared through the kennels, lashed the streaming panes,
Flooded the squares, the streets, the courts, the lanes,
Raging like seas that o'er some foundering wreck
Swill thro' the scuppers from the swimming deck?
Cool, teeming, plenteous, soul-refreshing showers
Quaffed by parched earth and by the thirsting flowers,
Nor less by those who listened to thy song
As, like Lodore's, thy deluge dashed along.
Where subtler solace than thy gentle voice
From riven hearts can draw till griefs rejoice?
Answer, what oft-repining woe o'erpowers,
That lay serene, the Reaper and the Flowers!
So large thy sympathies, thy hand can trace
Charms in each clime and glory in each race;
So penetrant thy love, its gaze can find
God in the flower, His breathings in the wind;

Mesh with mere hempen coil in Rope-walk spun
All human joys and ills beneath the sun;
Wake with grand echoes of responsive rhymes
Long silent notes of mediæval chimes;
Nay, hear in hush of serried arms arrayed
"The diapason of the cannonade."
'Mid purgatorial fires, in heaven, in hell,
Thy dauntless soul hath lately dared to dwell,
Passing o'er burning marl, where Dante trod
With Virgil's ghost, to Beatrice and God.
Yet, rarely gifted Nature to translate,
Reflect not others, thus: thyself create.
Ring out once more in thy old golden lines
Life's inner meaning, not the Florentine's—
Thou who hast given thy dreamings to our sight
And syllabled the Voices of the Night;
Thou who hast sung, as none but thou could sing,
The tender legend of the Angel-King;
Thou who around with affluent hand hast thrown
The heavenly largess of thy benison,
Regarding none as alien to thy breast—
Columbia's Poet, hail as England's Guest!

C. K.

[COMMUNICATION.]

The Boston *Freemason Monthly Magazine* has some very unmasonic remarks in relation to a Brother who, he probably feels, is so infinitely his superior, that jealousy prompts him to villify. The Boston brother, of course, is not amongst the "befooled and credulous," who, as Masons, would rather, perhaps, be both, than use language calculated to asperse a brother of so high and exalted a position, and thereby bring the Order into disrepute. Did the Boston brother consider well before he wrote, that the language used was such as even the "profane," in the masonic sense of that word, do not usually resort to; and that in placing himself in the lead of such, he has stepped outside of the boasted Order to which he belongs! What is a "charlatan" but a mountebank, a cheat, and what are "contemptible and insane promises," but such as are not intended by the maker to be fulfilled; and how does the brother know, now, that they will not be fulfilled! It would have been more manly, and savored more of chivalry (which, probably, the Boston brother makes some pretensions to), had he waited until his Brother Knight was within hailing distance, in which case, probably, the remarks would have been spared, and no defence of reputation necessary.

W.

MASONIC QUERY.

At a Communication of ——— Lodge, a question in "Masonic Law," or a point of "order," came up in the following form, viz:—After the business of the Lodge was through, it was proposed to confer a degree. The Master complained of being fatigued with (his) the business of the day, called upon the Senior Warden to do the work, who asked to be excused, feeling his incompetency (as he said) to do the work. The Master rather insisted, and the Warden yielded. The Master then called the Lodge off, and before he, (the Master) retired as he intended to, the Warden (W. M. P. T.) called the Lodge on. The Master then asked to be excused for the balance of the evening, which the Master *pro tem.* declined to grant; so the Master remained. The question now is, could the Master have retired under the decision, had he been disposed to have done so, without violating the By-Law which prohibits any member from retiring from the Lodge without the permission of the Worshipful Master. Some of the Brethren think he could have left without even asking permission, as he was really the Master of the Lodge. I would like your views on the subject, as many would thereby feel that a point in Masonic Law would be settled, as the *Voice* is a medium through which much valuable information is disseminated.

S.

Answer.—Undoubtedly the W. Master could retire under the arrangement. Or, if difficulty was raised, the Master could resume his gavel, and dissolve the Lodge for that evening.

THE DOORS OF THE CAPITOL.

We wonder whether the anti-masons will be willing to enter the great bronze gates of the Capitol when they find Masonic emblems on them?

It is expected that they will be in their place early in the fall. They have been in the hands of the Ames Company, at Chicopee, Mass., for three years past, and are now fast approaching completion.

The panels of the "peace" side, representing "peace," the "ovation to Washington at Trenton," the "inauguration of Washington," and the "Masonic ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Capitol, Sept. 18, 1793," surmounted by an oak wreath and a star, are already arranged for insertion in the cast-iron frame that is to support them; and something near an adequate idea of their beauty and appropriateness as a national commemoration, and of the great skill and labor required to bring them from the rough bronze to their present high finish, may now be formed. The panels of the war side represent "war," the "charge at Yorktown," the "rebuke of Lee by Washington at Monmouth," and the "death of Warren at Bunker Hill." The artist, Crawford, has been fortunate in having the highest skill in the country to carry out his designs, to a result that will not suffer by comparison with the foreign works of the kind. Each of the doors weighs 4,000 pounds, of which 1,800 belongs to the iron framework, and the remaining 2,200 to the panels and the polished bronze back. Notwithstanding this immense weight, the doors will swing with comparative ease, as has been demonstrated by actual trial; the hinges are ponderous, but the point of friction has been reduced to the fraction of an inch.

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Fanny Fern having said that "the men of the present day are fast," Prentice replies that "they have to be to catch the women."

Editor's Trestle-Board and Quarry.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Any one who does not bind his Voice of Masonry, and feels he can spare the February number *of this year*, we should be glad to have a few returned to complete some volumes, as we are quite out of *No.* 2, *Vol.* 6. Will remit 25cts. for each.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Remittances for the Voice—received since the 1st of August to the 20th inst., reported here because of the impossibility of answering every letter. To those who have not remitted for *last year's Voice*, we must, after this number, *discontinue* sending the *Voice.*

Remittances of $2.—F. Schwringronber, F. M. Smith, O. P. Walker, J. F. Knight, Charles Gray, W. G. James, E. Brookfield, H. P. Wood, Frank Murdock, S. F. Harding, J. A. Hursh, Robt. Clark, John Butt, J. W. Oliver, J. Soper, John C. Moore, Wm. H. Cooke, M. W. Parker, A. N. Pendergrass, Col. R. M. Edwards, Col. S. R. Boyd, J. R. Vones, R. T. Hensley, R. M. Dunham, C. F. Tyler, W. W. Sanborn, J. D. Roberts, C. C. Watson, J. A. Grant, Frank Fisher, Jas. Higbee, L. Adler, G. W. Barnard, H. B. F. Barnes, J. Houston, M. O. Skinner, Eugene Hyatt, M. B. Odell, F. M. Brickley, Grand Lodge of Iowa, Robt. Leslie, Dr. C. Goricke, Joel D. Mead, W. H. Smith, I. H. Jones, F. Basler W. M. Moore.

Remittance of $1.—C. M. Chase, Owen Haney.

Remittance of $2.67.—G. A. Perkins.

Remittance of $5.—Wm. Hunt.

Remittance of $4.—Chas. B. Holmes, F. K. Prentice, Jno. Carbut, G. I. Ladd, Thos. Mercer, Marshalltown Lodge, Iowa, G. R. Stuble, Peter Bowers.

THE GRAND LODGE OF ILLINOIS.

The location of a suitable building for the Grand Lodge of Illinois, is a question that is agitating the Blue Lodges in this State, and may be considered a subject upon which there will be some accrimonious feeling. That the Grand Secretary desires to have it in Springfield, is well known, and he cannot be blamed for trying to get it there if he can succeed.

The question, however, is too important to rest the individual accommodation of any one man, however exalted or useful he may have been. So long as a permanent location was still an open question, it was comparatively immaterial where the annual Grand Lodge was held, except so far as railway accommodation was concerned, which is an important item involved in the assembling. But when it comes to the expenditure of possibly $200,000, and the ways and means have to be originated, then it is no longer a question of accommodating any one person, but the general accommodation of the Masonic Lodges of the State, and especially so with regard to the Temple being made worthy of the institution, because self-sustaining, and will ultimately produce a suitable revenue to the Grand Lodge.

Now we have no controversy with our Grand Secretary, and none but the best feelings toward him, and if the Metropolis of the Great West was at Springfield, our efforts would be directed to the Grand Lodge being permanently located there, but it is not, never can be, and no unprejudiced person can honestly say that any other spot can be suitable for the permanent location of the Grand Lodge Temple, but in Chicago.

We have a plan in our mind, that would command the efforts and energies of every unprejudiced, thoughtful Mason with ability to aid, by which $200,000 could be obtained for this grand object, without any man being called upon to *give* any money to the object. All that would be required would be loans in the shape of taking stock, to bear six per cent.

interest upon the completion of the building, to be paid off in about ten years. Let the Grand Lodge originate a committee of leading Chicago Masons and others, and the work will be carried to successful issue, there cannot be any reasonable doubt. But to tax members to erect a Grand Lodge in Springfield, *or even* in Chicago, will find no favor, and meet with strenuous resistance. What right has any Lodge or Grand Lodge to inflict a tax? It must be oppressive, and certainly unconstitutional. But brethren, "there is a more excellent way" by which no tax need be attempted, and by which voluntary loans bearing interest can accomplish this grand object without oppression, and in brotherly harmony.

We learn the Grand Senior Warden of this State has a plan, one however, we fear he cannot make to work, because it involves the *gift* of thirty or forty thousand dollars to come out of the pockets of Chicago Masons, and which, to be successful, requires also to locate the Grand Lodge in Chicago. We should have no objection to add out mite to this plan if it were universally desired, as it would avoid any attempt at taxing the members.

The proper course in our judgment is for the Grand Lodge to select Chicago for the site of the building, then put the strongest Chicago Masons on a Commtttee of Ways and Means, adding leading Masons of the State, and all would go on as merry as a marriage Bell. It is a settled question in our mind that in no other city but Chicago, can it be made a financial success, and the dignity of the institution demands that it should be located where it will pay best, where it can be visited by Masons from other cities and States, in the same way as Grand Lodges are established in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Indianapolis, and Cincinnati. Is Chicago of less importance to Illinois, than these cities are to their respective States? We think not, and we do hope that our Grand Master and Grand Secretary will gracefully yield to so obvious a reason as already offered, being assured that it will be for the best interest of the Grand Lodge, and as regards the personal interests that may be involved, the way is open to the establishment of private enterprises in Chicago with much greater facilities for pecuniary success, than any other city in the State of Illinois.

INDIANA.

(This was crowded out of our last issue.)

The Masonic Fraternity of Sullivan County, Indiana, by invitation of "Sullivan Lodge No. 263," held a grand celebration on the County Fair-ground, near Sullivan, on the 24th of June, consisting of Sullivan, Merom and Shelburn Lodges, and about 100 others from different Lodges,—in all about 400 Masons. These Lodges, together with the Grand Lodge, were opened in due and ample form. Lafayette Stewart, Special Deputy G. M.; F. Basler, W. M. Moore, and others, represented the Grand Lodge in form. At 9 o'clock, A. M., the ladies of the Eastern Star, about 200 in number, formed a procession, led by the Merom Cornet Band, one of their number acting as Marshall, all clad with sash and aprons of their order. They marched once about the Public Square. The Masonic Fraternity, representing the four Lodges, also formed in procession, in regular order, and marched to the Fair-grounds, where Shelburn Lodge was constituted and consecrated, after which the officers of Sullivan and Fairbanks Lodges were duly installed with the usual ceremonies.

The procession, as well as the ceremonies,—especially the vocal music by the ladies of the Eastern Star,—was received by the public as grand and imposing.

The newly-elected officers of Sullivan Lodge, for the ensuing year, are as follows:

F. Basler, W. M.; Wm. M. Moore, S. W.; C. B. White, J. W.; J. L. Griffin, Treas.; Dr. J. R. Hinkle, S. D.; John Evans, J. D.; Geo. W. Zimmerman, T.

After the above installation, Grand Deputies Laf. Stewart and F. Basler, representing the Grand Lodge, with the assistance of Sullivan Lodge, consecrated "Shelburn Lodge, No. 369," with beautiful and impressive ceremonies, after which the following officers were installed:

Joseph Bushkirk, W. M.; C. Riggs, S. W.; Wm. Bollinger, J. W.; James A. Walls, Sec.; Joseph Banhalzer, Treas.; Ed. Mergan, S. G.; James Siner, J. D.

At the conclusion of these exercises, dinner was served in regular pic-nic style, and there was abundance of sweet-meats for all.

At about half-past 1 o'clock, Rev. S. P. Gillispie took the stand and delivered a most excellent address in vindication of Masonry, which was complimented by all lovers of sentiment and truth. We would have published the address, but it was too long for our space.

Thus closed one of the most agreeable and pleasant pic-nic parties ever held in this county, and it should long be remembered as a model pattern for all time to come.

WISCONSIN.

A new lodge has recently been formed at Ahanapee, Kewaunee Co., and starts out with flattering prospects of success.

Bro. A. B. Alden, P. G. M., has been appointed by the Grand Master Grand Lecturer for the balance of the current year. He occupied the same position year before last, and gave very general satisfaction. His post-office address is Portage City, Columbia Co., Wisconsin.

Two impostors claiming to be worthy brother Masons have been imposing upon the brethren of Milwaukee and other parts of the State during the past month, but were brought to grief by being arrested and exposed, in Milwaukee, some two weeks since, and one is now serving out his time in the house of correction. His name is Charles E. Robinson, and he hails from Angelica, N. Y., where his father resides, who is a wealthy and respectable citizen. The other is a man named

Anderson *alias* J. H. Shepard, and hails from Detroit. Members of the fraternity would do well to look out for these scoundrels.

DIXON, ILL.

Dedication of Masonic Hall.—The Masonic Hall of this city was dedicated June 24th. The following is the order of exercises:

M. W. Jerome R. Gorin, Grand Master of Illinois, opened the Grand Lodge at the Court House, at 2½ o'clock p. m. The Lodges formed and marched in procession to Masonic Hall, followed by the Grand Lodge under an escort of Knights Templar. Sir Knight James C. Lucky, Marshal. Line of march: On Third street from Galena to Madison; on Madison street from Third to First; on First street from Madison to Galena, at Masonic Hall. Dedication services at 3½ o'clock p. m., after which the procession moved to the Court House, where a public address was delivered by Reverend and Sir Kt. W. H. Williams, at 4 o'clock p. m. Sociable in the evening at Masonic Hall, to which members of the Order and their wives and friends were cordially invited. The dedicatory services were of a public character, but, from the large number present, only members of the Order and invited guests could be admitted.

Committee of Arrangements—Jason C. Ayres, Geo. L. Herrick, W. Mc. L. Wadsworth, John L. Lord, B. C. Deshon.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

There are a few matters we respectfully ask the Brethren to notice in this number.

1st.—That this is the first time we are able to anticipate the month by getting the September number out before the end of August.

2nd.—That we are still without responses from some of our friends, who forget to send their subscription for the Voice for this year, and some for last year also.

3rd.—That an advertisement is on the inside of our front cover, respecting the re-opening of her Ladies' Seminary by the lady Principal, Mrs. C. V. Waite, who is closely united to Masonic families; the wife of one of our Judges recently stationed in Utah; and the authoress of a book on Mormonism, a review of which will be found on another page.

4th.—The article in this number entitled the W. M. address to Bro. Abdel Kader, on his initiation, as one of the most interesting Masonic addresses the world has ever seen.

EXCHANGES.

The Freemason, of St. Louis, Mo., in its July issue, takes upon himself to interfere with what does not concern him in the conduct of The Voice of Masonry, and, moreover, it (The Voice) contains much more original matter than is found in that print. It fibs also in saying *The Mystic Star* gives more matter than The Voice; *The Star* has 32 pages, The Voice 48; let some competent Brother judge of the quality of the articles in each. There is, however, something very vulgar in these untruthful statements.

Another vulgarism is, the coarse manner he speaks of a quotation from the *Freemason's Monthly Magazine*, of Boston, (brought to our notice additionally by the preceding communication). "Bro. Moore reviews the list of '*Bob*' Morris' premiums, and winds up by saying, 'it is with such contemptible and insane promises that this notorious charlatan expects to replenish his exhausted finances, to enable him to wander like a vagabond around the world, at the expense of his befooled and credulous victims.' This is about the most sensible thing that has escaped the *Monthly* for a long time."

This last sentence is a very high compliment to Moore's *Monthly*, as, according to Bro. Gouley, Moore only manages to escape a sensible thing "once in a long time." And if these remarks are the only sensible ones he has made in a long time—and this is a specimen of Moore's sense, we think the precious pair have very little common sense, but plenty of impertinence as a compensation.

Bro. Morris is able to fight his own battles, and his name, in connection with Masonry as an historian and an author, will live when they are forgotten, if ever known. We are sorry to be compelled to make these remarks, but we cannot but be indignant at reading such grossly insulting remarks upon a Brother who has a right to claim the observancy of the decent usages of society. If Moore of Boston is able to sustain his charges, why does he not demand a trial of Bro. Morris. On the other hand, if such remarks were levelled at us, we would bring an action for damages against the mendacious writer.

Now, we claim that Masonry owes Bro. Morris much for his researches and his investigations. Is he to bear the expense? What is more just than that the "Ox should not be muzzled that treaded out the corn." Suppose we say that Brothers Moore and Gouley are charlatans because they live by Masonry as much as Bro. Morris does? Our experience of four years, somewhat intimately in business relations, is all in Bro. Morris' favor, and as a Mason, we know he is infinitely superior to his traducers.

ASYLUM OF APOLLO COMMANDERY, No. 1,
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR,
CHICAGO, July 28, A. D. 1868, A. O. 750:

SIR KNIGHT:—

At a stated conclave of Apollo Commandery, No. 1, K. T., Tuesday, July 21st inst., by resolution, the Commandery tendered to the Right Eminent Grand Commander of the State of Illinois—Sir Vincent Lumbard Hurlbut—an escort to St. Louis on the occasion of the Triennial Conclave of the Grand Encampment Knights Templar of the United States, to be held at St. Louis, Mo., on the third Tuesday—being the 15th day of September next.

The Right Eminent Grand Commander of the State of

Illinois acknowledged and accepted the courtesy extended to him, leaving the details of arrangement with Apollo Commandery, for transportation and accommodation of the Sir Knights intending to unite in the proposed journey to St. Louis: He has also presented to the Commandery for its guidance, a circular from the Grand Commandery of the State of Illinois.

Apollo Commandery appointed a Committee of Arrangements to take such action in the premises as they deem best, to accomplish the object and desire of the Commandery, in extending the escort to the Grand Commander.

The Committee would therefore state, that arrangements have been perfected with the Chicago & St. Louis Railroad, and Pullman's Palace Sleeping Car Co., whereby a special train has been placed at the disposal of the Sir Knights, to and from St. Louis AT HALF FARE. (They would also state to Sir Knights from Eastern jurisdictions, intending to visit St. Louis, that arrangements have been made for them to come, *via* Chicago, at the same reduced rate, and it would afford the Committee pleasure to have them unite with us here on Monday, September 14th, next.) The Grand Master of Knights Templar of the United States—M. E. Sir Henry L. Palmer—escorted by Wisconsin Commandery, No. 1, of Milwaukee, arrive here on the morning of that day, uniting with us and leaving that afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The Committee anticipate that many Commanderies and individual Sir Knights, will take the opportunity afforded them to visit the Triennial Conclave of the Grand Encampment, and it is desired that those intending to unite with us, should inform the Committee as soon as possible of the probable number from each section, so that suitable arrangements can be made.

Sir William Henry Gale, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, No. 202 Randolph Street, Chicago, to whom all communications should be addressed.

The Head-Quarters of the Knights Templar, while in Chicago, will be at the Tremont House, where the Committee can be found.

WILLIAM HENRY GALE,
CHARLES HOMAN BROWER, } COMMITTEE.
FRANK HERVEY NICHOLS,

Book Notices.

THE MORMON PROPHET AND HAREM; or an Authentic History of BRIGHAM YOUNG, his numerous wives and children. By Mrs. C. V. Waite: S. C. Griggs, Chicago. Third edition.

The authoress of this very interesting book is the wife of one of our residents, late, and for two years, an Associate Judge, at Utah. Her facilities for information were of superior order, and well has she investigated the damnable system that prevails there. We regret we can use no milder term in rising from the perusal of her excellent expose of the Prophet, his blasphemies and Harem, under the pretense of religion.

The whole tenor of the book is calm and dispassionate, while it lays open a system that is as dishonoring to the Government permitting it, as it is to the perpetrators and victims of this horrible abuse of terms, in which honor and virtue are shamelessly sacrificed to pretentions which would be a disgrace to Turks, and is worse than heathenism, because the parties know better, but maintain it for the furtherance of their lusts and aggrandisement. We advise our readers to get the book, it is worth ten times its cost.

The talented lady authoress re-opens her Seminary at Hyde Park, near this city, soon, and is deserving of the patronage of the wives of the Masonic faternity.

"MADAME," said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation, which will spring up in the best regulated families, "when a man and his wife have quarrelled and each supposes the other at fault, which of the two ought to advance toward reconciliation?"

"The best natured and wisest of the two," said the wife, putting up her mouth for a kiss, which was given with an unction. She was the conquerer.

THE
VOICE OF MASONRY
DEVOTED TO
Masonic and General Literature,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

VOLUME VI. OCTOBER, 1868. NUMBER X.

SERIES OF LETTERS* FROM ROB MORRIS.

THE EXPLORATIONS OF JERUSALEM.

BY ROB MORRIS, L. L. D.

There were many Americans who could share in the satisfaction felt by English Scholars at the formation, three years since, of a society for the accurate and systematic investigation of the Archæology, Topography, Geology and Physical Geography, Natural History and manners and customs of the Holy Land, for biblical illustration. The rather inexpressive name of this association is *The Palestine Exploration Fund*, of which the well known biblical expositor George Grove, writer of so many first class articles in Smith's Dic-

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* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by J. C. W. Bailey, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

tionary of the Bible, &c. is Secretary. I have had some opportunities, through the eminent Dr. J. T. Barclay, of our own country, and Captain Charles Warren, now in charge of the surveys and explorations at Jerusalem, to look into the management of this society, and will combine my notes into one article for the benefit of American readers. I am writing this paper just before leaving Jerusalem, while the dust of my last visit to the excavation made by Captain Warren still clings to me, and the voice of this modest but thoroughly educated and indefatigable man is ringing in my ears. Some degree of haste, therefore, may be observed in the preparation of this article, but I will vouch for the accuracy of the statements.

It is superfluous to say to a newspaper reader in the United States, that John Bull, *plebian*, can do nothing except under the shadow of the throne and in the path of the nobility. Therefore it was deemed a good and happy thing to secure the Queen of England as "Patron" of the *Palestine Exploration Fund;* and such names as the Dukes of Argyle and Devonshire, the Earls of Carnarvon, Derby, Russell, Zetland, (the latter being the Grand Master of Masons,) and Shaftesbury; the Bishops of London, Oxford, Ely and Ripon; the Deans of St. Paul, Westminister, Christ's Church and Canterbury, and a host of minor functionaries, 78 in all, to constitute the committee. I think no such combination of great lights, historical and scientific, was ever formed before in behalf of an enterprise purely historical. I need only instance Dr. William Smith, Sir Henry Rawlinson, A.H. Layard, Rev. E. H. Plumptre, Rev. H. B. Tristam, Rev. Norman McLeod, Cyril C. Graham, John Murray and many others of the very first class of explorers in the field of oriental investigation.

It is reasonable to expect that such men set forth a good work in a proper manner. One of the staunchest English societies reporting upon the subject, said: "We believe this work to be one of the greatest pith and moment, and worthy of the warmest and most liberal support. The undying interest of the land explored, the sound and scientific basis on which the explorations are conducted, the vast importance of the results obtained and the still greater value of the discoveries which are on the eve of being made, commend this great work to the general sympathy of all." This, I believe, is the keynote of every public expression referring to this subject. Outside of Palestine all is expectation, and hopeful of great results.

This society gave its exertions for the first two years to surveying, exploring and photographing Capernaum, Nablous, Damascus and other places; settling disputed questions of lattitude and longitude, of levels and distances, and laying out a programme for a thorough topographical survey of Palestine. Latterly, however, they have restricted their operations to Jerusalem, and it is this fact that gives the heading to the present article.

One peculiarity concerning the present city of Jerusalem, is the fact that it stands, as it were, *upon a heap of dust and rubbish*, under which, is *the Jerusalem* of the Bible. And this singular position is not attributable merely to the fact that ancient Jerusalem was seventeen times captured and more than once leveled to the ground, then converting its splendid edifices into piles of dust and ruins. This although it goes very far to explain the phenomena, is not sufficient altogether to account for it. It is the fact that the stone of which the houses and walks of Jerusalem are built, is very friable and exfoliates rapidly; so rapidly that a few centuries are sufficient to reduce a square block to a shapeless mass. This, of course, produces pulverized earth; the earth which has burried, fifty, seventy-five and even a hundred feet deep, the Jerusalem of our Savior's period. I have upon the table before me as I write a piece of the so-called "Jerusalem Marble," taken from the immense quarry (the Cotton Megara,) which underlies so much of the North-eastern quarter of the city, and which has been excavated during the last four thousand years expressly for building materials. This stone, as it first comes from the quarry, is so soft that it may almost be crushed between the fingers. It is but little firmer than a well crystalized loaf of sugar. True, it hardens upon exposure and in time becomes a fair material for building purposes; but if any one is surprised to find the city of Jerusalem standing upon a pile of disintegrated lime-stone, fifty feet thick, as it surely does, he has only to explore that enormous quarry, which is at least a quarter of a mile deep, to discover where the rubbish originally came from.

This explanation will enable the reader to understand what is meant by *exploring Jerusalem.* It is simply *to go to the bottom* of that enormous mound of dust and ashes and let in the light upon streets and foundations upon which it shone two thousand years ago. In this respect there is a most exact analogy between the exploration of Jerusalem and of Pompeii. Over the latter city, the superincumbent mass is scoriæ, lava and volcanic ashes; in the former, the accumulations are of pulverized lime stone, added of course to the garbage of the city, shreds of pottery, bones, etc., etc., the accumulations of that extended period. It is no romance to say, that the present Jerusalem overlies *many Jerusalems* that have gone to dust, in the centuries since the Jebusites established their citadel upon Mount Zion, before the time of Abraham; and that the explorer's spade must pass these graves of cities one by one, to find the remnants which he seeks.

With these explanatory remarks we can see what Captain Warren, in charge of the works undertaken by the Palestine Exploration Fund, undertakes to do, The historians of the Temple of Herod (which is the only temple with which the Christian or Jewish is particularly interested,) go much into detail relative to "the Courts of the Temple," "the Beautiful Gate," "the vast Causeway" connecting Mount Moriah with Mount Zion, and many other things. In describing the walls built up by Solomon, and renewed by Herod, to enlarge the area upon which the temple was built, Josephus speaks of their height as bewildering, and the blocks that entered into their construction as enormously great. Now to verify such details as these is the present aim of Captain Warren's party, and their labors have already been productive of much that corroborates the testimony of Josephus, and of Scriptural writers. He finds the great Causeway, or Stone Bridge, that once connected the Mount Moriah with Zion, lying where it was cast, probably, at the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, but lying under fifty feet of earth. Each of the stone blocks that composed it bears the proper relation to adjacent rocks, to show that they once formed a whole that was the admiration of all beholders. He finds the whole area representing Mount Moriah, to be banked in with mounds of earth, to the enormous depth, at one corner, of one hundred feet; the great wall extending to that enormous depth before its foundation, *the native rock*, is exposed to view. He finds near the south-east corner of this great temple area, (Mount Moriah) a series of arches and abutments supporting the present lines on which the pavement of the area, at that corner, rests. He finds evidences of immense works built far beneath the present surface, for the supply of ancient Jerusalem with water. And yet these discoveries are but just begun. While no one will venture to name the result that may be achieved by this enterprising society, surely no one can place any bounds to them.

There is one thought that grows out of this subject, that may be of use to those who are just beginning to study the topography of Jerusalem. It is, that all those so-called traditional places connected with the *Via Doloroso* must necessarily be fabulous, because the *Via Doloroso* of our Saviour's time—that is the road or street along which he passed, in his sad journey from Pilate's house to Golgotha—lies many score feet (part of it fifty or seventy-five feet,) *below the present surface.* The ground upon which Christ trod, lies so far beneath the present ground, on which my feet trod this morning, that to go to the bottom of the excavation made to show the former pathway, makes even a clear head giddy. The person walking along Water Street, New York, cannot say that he is walking where the fish once swam; he is walking fifty or one hundred feet *above* their former haunts. And so it is with the *Via Doloroso.*

Among the subjects that will, in due time, demand the attention of explorers in the vicinity of Jerusalem, is the search for ancient tombs among the surrounding hills. No sensible person can for a moment suppose that the few rock tombs already opened, (amongst which "the tomb of Kings," "the tomb of Prophets" and "the tomb Virgin Mary," are the chief,) represent more than a small part of the tombs with which those hills were formerly honey-combed. Great discoveries in that direction await the zealous excavator; discoveries more important perhaps in a historical point of view, if not so brilliant, as those which Egyptian soil has yielded. Too much cannot be projected concerning this "city of hallowed memories and entrancing recollections. Its very name is music and magic; the theatre of the most memorable and stupenduous events; a place of hallowed associations, endearing reminiscences and glorious contemplations."

A PARTING LETTER FROM THE HOLY LAND.

BY BROTHER ROB MORRIS.

To the Editor of the Voice of Masonry:—Dear Brother:

I left Beyrout yesterday, (June 12) and write this off the Port of Jaffa, on my way to Alexandria. My labors in the East being ended, I will devote an hour, if you please, to giving the readers of your journal, a kind of summary of my observations concerning the true method of travel. My views will differ a good deal from those you have been accustomed to read.

It is unfortunate in one respect, that nearly all published communications concerning the Holy Land are from the pens of *the clergy*. These gentlemen, unaccustomed to physical hardships, give pictures colored with hues drawn from their own fancies, rather than the facts. In comparing my own experiences with those of the Reverend this and the Reverend that, whose books fill my shelves, I marvel to see how different they have been. The enormous "fatigues" of which they speak so lamentably as the harder incidents of travel, were simply those of men who probably never mounted a horse before. The " dangers of travel" are simply *bosh*. The " noisy contests" of the natives are only clamors in their own unmusical tongue for *backsheesh*, clamors which it only needs a sharp and stern denial to stop, and to rid one's self of the pack at a word.

It chanced to me just now to open "Dr. Burt's Letter, No. XXVII." published in the Cincinnati *Gazette*, July, 1867, a copy of which I happened to bring with me, and this tendency to describe Oriental travel from an *effeminate* point of view, is so manifest in it and in all his series, that I am prompted to say a word upon the other side of the question. Dr. Burt's opinion can only be that of a man accustomed to a quiet, studious life, dyspeptic in his internal arrangements, to whom a prancing horse is a terror, and the cry of a jackall at midnight as a voice from the dead. Now look at the other side. Take a person who knows how to mount a horse from the left side, and to load and fire a pistol, one who is in the habit of sleeping soundly after a hearty supper, and every "adventure" described by the reverend gentlemen in his twenty-seventh letter is but the commonest frolic.

The most erroneous impression conveyed by such writers as Dr. Burt, is in regard to the expense of travel. They have no idea that a man can see anything in the Holy Land unless he has a dragoman, with tents, an army of horses, a *cuisine* or kitchen apparatus, and all the appliances of civilized life. No wonder these things are expensive. No wonder that "eight dollars a day in gold" (equal to $12 in currency) scarcely covers the bill. And no wonder that the tourist hears the jackal scream at midnight, and sees "blood and thunder" upon the countenance of every Arab he meets. Why look at it! the first proposition made you by one of these *first-class dragomen*, when bargaining with you, is that he will give you "five courses for dinner." I say look at it! a dyspeptic little clergyman gets on his horse at Beyrout, almost the first time he ever straddled one, and rides eight hours, to the vicinity of Sidon. The unwonted motion has stimulated his appetite to absolutely voracity, but without increasing the amount of his gastric juice or his power of digestion. Arrived at his camping ground he waits almost crazed with hunger until eight, or even nine o'clock at night for his dinner, for "five courses" cannot be prepared in a minute. When it comes the poor fellow half-witted by starvation, eats a meal of soup, fish, meats and dessert, that a healthy plowman could scarcely digest, and immediately afterwards, worn out by fatigue and the intolerable delay, goes to bed to contend, through a long night with night-mare and apoplexy. Does not he get his eight dollars worth? No wonder he hears the jackals.

Read the works of ninety-nine travelers out of a hundred who "do the Holy Land" and would not the reader suppose that there is only one way to visit the Holy Land? That you *must pay a dragoman* to kill you with dyspepsia—to drag you hither and thither at his pleasure—to lie to you from hair to hair, and pass off his impudence for bravery? I vow that when I have heard and seen the things to which travelers submit in this country from their hired servants, I have felt that in emancipating American slaves, public opinion stopped only half way; the slavery of dragomen is worse.

Do you ask how then the tourist should proceed to get the proper information and see the country? I reply, very much the same as he would at home. The only differences are that if he cannot speak the language he must have an interpreter;

as there are no public conveyances, he must hire his own horses; and as there are some places where accommodations are scanty, he should take his own blankets and a moderate supply of provisions. He needs no expensive dragoman, or tents, or *cuisine*, or any nonsense of the sort. If he travels alone, which is perfectly safe and pleasant, he wants an intelligent fellow who knows enough English to give him the names of places, &c., and is willing to be *his servant.* Two horses carry him and the servant, while a pack mule carries his two pair of blankets and supply of provisions, say for a week ahead. With a good fowling piece for game, a good reference Bible in his pocket, an easy conscience and digestion, a man may thus see the Holy Land upon five dollars a day, and fare like a (Syrian) lord. If three such travelers go together, it need not cost them more than three dollars a day for each. (These figures are estimated in greenbacks, gold at 1.40.)

And the great advantage of this plan is, *you can go where you please.* Now, a dragoman will not permit that. Either by the broadest lying or by sheer bullying, he takes you where *he* pleases. You start when he bids you, go just so long as he directs you, and halt for night-quarters wherever he decides that you should. For instance, I left Jerusalem May 14, about 3 P. M., designing to pass through Bethel. There was not a dragoman in Jerusalem who could (or would) tell you where Bethel is. *They* only know Rameleh, a few miles west of it, and the secret of their ignorance is that there is a convent at Rameleh where they always stop. But I found Bethel by the map, and spent the night at Bethel. And I don't know of a prettier route for a few days than to stroll through the country between Bethel and the Jordan valley, tracing out the ancient localities of Ai, Rimman, Shiloh and others that in the imagination of a dragoman are but fabulous places.

There is no difficulty in contriving a route from one end of the Holy Land to the other, so as to secure accommodations at convents and respectable native houses nine nights out of ten. I have not space here to elaborate this, but intend ere long to make a sort of (newspaper) guide-book through Syria and Palestine that, if followed, will save the tourist nearly one half his money, quite double his comforts, secure his independence, exhibit to him four times the number of interesting places, and advantage his health in reasonable proportion.

A stout man could make a pleasant *walking* excursion through Palestine at the most trifling expense. Were I twenty years younger, there is nothing I would sooner undertake than to make up a party of good legs and sound stomachs, and shoulder a knapsack with them for a six weeks excursion among the sacred hills and valleys. There was a man at Jerusalem this spring who was doing this very thing —doing it alone—and doing it with an ease and safety that put to blush the colored fancies of those writers who are bent upon convincing the world that the days of Marco Paulo have returned again because they heard a jackal scream, or saw an Arab with a twelve foot spear-handle that could be used offensively about as easy as an old-fashioned arquebuse.

LETTER FROM BROTHER MORRIS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8, 1868.

My Dear Brother Bailey,—I have read with emotion your kind words relative to the personal attacks making upon me by a few men professing to be Masons. In the same tone as your article, I see that Brothers Guilbert, McMurdy, Holmes and others have been writing kind words of me.

If our Order is not a mere imposition,—as Blanchard and Finney declare it to be,—if, I mean, our brotherhood is *really knit together in bonds of obligation*, I can safely leave my vindication to those who shall come after us. *I know* that I have done nothing *to deserve* such grossly malignant charges, and until I commit myself to unmasonic deeds, I think I will leave my maligners to the judgment of the craft universal. I ask you and such as you *to continue to be my defenders*, and I promise you that your task shall be an easy one.

I am often importuned to enter the field of strife and show up these slanderers in their true light. I am often *tempted* to do it. It is with difficulty that I refrain from doing it. Yet, thus far, I have been able to restrain myself, and, with God's grace, hope to continue to do so.

One thing encourages me:—Whenever I go among the Lodges in any State-jurisdiction, east or west, north or south, I find that the hearts of the Masonic masses are with me. The history of 1867, when I visited 130 Lodges and met 10,000 Masons, will ever be a precious memory to me. All were familiar with my masonic career; and all, with one accord, hastened to assure me of their approbation. Why then should I draw the sword?

I am, with grateful esteem, faithfully,

Rob Morris.

REMARKS ON CONVERSATION.

In the July number of the Voice it was intimated that remarks on this subject would be continued, and attention called to the *matter* and *manner* of our conversation. In regard to the former, every wise and good man would certainly wish to converse most freely and frequently on those matters which interest and delight him most, but in proportion to their importance, should be our prudence in introducing, and our caution in discussing them. There are those who heated with false zeal, and agitated by enthusiasm, continually obtrude religious conversation, and without the least prudence or discernment, press it upon company; hence the dull and stagnating silence which commonly ensues, or perhaps which is worse, the illiberal jest, or contention which springs up. Large and mixed companies will seldom bear this kind of converse, the utmost that can be done in such will be to preserve the innocence of the conversation, and now and then, perhaps, with delicacy and attention, to throw in a remark which may be serious and useful. More than this may subject us to the charge of impertinence, and to one which is still more unpleasing, that of "hypocrisy," for true religion, being of a silent nature, men justly suspect those of a deficiency in it, or of false pretences to it, who are continually wearing it in their mouths, not showing it by the noiseless tenor of an active, uniform, and virtuous life. By no means should we assume the character of the "*Dissertator*," or the "*Disputant*"—the one never fails to weary and disgust, the other to irritate and offend. Conversation, that highest feast of the rational mind, whilst it informs the head, amends the heart; and therefore we cannot be too attentive, that none of those passions intermingle themselves in it which are fatal to moral improvement. It must be remembered too, that conversation is a matter of mutual traffic, towards which every man is bound in duty to contribute his quota; and therefore, if he means to be partaker of the profit, he ought by all means to furnish his part of the stock. To this end, our great endeavor should be to supply our own mind with the proper materials for conversation, that we may, like the rich Householder, mentioned in the Great Light of our Order, be able to bring out of our treasury "things *new* and *old*" for the entertainment and instruction of our brothers and companions. It must be remembered also, that as it is from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, so men's words and conversation necessarily flow from the ruling principle within; and therefore, if by reading and reflection, our mind is occupied upon wise and sensible objects, and our thoughts filled with them, we shall be naturally led to communicate from our store; and our discourse, to the great emolument of those with whom we converse, will take the same useful and improving turn with our thoughts. One thing should be carefully avoided, "a monopoly of the conversation." Though the topic is most instructive; though we understand it completely, and can treat of it in the most masterly manner, nothing can excuse our assuming to ourselves the principal part of the discourse, and not allowing to others their due share and portion of it. Probably the best rules to form are to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust our own opinions, and value others that deserve it. We should always be more knowing than we appear to be; never forwardly to obtrude ourselves, or to wish to outshine others in company. Besides engrossing the conversation, we must note another defect, the consequence generally of a love of talking—that fertile source of innumerable evils. Never should we on any account, unless called upon, and urged by self-defence "*make ourselves the topic of our discourse.*" Nothing so nauseous, so offensive as egotism; it bespeaks the empty, vain, and insignificant mind. Men, conscious of the source from whence this error springs, will suspect whatever we say, and should we (as some absurdly affect) condemn ourselves in sober sadness, for some vice of evil (to which they may be addicted) our hearers may have discernment enough, to see of what virtue we thus mean to claim the excess; and will ridicule the weakness which we alone are too blind to overlook. "*Excess of talking*" is another defect. I know not, says a wise man, whether the eternal shallow prater may not be the better companion of the two, than the man who in solemn silence hears, and speaks not; or only perhaps in blunt honesty, as he calls it, now and then speaks his mind, to the pain and disgust of all present, or, with an importance, which nothing but his dullness can exceed, occasionally distills a sentence or two, drop by drop, from his oracular lips.

Politeness, that eminent qualification, without which conversation must be offensive; with which it can never fail to be agreeable, must never be lost sight of. The chief ingredients in the composition of those good qualities, which gain esteem and praise, says Sir William Temple, are truth, good nature, good sense, and good breeding. Good nature is seen in a disposition to say or do what one thinks will please or profit others. Good breeding, in doing nothing one thinks will either hurt or displease them. Good nature, and good sense come from our births or tempers; good breeding and truth chiefly by education and converse with men, yet truth seems much in one's blood, and is gained too by good sense and reflection. As then we should be studious to please others, so should we be careful never to pain or offend by meddling with these dangerous weapons, *Raillery* and *Humor*, which too commonly cut with both edges, and wounds the hand that strikes, as well as the person stricken with them. We should ever be anxious to introduce the most profitable *matter* by the most pleasing *manner* in conversation. There are, of course, numerous rules, which are and may be laid down for conversation; one of the liveliest of our pleasures, the enlarger of our knowledge, and a principal source of our intellectual wealth. But what has been said may suffice to point out the chief evils which we should avoid, and the more important qualifications which we should cultivate in order to enjoy this pleasure in its truest perfection.

CATHOLICISM AND FREE MASONRY.

The Archbishop of Paris has published an exposure of Free Masonry, very sensational in character, that is being reprinted in the Catholic papers of this country. It makes very curious disclosures, professes to give the entire formula of initiation, denounces Free Masonry as Paganism and worship of the sun, and charges all sorts of devilishness upon an organization that could have produced a Voltaire and a Proudhon. It reads very much like an attempt to get up an anti-Masonic revival in Europe.

Written for the Voice of Masonry.

SPARKS FROM A MASONIC ANVIL.

No. 4.

By William James Hughan, W. M. Fortitude Lodge, No. 131, Truro, England. *Author of "History of Freemasonry in Cornwall," "Analysis of Ancient and Modern Freemasonry," Editor of "Devon and Cornwall Masonic Calendar," &c., &c.*

"*Calèndrier Maconnique du Grand Orient de France,* 1868."—We have just received a copy of the above through the kindness of Le F. Thévenot, chef du secrétariat, whose many good deeds we gratefully remember.

It is always issued later in the year than that of the Grand Lodge of England, Ireland, &c., because the French masonic year does not commence until March, and the Calendar is continued until August, 1869. The work itself is a most useful compilation, and certainly an "indispensable" for French Masons. The Grand Orient also issues a Bulletin monthly, which contains an interesting record of the progress of the French Lodges, and also of the Craft universal. The Calendar has been printed for some years now, and seems to grow in favor year by year. We find that the present Grand Master, le général de division Mellinet, 33o, was elected 9th June 1865.

From A. D. 1725, when Lord Derwent-Waters was G. M. to 1865, there have only been ten Grand Masters, viz: "lord comte d'Harnouester, 1736; le duc d'Antin, 1738; Louis de Bourbon, 1743; le duc de Chartres, 1771; Roettiers de Montaleau, 1795; S. M. Joseph Napoléon, roi d'Espagne, 1805; S. A. R. le prince Lucien-C.-J.-F.-Napoléon Murât, 1852; et S. E. le maréchal de France Mâgnan, 1862."

Albert Lenglé, who was Deputy Grand Master, with Alfred Blanche, in the Calendar of 1867, has been omitted in this year's issue, as the lamented Brother died during the latter part of last year we believe, so that le F. Alfred Blanche is the only "Grand-Maître adjoint" at this time. There is also a Grand College of Rites for the "hauts grades," over which the Grand Master presides, and the other officers of the Grand Orient rank accordingly. There are a number of valuable extracts from the constitutions of the Order which considerably enhance the value of the work. It is therein declared that "La Franc-Maçonnerie, institution essentiellement philanthropique, philosophique et progressive, a pour objet la recherche de la vérité, l'étude de la morale universelle, des sciences et des arts, et l'exercice de la bienfaisance."* The following quotation will be welcomed by many who fear the atheistical tendencies of some of the fraternity in France: "Elle a pour principes l'existence de Dieu, l'immortalité de l'âme, et la solidarité humaine."† This declaration was obnoxious to a few who were members of the Grand Orient, and although they attempted all means in their power to overthrow it during the last year, it was again affirmed, and we think ever will be, by an overwhelmingly large majority.

The Constitution also declares that "Elle regarde la liberté de conscience comme un droit propre à chaque homme, et n'exclut personne pour ses croyances. Elle a pour devise: Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." "La Franc-Maçonnerie aspirant à étendre à tous les membres de l'humanité les liens fraternels qui unissent les Francs Maçons sur toute la surface du globe, la propagande maçonnique, par la parole, les écrits et le bon exemple, est recommandée à tous les Maçons." "Tout maçon a le droit de publier son opinion sur les questions maçonniques."‡ We think every true-hearted Mason

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* "Freemasonry, essentially a philanthropic, philosophical and progressive institution, has for its objects the cherishing of virtue, the study of the moral universe, its arts and sciences, and the exercise of benevolence."

† "It has for its principles the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the consolidation of human effort."

‡ "It regards liberty of conscience as the right of each individual, and excludes no person on account of his opinions. It has for its motto: Liberty,

will admire the cosmopolitan basis of French Masonry. The laws are admirably arranged and drawn up, and a business-like manner characterizes all the proceedings of the Grand Orient.

But to return to the Calendar! 1868 witnesses progression both numerically and otherwise. There were 263 Lodges, 82 chapters, &c., in 1867; but this year there is an increase of 21 of the former and 5 of the latter. Although numbered consecutively from 1 to 284, that method is no evidence of the ages of the Lodges or Chapters, as they are first arranged alphabetically before the numeration, which we think a poor plan. In England the nearer we come to the "Antiquity Lodge, No. 2," the better we are pleased, as the smaller or higher the number, the greater the age of the Lodge. The foreign Lodges are scattered over Europe, Asia, Africa and America, and the Grand Orient exchanges representatives with nearly all the large and important Grand Lodges, and Supreme Grand Councils in Europe, and also the United States of America, some members, such as les F. Beugnot, 33o, and Alfred Blanche, 33o, being honored with representing three Grand bodies. We believe the Grand Orient enjoys a larger representation than any other Grand Lodge in the world. This partly arises from the fact that the "Ancient and Accepted Rite" is incorporated with it, and under one authority, of which the Grand Master is chief. No other masonic body is recognized in France by the law, although the Supreme Council still exists there. A neatly-arranged Table is appended to the Calendar, containing an account of the foreign Lodges "en correspondance" with the Grand Orient. When that was issued our late Grand Secretary for England, Bro. William Gray Clarke, was alive and well; now,

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Equality and Fraternity...." "Freemasonry aspires to tender to all members of the human race the fraternal ties which unite Free-Masons over the entire surface of the globe; the Masonic propaganda, by word, by letter, and by good example, is recommended to all Masons...." "It is the right of every Mason to express his opinion on all Masonic questions."

alas ! he is no more, having died suddenly a few days ago. His place, however, is supplied by a well-known and enthusiastic Mason, Bro. John Hervey, Past G. D.—In the list we notice *Illinois*, *U. S.*, and the following is the report. "Grande Loge de l'Illinois (1840,—560 Loges). G. M., le F. Jérôme R. Govin ; D. G. M., le F. Charles Fisher ; G. Secrét., le F. Harmon G. Reynolds, à Springfield." We conclude this sketch with the following table :

Recapitulation des Ateliers de la Correspondance en 1868.

Orients.	LL.	Chap.	Cons.	Const.	G.-Coll.	Total.
Paris	48	11	4		1	64
Département de la Seine	7					7
Départements	184	37	8			229
Algérie et Colonies	20	9	1			30
Pays étrangers	25	10	5	1		41
Total	284	67	18	1	1	371

MASONIC GENERAL RELIEF COMMITTEE,
NEW ALBANY, Ind., Sept. 8, 1868.

DEAR BROTHER :—On Saturday last, a man calling himself Francis Savage, and holding a parchment diploma given by Grand Masters' Lodge, of Dublin, Ireland, in 1864, came to me claiming aid as a distressed Mason. He told me that he had been working under James Hildreth, foreman of Bell's Foundry in Indianapolis, for five months past, and that said Hildreth was a Mason. I told him that I should telegraph to Hildreth, and if his answer was favorable, we would assist him. He agreed to return at 4 p. m. for the answer. He never returned, thus condemning himself. Grand Secretary Bramwell writes me there is no such foundry, and no such Mason as James Hildreth known in Indianapolis. Savage is a very large man, with slightly gray whiskers, walked a little lame, carried a stick, complained of rheumatism, and talked well, without much of any accent of an Irishman. Please pass him.

ALF. H. NUNEMACHER,
Sec'y and Treas. Masonic General Relief Committee.

BROTHER ROBERT MORRIS.

There are few, if any, acquainted with the Masonic, as well as literary and poetic acquirements of Brother Morris, whether belonging to the fraternity or otherwise, but will be willing to accord to him all that is due in these particulars, and to admit that the accounts transmitted from time to time in his journeyings are truly interesting to the lovers of Masonic antiquity. What, then, can induce Masons who, from their first initiation and progress onward are cautioned to avoid censure and reproach, as well as to preserve the reputation of the fraternity unsullied, to so grossly attack the reputation and intentions of this Brother in his absence in Palestine? since to the true man, as well as to the true Mason, envy, malice, ill-will, are as antagonistic as want of charity.

In the last month's issue of the VOICE OF MASONRY notice was taken of the unmasonic, vulgar and coarse remarks of the *Freemason's Monthly Magazine*, edited by Bro. Moore, which savored so much of evil passion that it is feared the object of Masonry has been lost on its editor.

In this month's issue of the *Freemason*, of St. Louis, Bro. Gouley, the complimenter of Bro. Moore on his remarks above referred to, (and who left his readers in doubt whether he held Bro. Moore or Bro. Morris most in contempt,) launches out into a tirade of abuse against Bro. Morris. Like his "*sensible*" Brother of Boston, Bro. Gouley villifies Bro. Morris, and alludes to him as "this mountebank!" after which he proceeds to enlighten his readers by informing them that "Masons" were got by Bro. Morris "to flicker around his candle until they became *bankrupt* and *used up!*"

This will be to Masons who flicker, &c., news, as truthful as that Bro. Morris "promised, when he went to Palestine, *all sorts of things*, from *all sorts of places!*"

That Bro. Gouley should be "astonished" at anything Bro. Morris has done, or may do, is certainly an admission!

and almost, if not quite, implies a belief that the latter has reached Palestine, and got beyond the confines of London and Paris, and landed in Syria! and all this, too, without the aid of Bro. Gouley! There are, no doubt, many "places and things" which never had an "existence" to the knowledge of Bro. Gouley, but which may, nevertheless, exist; and although the Brother is "*glad to see*" that even the disciples of Morris *can* pause and reflect, (which is more, it is believed, than Bro. G. sometimes does,) and that Bro. Morris may be allowed to return home and be quiet, yet there are Masons to be found who, although it may again astonish Bro. Gouley, will not permit the interesting exploration commenced to end in any such degrading misadventure as he seems to desire.

This Brother's attempts at ridicule are truly ridiculous, and it is believed that neither "Train" or "Barnham" would listen to any suggestions unless the latter could get Bro. Gouley to "promise" to again exhibit a "Prince of the Royal Secret of the 33d degree of A. and A. S. Rite," &c., on the keen point of a pike! FRATER.

ANTI-MASONIC ADVOCATES!

President Blanchard has resorted to a strange mode of making his name known to the public, by becoming, what it was supposed his excellent sense would have prevented, namely: an anti-Masonic advocate!

The Sciolist may be excused perhaps for saying or writing on matters and subjects beyond his reach, and youth may be forgiven for remarks that mature age would prevent; but for a President, who would no doubt feel vastly insulted were he not classed among the wise and sage, to try and obtain prominency by opposition to an order so wise, useful, ancient, as well as moral, is strange! A certain Dr. Finney also, is, it would seem, seeking the same advantitious aid to obtain notoriety, but who, with the President, will by and by be ready to confess, that however easy it seemed to become famous in name, by writing and talking against Freemasonry, yet, that its denunciation only tended to exalt the order, to their own dismay. That Messrs. Blanchard and Finney have a perfect right to discuss this, or any other matter, is freely admitted; but whether it is wise for the Sciolist or youth to discuss upon matters and subjects beyond his entire comprehension may be at least questionable, since from not having such comprehension of the subject claimed to be discussed, nothing beyond a superficies can possibly be presented.

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Written for the Voice of Masonry.

THE POWERS OF THE SOUL.

BY THOMAS CLARKE.

What vast ideals, strange, yet haply true,
The immortal spirit pictures to its view!
Of hidden knowledge it explores the mine,
And in the act proclaims itself divine;
For, as the anatomist whom chance presents
With some primeval cavern's dark contents,
From scattered fragments of a tooth or bone,
Can raise the fosil monsters, one by one;
Clothe them in muscles, skin and glossy hair,
And cause long extinct spheres to appear;
Even so the soul, from small to grander things
Advancing, upward ever on well-poised wings;
And, from this atom, earth, on which we tread,
Traverses brilliant spheres around her spread;
Unvailing nature as she wings her way,
And gradual rising into clearer day;
Till, having all the glorious out-works trod,
She trembling stands in presence of her God.

◆

WHY are young ladies kissing each other like an emblem of Christianity? Because they are doing unto each other as they would that men should do unto them.

KABR HAIRAM.

(Poem written April 15th, 1868, at the Tomb of Hiram, by Bro. Rob Morris.)

Eastward from Tyre, where the sun
  First gleams above gray Hermon's side,
They brought thee, when thy work was done,
  And laid thee here in royal pride:
They brought thee with the noblest rites
  The wisest of our Craft enjoined; (1)
Before thee soared the mountain-heights,
  And thy loved ocean-isle behind.

The Cedars bowed their kingly tops
  As Hiram, Chief of Masons, passed: (2)
O'er Lebanon's all-snowy slopes
  The eagle screamed upon the blast: (3)
Westward the foaming sea was crowned
  With snow-white sails returning home:
Their Sea-Queen (4) glorious they found,
  Where thou, their King, should no more come.

Where in thy life time thou hadst reared
  This Tomb, befitting one so great, (5)
They bore thee, Monarch loved and feared,
  And laid thee in thy bed of state: (6)
They closed thee in with cunning art,
  And left thee to thy well-earned fame;
'Twas all the living can impart,—
  A tomb, a pageant, and a name.

Loud was the wail on Zidon's hill,—
  Her Sages mourned thee as their own: (7)

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(1) See note 10 for an explanation of this. King Hiram was buried with the Masonic Honors, as prepared by the pen of King Solomon.

(2) Formerly all these offshoots and spurs of the Lebanon Mountains were probably covered with cedars, though now the nearest grove of which I have any knowledge is thirty or forty miles north of Hiram's Tomb.

(3) As I wrote these lines, two of those noble birds were soaring in the clear sky above me.

(4) For many centuries the City of Tyre was the commercial metropolis of the world. The title, "Sea Queen," is therefore highly appropriate.

(5) It was the custom of the princes and rulers of Phœnicia to prepare for themselves great and costly sepulchers, even while living, the hills around Kabr Hairam are full of these, but all shattered and empty.

(6) To comprehend the splendor of Hiram's burial procession, read that of Alexander the Great, as detailed in Rollin's Ancient History.

(7) At the period of Hiram's reign, the City of Zidon, which lies about twenty-five miles north of Tyre, was under his rule.

Loud the lament on far Jebale,
  Her wisest *Son of Light* was gone: (8)
The ships of Tyre bore the word
  On every wind across the main,
And white-robed craftsmen wept their lord,
  And strewed the mystic leaves again. (9)

Nor these alone:—on Zion too
  A Brother joins his tears with theirs:
King Solomon, to friendship true,
  The grief of Tyre fitly shares:
His matchless pen such words indites
  Of true report and sacred woe,
That to this hour, Freemasons' rites
  Within his wise direction go. (10)

The centuries wore apace; and changed
  The kingdom of each royal Sire:
Ephraim from Judah was estranged,
  And Zidon separate from Tyre: (11)
Then swept the deluge over all,
  The Conqueror came with sword and flame,
And templed shrine and kingly hall
  Are but the shadow of a name. (12)

Yet here thy burial-place is kept,—
  Still this MEMORIAL appears,
Though shadows of old time have crept
  Along these stones three thousand years.
The frost and rain have gently seared,
  The Orient-sun hath kindly blest,
And earthquakes shattering have spared
  Our *Kabr Hairam*, Hiram's rest.

Still warm thine eastern front the rays
  That call the Craftsmen to the wall:
Here let me chisel this device,
  The oldest, holiest of all! (13)

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(8) Jebale, (styled in the scriptures Gebal,) is about seventy-five miles north of Tyre, and once marked the boundary of Hiram's possessions. It was the seat of the Architectural and Philosophical Schools of that age.

(9) The various colonies of Tyre were established at all the prominent points of the Mediterranean Sea.

(10) According to Masonic tradition the funeral rites under which King Hiram was buried, were composed by King Solomon; they are substantially the same as those in use at the present day.

(11) It was but a few years after Hiram's death that his own kingdom, as well as that of his royal friend Solomon, was rent in twain by internal convulsions.

(12) Referring to the Chaldean monarch Nebuchadnezzar, who conquered the kingdoms of Phœnicia, Israel and Judah about four hundred years after Hiram's death.

(13) I chiseled the Square and Compass deeply on the Tomb near the north-east corner.

And as the western sun goes down
  To give the wearied Craft release,
His latest gleam, in smile or frown,
  These time-stained ashlars still doth kiss.

The lizard darts within thy walls,
  The Arab stalks indifferent by,
Vast relics once of lordly halls
  Around in mute suggestion lie:
The hyssop springs between the stones,
  The daisy blossoms at the foot,
The olive its peace-lessons owns—
  Best moral where all else is mute.

Stand thou, 'till time shall be no more,
  Great type of Masonry divine!
From eastern height, from western shore,
  Let Craftsmen seek this ancient shrine;
And from each pilgrim this be heard,
  As from one humble voice to-day:
" Honor to Hiram,—Masons' lord,
  " Honor and gratitude we pay!"

Written for the Voice of Masonry.

LOVE.

BY MARIUS VICTORINUS.

O Love! thy grand cathedral is the soul,
  Thy high priest Beauty, and thy hymn the same
As it hath been for ages; whose control
  Is more complete than that of wildest fame.
  There are who deem thee but ethereal flame,
Kindled to being by inconstant chance,
  As tokens broken hearts alone to claim:
Yet, still endures thy deep, magnetic trance,
And heart to heart beats on beneath thy softest glance.

Thou art eternal as the light of heaven;
  Thou art ethereal as the faintest ray
Which steals from higher spheres at morn and even,
  Or which sparkles from the flush of infant day.
  With lightning swiftness moving on the way,
Thou enterest the palaces of kings:
  And o'er the poor man's cottage sweetly play.
Soft beams of happiness thy presence brings,
Eternal as that light which from God's presence springs.

'Tis true, wrecked hearts thy *landmarks* long have been,
  By disappointment on Life's desert drear;
Those hearts were on unworthy objects placed when
  They deemed they found thee while in friendship's sphere

Though oft deluded, sweeter and more near
Art thou, to those whose hearts commingled glows,
And thus by mutual strength Life's ills to bear,
Thy sweet remembrance gilds Life's deepest woes,
And living wreaths of light on buried Passion throws.

That glorious soul which dwells throughout all space,
Heaven's center, and of worlds the destiny,
Grand master of our weak and erring race,
Of all that has been, or is yet to be,
Hath lived and breathed and spoken but through thee.
In thy name the son of God from heaven came,
To purge the soul of sin and misery;
To call its latent virtues gently forth,
And give to Error's soul new life of purer birth.

On thy broad *level*, Kings and and Princes meet
Their slaves, the poor, in one *fraternal band.*
In poor men's bosoms hast thou fixed thy seat
As firmly as in monarchs', whose command
Creates the destiny of fatherland.
Yet, in thy realm they can no longer reign;
The last will there be first—the murderous hand,
The hell-dog War, can bring no longer pain—
No sorrow there be found, no longer heart that beats in vain.

While sorrow o'er our nation broods, like night
O'er desolation on an angry main,
May feudal strife extinguished, thy pure light
Illumine the path to Peace and Thee again.
On hearts dissevered may thy gentle rain
Descend, to quicken flowers on Friendship's grave,
Watered by mourners' tears, yet all in vain,
Wherein sleep evermore the true, the brave,
The wealthy and the poor, the master and the slave.

FORGIVENESS.

BY MARIUS VICTORINUS.

The rigid law of penance man disowns,
And slaughtered innocence for sin atones.
Know'st thou not, man, for every crime of thine,
If there's not civil, there is law divine.
Whose judgment surely comes, or soon or late,
Which frowns till the least fault you expiate?
Till pure as light the soul becomes again,
Impervious to Passion, Hate or Pain?
Not all the slaughtered lambs that ever bled,
Nor agonizing thoughts, nor altars red,
Can purge the spirit of its deadly sin,
When Passion's tempest rages wild within.

Avails it that a bleating lamb should die
To fit your ulcerous soul for yonder sky?
Must its pure life, far purer than your own,
Expire upon the sacrificial stone,
That from corruption you may yet be freed,
In hells of agony compelled to bleed?
Imperious fool! who gave that lamb its life,
Which writhes beneath the superstitious knife?
What power developed joy within that heart,
Which of its being formed the whole, not part?
And is the office thine, all drench'd with sin,
By its keen pangs immortal life to win?
There's no forgiveness—each one must atone
For slightest sins committed—he alone
Must purge life's record of its darker years,
By virtuous deeds, not heartless prayers and tears.
If you have sinned, go! expiate your crime!
Not in some sanctuary, grand, sublime,
But like the Master, 'mong the low and vile,
Where Passion's wiles immortal souls defile.
Where spiritual hells of wretchedness,
Too deep for thought to fathom or express,
Rage without ceasing—'neath whose burning wave
Some royal mind hath found untimely grave—
Lift one faint soul from that Gehenna foul,
And that one deed will purify your soul.
For every one that's saved the seraphs sing
Love's grandest, sweetest, hymn of welcoming;
And God the Father lends attentive ear,
To Pœans born of love, and not of fear.
If thou from hell's remorse one soul canst save,
Death's fancied terrors thou may'st safely brave.
Although when dead some fools denounce thy creed,
And hurl their curses at thy spirit freed.
One gentle word may save a falling soul,
When Love with Hatred struggles for control,
And one life, too, which gives his creed the lie,
Will bar man's entrance to a heaven on high.
There were who deemed when life hath taken flight,
The souls of men with forms of beasts unite,
To expiate the crimes of mortal life,
In grosser forms amidst eternal strife:—
Now there is found an easier way to win
Eternal life and purge the soul of sin—
Do unto others as you'd have them do,
If case and person were reversed, to you!
This Golden Rule, with noble deeds combined,
Would work redemption for all human kind;
Of each heart-calvary an Eden form,
Where hate could never dwell nor passion storm.

◆

The passing years drink a portion of the light from our eyes, and leave their traces on our cheeks, as birds, that drink at lakes, leave their footprints on the margin.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS.

There is an intellectual as well as a moral standard for Masonry, that has been so frequently laid aside that every lodge is now hampered and embarrassed or dishonored by some member's ignorance or immorality. Charity for the faults and follies of the profane seeking initiation into our Order is not a part of the Mason's obligation. Good and true men are rarely found in the purlieus of society. Riches or liberality in the abode of entertainment and dissipation are sometimes balloted for under the misnomer of intellect and moral worth. "Guard well the door," appear to be words of greater import in Masonry than ever before in our day and generation. To the Blue-Lodge in Masonry do I particularly address these remarks, for the heart and soul of Masonry are contained in the Blue-Lodge degrees. Place your standard high, read your old constitution, and you will gradually go back to those old landmarks and standpoints that made a Washington, a Franklin, a DeWitt Clinton, and a Jackson proud of their connection with the Order. Yes, back, back to those good old days when to be a Master Mason was to receive and be worthy of all the higher degrees that are now being conferred in a chapter and council. Masonry, as I believe, is again nearing the verge of another revolution. * * * New issues are now arising; the spirit of intolerance and bigotry has renewed its hold; anti Masonic meetings are being called in various sections of the country.

* * * * * * *

Brothers, we are not all perfect. Our Masonic mantle stretches to a wonderful length at times, but it should never cover crime, ignorance, or vice. Whatever our faults may be, we know that it is not attributable to the Masonic Order. By the Masonic rule our path is as clear and free from all obstructions as the noon-day sun. While we do not profess to excel all others in our affections towards Deity, yet we do profess to excel others, and to be more consistent and earnest in love to our fellow-men.

◆

If a gentleman marries, the lady must be won before they are married—afterwards they are both one.

A HOME PICTURE—AGE.

BY MRS. ANN B. PORTER.

An old man sat by the chimney side—
His face was wrinkled and wan—
And he leaned both hands on the stout oak cane
As if all his work was done.

His coat was of good old-fashioned grey,
With pockets both deep and wide,
Where his specs and steel tobacco box
Lay snugly side by side.

The old man liked to stir the fire,
So near him the tongs were kept;
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the coals—
Sometimes he sat and slept.

What did he see in the embers there?
Ah! pictures of other years;
And now and then they awakened smiles—
But oftener they started tears.

His good wife sat on the other side,
In the high-back, cane-seat chair;
You see 'neath the frill of her muslin cap,
The sheen of her silvery hair.

She wears a blue checked apron now,
And is knitting a sock for him;
Her pale blue eyes have a gentle look,
And she says—"they are growing dim."

I like to call and tell the news,
And chat an hour each day,
For it stirs the blood in the old man's heart
To hear of the world away.

Be kind unto the old, my friends,
They're worn with this world's strife,
Though bravely once, perchance, they fought
The battle crest with life.

They taught our youthful feet to climb
Upward life's rugged steep;
Then let us lead them gently down
To where the weary sleep.

[Copy of a circular issued by a Committee appointed at a called meeting of officers and members of the Chicago Lodges, respecting the contemplated erection of a suitable hall for the Grand Lodge of Illinois, to which the Lodges responded and authorized accordingly.]

TO THE W. M., WARDENS AND BRETHREN OF ——— LODGE, NO. ———.

You are fraternally requested to read the following before your Lodge, and take such action upon it as you may deem proper, attested by the Secretary, and authenticated by your seal, and return to D. A. CASHMAN, Secretary of Committee, 53 Dearborn street.

REPORT OF THE SUB-COMMITTEE

TO THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF W. MASTERS:

At a mass meeting of the Masonic Fraternity of the city of Chicago, held on the evening of August 15th, 1868, it was unanimously resolved that the W. Master of each Lodge be appointed a Committee to decide upon a proper course of action in the matter of responding to the call of the M. W. Grand Lodge for proposals for permanent location, etc.

At a subsequent meeting of said Committee a Sub-Committee of five were appointed to draw up a circular in response to the invitation under consideration. Accordingly they reported the following, which was unanimously adopted, and ordered to be laid before each Lodge in the city for ratification.

Your Committee to whom were referred the matter of recommending a proper course of action to be pursued by the Masonic Fraternity of this city, with reference to the call of the M. W. Grand Lodge for proposals for permanent location of Grand Lodge, beg leave to report the following:

Your Committee understand from the reading of the advertisement, that the Grand Lodge desires the several cities in our State to make offers of money or other property as an inducement for them to erect a costly "Temple" in their midst, and there permanently locate the Grand Lodge.

To this invitation we believe the Fraternity of our city are desirous of responding promptly and liberally. But your Committee are of the opinion that there are higher and more weighty questions to be considered in connection with the establishment of an expensive hall than the mere question of which city or locality may bid the highest, because we regard the financial success of the undertaking as paramount to all else, and do not believe, therefore, that the opinions of so intelligent a body of men as those of the Grand Lodge of Illinois could be in the least influenced by any offer of money, lands, or other property, if it should appear to them to be obviously opposed to the future interests of the Fraternity of our State.

In considering the matter, your Committee have endeavored to keep in mind the object and importance of the undertaking contemplated. We believe it to be of the highest importance that when a "Temple" shall be erected by the Grand Lodge of Illinois, it should be one commensurate with the power, wealth and fame of a Masonic Jurisdiction, which, with one exception, is the largest on the continent of America. That the Grand Lodge should be the possessors of such an edifice there can be no doubt. That the Fraternity of Illinois possesses the energy and wisdom to contrive such a structure no one will deny. That it will be the pride of every Mason in our State to participate in an enterprise so well calculated to add dignity to our already mighty fabric, we feel assured. But there is one question of vital importance not yet determined and upon which your Committee believe the success and future prosperity of such an enterprise mainly depends. It is not the purpose of your Committee at this time to present any lengthened argument upon the question of where the interests of the Fraternity will be best promoted by locating the proposed building. We believe however, it should be located in some of the cities of our State, which is calculated not only to afford convenient, reliable and agreeable access to the Brethren, but where the rental accruing from a large and costly building would *surely* produce a reasonable interest on the investment, and give a surplus, which, in a few years, would render the Grand Lodge self-sustaining and enable her to lighten the tax upon her subordinates, and also set aside a fund for charity—whereby the needy widows of departed Masons and their helpless orphans might receive a practical proof of the nature of our Masonic profession. These are questions of an important character, and such as concern every Mason in our State. With this view of the subject, and entirely divested of selfish motives or local pride, but justified by the light of past experience, your Committee doubt if any such results as herein referred to are likely to follow the location of a large and costly edifice for our Grand Lodge outside the city of Chicago. In these assertions, we believe we reflect the opinions of the three thousand Masons in our city as well as a very considerable number at a distance. In advancing these views, we disclaim any desire to influence those who may think otherwise, and therefore believe it our duty to defer specific action in the matter, in order that the action of the Grand Lodge should be left untrammeled, that she may select a location which possesses those local characteristics which may seem to her best for all concerned.. However, should the Grand Lodge decide that financial success will ultimately attend the erection of a temple in this city, we do hereby tender a hearty and fraternal welcome, and a prompt and liberal support. On the other hand, if the Grand Lodge shall decide that some other locality will best promote the interests of the fraternity, we feel that we are not justified at this time in attempting to influence their decision in favor of Chicago by the promise of money or other inducements.

And while we shall deeply regret it the Grand Lodge fail to avail herself of the opportunities which the Emporium of the West will surely afford in the contemplated enterprise, and which, we believe, essential to success, yet, nevertheless, we shall bow with submission to the will of the majority, and will lend our energies to carry to completion an undertaking which we trust will redound to the credit of every Mason in Illinois.

DEWITT C. CREGIER,
WM. G. SWAN,
R. CLEVELAND,
D. A. CASHMAN,
G. W. BARNARD.
} Sub-Committee.

Chicago, Sept. 1st, 1868.

Resolved:—That the action and recommendations contained in the foregoing circular, is hereby endorsed by this Lodge,

Attest:

[SEAL.] ....Sec'y.

A SACRED BAND OF FRIENDS.

In ancient Thebes a phalanx of warriors was formed, numbering a thousand members, composed of pairs of friends, each pair consisting of a veteran and a youth. The whole Band was called the "Sacred Band of Lovers and Friends." They were pledged never to forsake one another, no matter what the emergency. In a battle with Philip of Macedon, they all perished together, every man of them, side by side, in one place, surrounded by heaps of their foes. After the conflict Philip recognized them, and was so moved by the pathos of the scene, and the sublimity of their devotedness, that—alluding to a scandalous rumor concerning them—he exclaimed, while the tears ran down his face, "Let no one say that these were dishonored men." Now the plainest principles of social policy require that the whole world should be one sacred band of lovers and friends, inseparably united sustaining one another through the trials of this tempted and faltering life, and beneath the eye of their Almighty Friend, dwelling together all around the generated earth in the bonds of peace and beauty of holiness, and a community of weal.

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A LADY parting from her husband in the cars, says the Boston *Traveler*, got off the following in one breath: "Good-bye, Will; write to me every day, won't you? I'll expect a letter three times a week any way. Take good care of my Sunday-school class, for I'll want it when I come back. If Miss Smith calls don't give her more than fifty cents, for we have to support our own church, you know. Don't forget to bring my silk dress and my other shoes. Come as soon as you can. Good-bye. Don't forget your cane, and let your mustache grow."

From the London Freemasons Magazine.

THE BLUE BLANKET.

> "The Craftsmen think we should be content with their work, how bad soever it may be; and, if in anything they be controlled, *up goes the Blue Blanket!*"—"Basilicon Doron," by King James VI.

The interesting sketch by Bro. Hughan appearing in the *Magazine* of August 15th, anent the rare work by Pennycuick, justifies some reference being made in these pages to *the actual relic itself*, for doubtless it is by no means generally known that the "Blanket" is still preserved; though long in a very tattered condition, it was some years ago repaired by lining one of its sides with blue silk, so that it can now be exposed without subjecting it to much injury.

On the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the present Freemasons' Hall, Edinburgh, on the 24th June, 1858, the "Blue Blanket" banner was displayed in the Masonic procession by the Lodge Journeymen, No. 8; and the local newspapers, in referring at the time to the ceremonial, gave some very interesting particulars respecting this ancient, curious, and, indeed, *national relic* (mentioning among other sources from which information had been gathered, the work to which Bro. Hughan has drawn attention), for the "Blue Blanket" is said to have flaunted amid a thousand streamers of all shapes, devices and hues on the Borough Muir when the Craftsmen rallied under the Earl of Angus, the Lord Provost, to accompany James IV. to the disastrous field of Flodden. It was displayed to assemble the incorporated trades to protect Queen Mary when she was insulted and her life placed in jeopardy by the incensed populace after her surrender to the confederate nobles at Carberry Hill; and it went up to the rescue of James VI. from a rabble that assailed him in the Old Tolbooth, Edinburgh, for refusing to listen to a petition presented by the Presbyterian Ministers, complaining of his undue leaning in favor of the Popish party.* That James was fully alive to the spirit existing among the Craftsmen with reference to their cherished privileges and their ever readiness, when these were in the least threatened, to "up with the Blue Blanket," and make a stand point round their banner to defend them, is very evident from passages in King James' work "Basilicon Doron," which he addressed to his son, Henry Prince of Wales, with a very significant quotation from which we have headed this sketch. It is therefore very pleasing to find the Craftsmen defending the sovereign who looked upon them with such a jealous eye; indeed it has ever been with honest pride that they have asserted they have shown no less alertness in bringing forth their banner to uphold the honor and independence of their country and to protect the life and liberty of their sovereign than they have in rallying round it in defense of their own privileges, which, however, requires, we presume, the qualifying remark of "so long as they could do so consistently with their own views as to the liberty of conscience and of the subject;" hence the "folding up" of the banner upon the occasion mentioned by Pennycuick at the end of his work, and quoted by Bro. Hughan in the *Magazine* of 15th August, with reference to the murder of King Charles I. A careful study and consideration of the troubled state of affairs during that eventful period in the history of Scotland and of her capital is, however, the only means of arriving at a fair decision as to the defection of the Craftsmen on the occasion referred to. The last time when the banner was publicly exhibited was on the memorable visit of George IV. to Scotland, in 1822.

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* Dr. McCrie, in his life of Andrew Melville, minutely describes this somewhat whimsical riot, which occasioned the King's precepitate retreat from the capital to Linlithgow, and excited such rigorous animosity in the court toward the civil and ecclesiastical rights of the city of Edinburgh.

We now come to the Masonic procession of the 24th June, 1858, alluded to in the earlier portions of our remarks. The privilege of displaying the banner was accorded to the Lodge Journeymen, No. 8, in consequence of their original connection with the Masons of Mary's Chapel, one of the fourteen incorporated trades of the city. On the morning of the procession the "Blue Blanket" was delivered by Convener Tibbetts, who was the custodier of it during his term of office, to the assembled journeymen, in presence of several deacons of the trades and a large gathering of the citizens. The convener, in performing the ceremony, referred to the historical character of the banner, and the important occasions upon which it had been carried to the field of battle by the citizens, who fought side by side with the ancestors of those—

> "Who, in days of yore,
> Through hostile ranks and ruined gaps,
> Old Scotia's bloody lion bore!"

The convener concluded the presentation by expressing a hope that while the banner was in the hands of the brethren of the Lodge Journeymen it would be protected with scrupulous care.

The lamented Bro. William Hunter, who was then R. W. M. of No. 8—and has left on record an admirable history of that ancient lodge—in replying, said that the whole of the journeymen felt honored in being intrusted with so precious a relic on that auspicious occasion, that it would be guarded by two of the brethren armed with ponderous Lochaber axes, and that every journeyman would feel his honor at stake in returning it safe and sound to the keeping of the convener. It will be almost unnecessary for us to add that this was duly done; and, apart from the Masonic interest which is now attached to the "Blue Blanket," we must congratulate "Auld Reekie" upon being in possession of such an interesting memento of by-gone days in the history of

"Edina, Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sovereign powers."

It only remains to be mentioned incidentally that the present M. W. G. Master of Scotland, the Right Hon. Earl of Dalhousie, K. T., &c.,—then Lord Panmure—was present upon the imposing Masonic ceremonial just referred to, in his capacity of representative of the Grand Lodge of England, of which he was, at that time, the R. W. Deputy Grand Master; and his name is recorded among the various Masonic notabilities who then inspected the ancient banner, and who evinced a lively interest in the historical incidents related in connection with it.—S. Z.

A Brother writes from Fairbury, Ill.:

"I have been a reader of the Voice for the last six years, and wish to continue so long as I can spare the money to pay for it. I love it, I love its teachings and its motto, I love to read the productions of our beloved brother Rob Morris, who has done more for the institution than almost any other man now living that I have any knowledge of."

Editor's Trestle-Board and Quarry.

MASONIC.

THE TRIENNIAL GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR OF THE UNITED STATES—THE MARCH OF CHICAGO'S SIR KNIGHTS TO ST. LOUIS—A MAGNIFICENT BANQUET AND EXCURSION, ETC., ETC.

St. Louis, September 17.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! marched our chevalier Chicago Sir Knights of Apollo Commandery down Lake street to Canal, down Canal to the St. Louis depot, last Monday night, with their black, well-fitting Sir Knight coats, their glittering Masonic emblems and swords, their beautiful chapeaus, baldricks, and close fitting gauntlets, to the music of Vaas' splendid Light Guard Band. Surely you could not but exclaim, there are one hundred and twenty-seven Knights that would cause King Arthur himself to shout for joy if he could appear in the flesh again. Chicago never does anything by halves, neither do her Sir Knights; for at the depot there are six of Pullman's palace sleeping cars, chartered expressly for the occasion, into which they are soon comfortably seated, and promptly at 5 o'clock in the evening, amid the shouts of hundreds of admiring friends, they are off to attend the Grand Triennial Conclave of the Knights Templar of the United States, at St. Louis. Relieved of their equipments, they are soon engaged in the necessary and pleasant occupation of disposing of a bountiful lunch, after which to bed.

On time at St. Louis, and after shaking hands with comrades who come to meet and welcome them, they marched through the streets to the Southern Hotel, where quarters had been previously engaged for them. At 9 o'clock in the morning the grand procession moves down Walnut and through several of the principal streets to the new Freemasons' Hall, when they break ranks to partake of a sumptuous repast given by the St. Louis Sir Knights, as a foretaste of what might be expected in the evening. After a short session of the Grand Commandery, they adjourned for dinner.

At night we attended the Masonic banquet, given by the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Missouri to the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, at this same hall, which is one hundred feet long and eighty-seven feet wide, in which were placed three tables, reaching nearly the entire length, and seating nearly three hundred and fifty persons. The festival was admirably managed. The tables groaned under their loads of substantials, delicacies, and wine "that maketh the heart glad." The orchestra from St. Louis discoursed most eloquent music. The St. Louis Sir Knights and waiters were profuse with their attentions, and all went "merry as a marriage bell." After the inner man was satisfied, then came the "feast of reason." Toasts and short, eloquent speeches by such gallant Sir Knights as the Hon. Albert D. Mackay, of South Carolina—that firm friend of the Order for over twenty-five years, who suffered long years in defense of its principles during our late war, and who, for the first time in eight years, was meeting "on the level" his long separated companions of the North. That erratic lawyer, poet and General, Albert Pike, of Arkansas, also discussed eloquently for a half hour, amid immense applause, making you almost forget his record during the days of the rebellion, and you could hardly imagine that he who thus brought tears to hundreds of eyes had urged those savage demons (the Cherokees) on to scalp our boys in blue at Pea Ridge. But we let the proud mantle of charity fall over this, as he was true to Masonry, and hope he is "reconstructed," if such a thing is possible while he is making speeches for Seymour and Blair. But as Masonry knows no political distinction, as Rip Van Winkle says, "We not count dis one" against him. Others followed, from Kentucky, Louisiana, and other Southern States, and were answered by Iowa, New York, Pennsylvania—all greeting each other "on the square," and with their vows swearing eternal allegiance to the Stars and Stripes, the Constitution, and their Order. "Behold how these brethren love each other," for amid the clash of arms for four long years of civil war, when brother fought brother, when every endearing tie known to mankind was apparently surrendered, there is not a case on record where an unfortunate Mason was turned away unrelieved by another, either North or South, and if the Church and State of our land could meet as did these Sir Knights at St. Louis, from every State in the Union, mingle with each other and with Masonic charity forgive each other's faults, there would be no use of Reconstruction laws. We say, "So MOTE IT BE," for the good feeling and brotherly love engendered on this occasion will not go for naught. Thus closed one of the most magnificent banquets ever held in the West.

I would like to give you a list of the different State Commanderies that were represented on the occasion, the names of the membership, Right Eminent Sirs, Generalissimos, etc., etc., the bill of fare, the wine list, the names of prominent Masons from all parts of our land; but space will not admit. It was in every way worthy of St. Louis, and the dinner is said to have cost $16.50 for each person at the table, wine being the staple and most expensive part, of course.

But this was not all. The next day we secure an invitation to and attend the Knights Templar excursion and banquet on the river. Three steamers were chartered for the occasion, and three thousand invited guests were on board, with music and banners, with smiling countenances, with buoyant spirits, with exalted ideas of St. Louis hospitality and chivalry; for if we were surprised the day before on land, we were dumbfounded on water, at the magnitude of the occasion. After two hours' ride we land at Jefferson Barracks and a majority take advantage of the occasion to inspect the fort. This correspondent being indisposed was obliged to remain on board and watch the long line of gay and gallant Knights, with St. Louis' fair daughters, stream up the wharf and hills to salute the Commander. At 6 o'clock we again start back, and are again invited to a splendid supper. This over we are soon in sight of St. Louis, when "thug" goes our good steamer, the Mississippi, against a snag. She springs a leak and soon commences to sink, but owing to the coolness of our Captain and the bravery, doubtless, of those gallant Sir Knights, she is soon run ashore—in fact before one-tenth of the passengers were aware that any accident had happened. A signal of distress soon brought alongside us a companion steamer, on which we were soon embarked, without the loss or injury of a single person. We never before realized the great blessing of St. Louis' natural commercial outlet, and we admitted that in this one essential particular, St. Louis has an advantage over Chicago; for if such an accident had happened in our river or lake, the loss of life could hardly be estimated.

CHICAGO CONSISTORY.

We intended to have noticed certain charges of the New Orleans body in respect to the allegation of the Grand Consistory of Louisiana, that Chicago Consistory had improperly conferred the Scotch rite degrees, from the 16th to the 32d, on General Herron, without due authority in regard to jurisdiction—to which we may hereafter again advert, when the Chicago Consistory is prepared to furnish the proper answer, and ready for publication in the VOICE. In the mean time, Bro. Reynolds, in his September number of the *Masonic Trowel*, has so well spoken that for the present we copy it into the VOICE, as our own comment also. Bro. Reynolds has not overlooked the fact that the editor of the *Evergreen* has not been slow to point out errors, if errors exist, in the Chicago Consistory. We think he might have waited until the entire correspondence could have been given, showing the exculpation of the Chicago brethren in the same article; but we prefer to stop all further comment here, and give the article we allude to. It is headed

"ANOTHER WRANGLE."

The August number of the *Evergreen* comes to us with three columns or more of letters and editorial upon the act of Chicago Consistory, in conferring the degrees of the Rose Croix and Consistory upon one General Herron, who holds some official position at New Orleans. Gen. Herron may have misled Chicago Consistory, and we presume that he did. The facts seem to indicate as much. That Chicago Consistory has made a mistake, as any Masonic body is liable to do, is possible; but that she has done so intentionally, *cannot be believed* until absolutely proven. The points made are these: General Herron, who holds an office at New Orleans, but was formerly a resident in the North, applied for the Scottish degrees in New Orleans, and received the grades up to the 16th degree, and there his progress was barred. While in Chicago, last May, he applied for the other grades to the 32d degree, and upon application, Bro. Johnson, Deputy, granted Chicago Consistory leave to confer the degrees.

Thereupon, satisfaction, explanation, or apology was asked by the bodies in New Orleans, from Chicago Consistory, which not coming quite rapidly enough to suit, the Grand Consistory of Louisiana has in effect declared the said Herron to be clandestinely in possession of the degrees above the 16th grade, and has interdicted all communication with Chicago Consistory, or its members. Several questions arise for consideration :

1. It is not clear that Chicago Consistory is in fault.
2. In a *prima facie* sense, Gen. Herron seems to be a citizen of New Orleans; but holding an office there is not positive proof of it.
3. Admitting General Herron to be in the wrong, and Chicago Consistory to be mistaken, by what right or rule of Masonic comity or law does the Grand Consistory of Louisiana pass upon the acts of a subordinate Consistory in the Northern jurisdiction? When the matter became of sufficient importance to transfer the controversy from a subordinate Consistory to a State Consistory, that body should have treated with its equals, and in the absence of an equal, the question should have been transferred to the Supreme Commander, for adjustment through the Supreme Commander of the Northern jurisdiction. The Louisiana Consistory has no Masonic right to decree any disabilities upon any subordinate Masonic body without its own State; when it resorted to any step of that kind, it should have dealt with a Grand Consistory, or a still higher power. The jurisdiction of the supreme body North is invaded by this illegal Louisiana decree.
4. Is Chicago Consistory amenable, or to be called in question? It seems to us that the responsibility rests upon Dr. Johnson, Deputy for Illinois. Without his dispensation, the degrees would not have been conferred. Chicago Consistory sought for authority, and obtained it. The act of Dr. Johnson was the act of the Supreme Council of the Northern jurisdiction, and no other body has any right to answer any charge, or render any satisfaction. It becomes a question for the two Supreme Commanders to adjust if they can, or failing to do so, should be referred to the supreme bodies. There are no grand bodies of the Scottish Rite in Illinois, and even if there were, the Deputy is the officer of the supreme body, and beyond their control, and the act of the Grand Consistory of Louisiana is irregular, discourteous, and void.
5. The editor of the *Evergreen*, while professing great friendship for the members of Chicago Consistory, gives the

animus entirely against them. If the Grand Lodge of Illinois should decree disabilities against Bro. Guilbert's Lodge, without bringing the matter to the attention of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, we reckon we should hear from him through his Grand Lodge, and in such a manner as would be likely to be heard and respected. Our good brother was made a 32d degree Mason in Occidental Consistory, although a resident in the Southern jurisdiction, and for aught we know is still a member of it. We can not see why he should pursue this matter so strenuously.

The silence of Chicago Consistory evidently rests upon the act of the Deputy, and wisely, too. Chicago Consistory must answer through her Deputy, Supreme Commander, or Supreme Council. *Our sovereignty must not be invaded.*

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SPECIMENS FROM THE HOLY LAND, collected and for sale by ROB MORRIS, LL.D.—These are twenty-three in number, and comprise all that a mason, a school, or lover of memorials of Palestine can desire. Bro. Morris desires that the readers of the VOICE should send to me their order for such portions of these specimens as they may desire to possess, according to the following scale of prices:

For any one specimen	$1.00
For any five of them	3.00
For any ten of them	5.00
For the whole twenty-three	10.00

This is a cheap way of possessing these beautiful specimens without the trouble and expense of going after them. They are all warranted genuine.

Besides these he has a "*Framed Sprig of Acacia,*" which is artistically got up. The frame is 14 by 16 inches, the printing of the description done in colors—gold, blue and crimson—a splendid thing for the lodge room or parlor, price, $5. Address for any of these, J. C. W. Bailey, 164 Clark st., Chicago, Ill., inclosing price.

GRAND LODGE HALL.

The editor of *The Trowel* and Grand Secretary, in his issue for September, has certainly placed us in an untenable position with regard to the location of the Grand Lodge Hall. We admit the "soft (or hard) impeachment," inasmuch that we have certainly never seen the worthy Secretary's opinion as to the locality expressed in *The Trowel*, nor has he officially or editorially expressed any opinion that we are aware of, and, therefore, if we have borne him *false witness*, it has not been intentional, and we are glad to retract any unintentional error we may have fallen into.

We may, however, be permitted to say in self-defence that the rumor is so general that the Grand Secretary did desire the Hall to be located in Springfield, that we concluded he had so expressed himself, if not officially. Now we do not like No. 5 of his remarks, if it is intended for us. He knows as well as I know myself that it is no object of mine "to stir up sectional strife, or resort to the arts of the politician, to accomplish any end, however desireable. But we do not think the remarks are intended for the *Editor* of the VOICE OF MASONRY, but used in a general sense.

There may be incongruity in our article on page 524 of the September number, of which it is charged; but, after all, the location of the Grand Lodge Hall is not a matter of material concern to us. All we have said about it is in the interest and for the pecuniary prosperity of the Grand Lodge, nor have we mentioned the Grand Master's name. We do hope good and wise counsels will prevail at the annual meeting, and will not all say "so mote it be."

BRO. ELWOOD EVANS, of Olympia, W. T., writes: I have thought you would read with interest the inclosed article from my pen, claiming for Washington Territory the *attention* of those who journey from the *East to the West*, carrying light and American institutions in their onward march, obeying the irrevocable law of colonization and settlement. It has seemed to me that it was more than poetic thought which animated Bishop Berkely in the trite poetic apothegm, which has rendered his name immortal, "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way." For does it not seem that for centuries such has been the *inspiration* of the moving tide of civilization and human progress? Its crowning triumph *was* the establishment of the United States of America, then a Western Power, though circumscribed by what was then called the "great river of the West," the Mississippi. Then followed the dedication of the Mississippi Valley to settlement. Now are we realizing the full grandeur of the *idea* or *mystery*, or call it what you will. Founding empire on the shores of the Pacific, tied to the Atlantic States by a railroad—spanning the continent—the triumph of the age in which we live. How plainly we recognize the mysterious working of Omnipotence, establishing His own authority, impelling His creatures "to replenish the earth and subdue it," evidenced by the spread of the Gospel and the lights of civilization and progress. Surely it is a great moral agency, a mystery, why humanity should follow the *direction* marked by the daily path of the great dispenser of light and heat, in its mission of approximating earth's surface to man's benefit and use. We "look to the East" for light; we plant our standard as we travel "West," and in turn become the "East" to those who succeed us in this mission.

BRO. D. W. THOMSON.

We welcome home this illustrious oriental traveler, who has borne companionship with Bro Rob Morris, LL.D., in his Masonic explorations. He comes home in excellent condition and improved personal appearance, so that his Holy Land journey, including Palestine, Egypt, Italy, France and England, will make him a welcome visitor to our Lodges and firesides.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

BRETHREN:—It is matter for deep regret that some still forget, or omit to send me, the amount of their arrears for the year 1867, as well as 1868, and others for the present year, which is drawing to a close, this being the October number. I must respectfully urge such to remit me at once, as the delay is a great inconvenience.

I am desirous, if it be possible, that the brethren should either send me their subscription for the next year's VOICE by the 10th of December next, if convenient, or notify me to continue it as usual, for the reason that while I know the large majority of the friends of the VOICE wish it continued, yet occasionally a subscriber will complain of its being sent after the expiration of the year. I do not wish to be accused of forcing the VOICE on any brother, but the practice is to continue to send it, unless ordered not, and of course I prefer a request to continue, or the subscription price, which is of course the best notification.

It is my purpose to make the VOICE valuable as an advocate and record of all that is valuable in Masonry. The field of usefulness is large, and the desire of the editor is to furnish as intellectual and historical a work as it is possible to produce. If every brother will act individually as an agent, the circulation of the VOICE may be greatly enlarged, and if so, it will afford additional means to the editor to expend its increased funds on illustrations of Masonic buildings, and also lithographic portraits of eminent living Masons, who are worthy of the honor of the craft.

Brethren, if I could infuse into your minds a determination to aid me in this object, I think you would never have cause to regret it. I may, without boasting, say that I am not a needy man, and, therefore, have no need to absorb the surplus revenue of the VOICE to live, although there would be nothing wrong in that if I required it, but I say this to show that I can and will carry into effect my resolution to devote most of its funds in making the Voice a magazine that will be most welcome in every Masonic family.

I hope these sentiments will be appreciated, and that I shall receive the hearty and cordial support of all the readers of the Voice the present year, and that each will do it promptly, that I may be able to lay out my plans, and "govern myself accordingly."

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Clinton, Iowa, Aug. 30, 1868.

Mr. Bailey, Dear Sir.—Inclosed you will find two dollars subscription for the Voice of Masonry. I directed Bro. Thompson to have it discontinued last January, which I will now direct you to do after this year expires, as I wish always an equivalent for my money, which is not to be found in the Voice. Respectfully yours,

F. H. FARR.

We insert the above epistle to show the kind of letters publishers sometimes get for their pains and labors. We have had so many commendatory letters, that we cannot entertain doubt that the matter in the Voice is *an equivalent* for the Brother's two dollars; that is, a volume when complete, of 576 pages, with more original articles than in the majority of magazines, else we should be sorry to deprive him of the amount of his subscription. This is the first letter of its kind received in four years, and we will not complain, but leave it to our readers to say whether this brother has displayed the wisdom of another Solomon, or whether the critic's long ears do not peep rather conspicuously. They say truly, "if we tread on a worm it will turn;" how much more when we are stung by a mosquito, do we feel it needful to put him out of his misery.—*Ed.*

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The plan of reporting remittances for the Voice, while it saves much letter writing, appears to give very general satisfaction.

Received from August 20th to September 24th, inclusive, $4 each from Dr. C. B. Marshall, W. B. Langridge, S. B. Foot, W. S. Sears; $3 from Z. DeGroat; $2 each from R. C. Allen, **Wm. R. Beach**, A. Francis, James Orr, Luther Goold, L. W. Shepherd, Ernst Gehlman, C. C. Savage, F. H. Farr, Wm. Kase, E. D. B. Porter, J. D. Hodges, Henry Mincsinger, R. C. Dawson, Elisha Bennet, E. Brookfield, J. P. Bert, J. M. Eaton, Thos. McWilliams, A. N. Lettig, N. W. Spalding, Wm. Bailey, Henry Remington, Rufus Richardson, E. C. Grew, Chas. Ellis, Lewis Woodman, Elwood Evans; $1 from Thomas Bonsell.

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GENERAL WASHINGTON AS A MASON.—The book of records of Fredericksburgh Lodge No. 4, for 1752, which we have before us, records the fact that on the 4th of November of that year, "Charles Lewis and George Washington were initiated as Entered Apprentices."

On the 7th of March, 1753, "George Washington passed Fellow Craft."

On the 4th of August, 1753, "George Washington raised Master Mason."

The book of records of this Lodge are interesting not only to the Masonic fraternity, but also to the antiquarian.

The Bible used in the initiation of George Washington is still in possession of Fredericksburgh Lodge.—*Fredericksburgh Herald.*

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ENGLAND has an association called the "Masonic Archæological Institute," composed exclusively of Masons. Its object being the holding of meetings and conversaziones at which are read and discussed papers and communications on Masonic Antiquity, Masonic History, Masonic Ceremonies, Masonic Bibliography, Masonic Biography, and other subjects connected with Masonry. At the meetings there are exhibited manuscripts, warrants, diplomas, certificates, medals, seals, tools, clothing, furniture, portraits, engravings, &c. The proceedings as far as practicable, to be published in the Masonic press, and also separately for the use of its members. It is also in contemplation to form a library and museum.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

At the rendezvous of this body, held at St. Louis, Missouri, Sept. 17th, 1868. The following officers of the Grand Commandery of the State of Illinois were elected and installed:

R. E. Sir Vincent L. Hurlbut, Gr. Commander, Chicago.
V. E. Sir Jerome E. Gorin, Dep. Grand Commander, Decatur.
E. Sir William E. Oven, Gr. Generalissimo, Quincy.
E. Sir Charles E. Munger, Gr. Capt. General, Joliet.
Rev. E. Sir Charles A. Gilbert, Gr. Prelate, Joliet.
E. Sir John M. Pearson, Gr. Senior Warden, Alton.
E. Sir And'w J. Dunning, Gr. Junior Warden, Springfield.
E. Sir Robert H. Foss, Gr. Treasurer, Chicago.
E. Sir James H. Miles, Gr. Recorder, Chicago.
E. Sir Daniel Dustin, Gr. Standard Bearer, Sycamore.
E. Sir William E. Andrus, Gr. Sword Bearer, Rockford.
E. Sir Augustus S. Converse, Gr. Warden, Galesburg.
E. Sir Lockwood K. Osborn, Gr. Captain of Guards, Chicago.

◆

At the regular Convocation of New Brunswick Council of Royal and Select Masters, No. 2, held in Masonic Hall, Princess street, on Friday, the 24th of July ult., the officers were elected, and installed into their respective offices by M. P. Grand Master Robert Marshal, assisted by Ill. Master Thomas H. Keohan, as follows:

D. R. Munroe, Thrice Illustrious Master;
Dr. Joseph C. Hatheway, Right Illustrious Master;
Henry Duffell, Illustrious Master;
Rev. G. J. Caie, Chaplain;
Benjamin S. Black, Recorder;
James Domville, Treasurer;
John Dean, Master of Ceremonies;
Dugald Kelly, Captain of Guards;
Archibald McLean, Conductor of Council;
Henry Card, Organist;
Peter Campbell, Steward;
Henry Brown, Sentinel;
Companions Lewin, Peters and McLeod, Committee of of Finance.—*Globe.*

STANDARD NOTICES.

All correspondence of the *Voice of Masonry*, whether editorial or otherwise, and all orders for Masonic Books, Jewels, Regalia, Working Tools, Columns, etc., etc., must be addressed to J. C. W. Bailey, 164 South Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

INCREASE OUR SUBSCRIPTION LISTS.—Every reader of the *Voice*, Master Mason in good standing, is an authorized agent for it, and we look to such to enlarge our circulation. If each of our present patrons would secure *only one more subscriber*, the gain to us would be considerable, and enable us to greatly increase the illustrations, and other improvements we should be glad to effect, although we may say now that we have one of the best masonic magazines published.

Copies of Proceedings, Addresses, By-laws, &c., &c., are solicited, as heretofore. Address them as below. Give us early notices of deaths, casualties, celebrations, festivals, &c., &c.

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THE FUNERAL BOOK OF THE FREEMASON,	1 00
THE MINIATURE MONITOR,	50
do do tuck,	1 00
do do Real Morocco, tuck,	1 25

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These works are such as to command the approbation of all the most eminent Masons who have seen them, and receive their unqualified commendations. The Dictionary treats exhaustively on the topics that comprise the ancient and genuine system of Blue Lodge Masonry, and also full definitions of Scotch Masonry, Encampment Masonry, Adoptive Masonry, &c., &c., and is as much a Dictionary of all Masonic Words, as Webster's is a Dictionary of the English Language. No Masonic Student can do without Bailey's Masonic Dictionary.

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J. C. W. BAILEY, No. 164 Clark St.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE

VOICE OF MASONRY

DEVOTED TO

Masonic and General Literature,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

VOLUME VI. NOVEMBER, 1868. NUMBER XI.

SERIES OF LETTERS* FROM ROB MORRIS.

WHAT IS MEANT BY THE WORD "COSMOPOLITAN" IN FREEMASONRY.

BY ROB MORRIS, LL. D.

My recent examination of Masonic matters in the Old World gives new zest to the inquiry, how far does the word "cosmopolitan" apply to its range? In one sense it may be said to extend into all nations and countries; but this is a restricted sense. When we say that many of the Arabs are Freemasons, that the Sheikhs of the Desert tribes have often recognized and acknowledged the Masonic "hail," &c., we do not mean to imply that lodges are held in the camels' hair-cloth tents, or that the gleam of Masonic jewelry and

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* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by J. C. W. Bailey, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

paraphernalia is ever reflected back from the hot suns of Arabia. Freemasonry is not "cosmopolitan" in the sense of lodge-extension, Grand Lodge jurisdiction, and the title. What, then, are we to understand by the word?

Chiefly that our Order is adapted to all classes and conditions of men, provided they believe in the brief and simple creed that underlies the rules, laws, and faith of the cosmopolitan Order. That there is nothing in the Masonic O. B. which can conflict with any *duty* we owe to God, our country, our neighbor, and ourself, is a "cosmopolitan" fact, which I saw abundantly tested in my intercourse with the fraternity at Smyrna, Beyront, Damascus, Joppa, Jerusalem, and Alexandria, where I associated on terms of cosmopolitan equality with Turks, Arabs, Nubians, Greeks, Armenians, Persians, French, Germans, Syrians, Italians, and Britons, and neither gave nor received ought save what was each man's due as before God.

A certain amount of civilization is necessary to the attainment of any Masonic light. The lower classes in Oriental countries, ignorant, bigoted, prejudiced, are but little better fitted for Masonic communication than brutes. They have no knowledge of the all-important art of secret-keeping; they are not honest; they could not draw a distinction between regular and clandestine; they could never learn circumspection in the use of Masonic means of recognition, nor the duty of obedience to the ancient laws of the Order. The word "cosmopolitan," therefore, does not extend to them.

Yet in every country there are high-minded and noble characters, far in advance of the honesty and morality of the peoples among whom they were born, to whom the entrance of Masonic light is almost as the new birth. Such men are already Masons by inheritance, the GENERAL GRAND MASTER has already inducted them into the knowledge of Himself, and given them the divine appetite and thirst for "more light;" they are already "prepared in heart" to be made

Masons, and only lack the comparatively insignificant process of the Masonic ceremonial. It is only that the Masonic fraternity may "accept" them, and the work is done.

Whenever the world shall advance, as it has in almost all Protestant countries, to that point that seven good Masons may procure a warrant and work, uninterrupted by the police, so long as they confine themselves to the ancient land-marks, and meddle not with "plots and conspiracies," and make no attempt to introduce sectarian creeds or forms of religious faith,—I say whenever that can be done, we shall soon see that Freemasonry *is* cosmopolitan, and that the great world itself is too small for it.

It was from this point of view that the following lines were written, as early as 1849 or 1850:

THE WORLD-WIDE RECOGNITION.

Wherever man is tracing
  The weary ways of care,
Midst wild and desert pacing,
  Or lands of softer air,
We surely know each other,
  And with good words of cheer,
Each brother hails his brother,
  And hope wings lightly there.

Wherever tears are falling
  The soul's dark wintry rain,
And human sighs are calling
  To human hearts in vain,
We surely know each other,
  And with true words of cheer,
Each brother hails his brother,
  And hope wings lightly there.

Wherever prayer is spoken
  In earnestness of faith,
We're minded of the token
  That tells our Master's death,
We pray then for each other,
  And with true words of cheer,
Each brother hails his brother,
  And hope wings lightly there.

Wherever man is lying
Unknowing and unknown,
There's one yet by the dying,
He shall not die alone,
For then we know each other,
And with good words of cheer,
Each brother hails his brother,
And hope wings lightly there.

PYTHAGORAS.

Our ancient and philosophical Brother was called Pythagoras, according to Aristippus, the Cerenean, because he pronounced oracles as true as those of Apollo. It is generally supposed that Pythagoras was the son of a sculptor named Mnesarchus, and that he learned his father's profession, and made with his own hands three silver cups, which he presented to three Egyptian priests. He was at first a scholar of Pherecydes (one of the wise men of Greece), to whom he was much attached, and upon whose death Pythagoras studied some time at Samos, under Hermodamas, before going to Egypt, where he devoted his hours to conversation with the priests, and to investigating the mysteries of their religion. From Egypt he passed into Chaldea, to acquire the knowledge of which the Magi were possessed; when, after satisfying his curiosity by traveling in several counties of the East, he visited Crete, and from thence returned to Samos. So great was the oppression of ths tyrant Polycrates, that Pythagoras became a voluntary exile, and settled at Crotona, in Italy, in the house of Milo, where he taught philosophy, and became the founder of the sect styled Italic!

Italy soon heard of the fame of Pythagoras, and more than three hundred pupils attended his instructions. His disciples had everything in common, and carried but one purse. The first five years of their novitiate were spent in istening to the precepts of their master, without uttering a word; after this they were permitted to visit, and speak to, and converse with him. He was never observed to laugh, and never heard to utter a witticism. He was never known to chastise, and by his pupils and disciples he was regarded with the same veneration as Apollo. More than six hundred Masons were in the habit of visiting him every evening, and for any of them to converse with him was a great distinction. Pythagoras divided the age of man into four equal portions: "A man is a child till the age of 20, a youth till he arrives at 40, a man at 60, and an old man at 80. Mathematics and astronomy were his favorite studies. He it was who first discovered that the morning and evening star was the same, as well as to demonstrate that in every right-angled triangle he square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other right sides; and on the discovery of this theorem, which he supposed he was indebted to the Gods for, he is said to have sacrificed to them a "hecatomb," or one hundred oxen. This story is met with in several authors, though contrary to the doctrines of the Pythagoreans. It is possible that these oxen, however, may have been made of flour and honey, such as it was usual for the Pythagoreans to offer.

In regard to the death of this philosopher, it is said by some that the house of Milo, where he was, had been set on fire, from which he escaped to the temple of the Muses, at Metapontum, where he let himself die of hunger; by others, that in his escape he was interrupted by a field of beans, which Pythagoras could not resolve to cross. "It is better," said he, "to perish here than to kill all these poor beans," thus waiting till the Crotonians came and massacred him—by some others said to be the Syracusians.

In this brief account much is omitted that relates to this noted philosopher, but enough said to induce our esteem and veneration. FRATER.

INDIA.

FREEMASONRY IN BRITISH BURMAH.

British Burmah seems to be making rapid strides in Masonry, keeping pace with the extraordinary progress going on in the trade and commerce of that country, which country promises to become ere long a vast emporium of trade from China and Upper Burmah, as also the Straits of Malacca.

It is, however, with Masonry that we have to do. Ever since W. Bro. Colonel A. J. Greenlaw's arrival in Rangoon, the work has steadily progressed, and British Burmah now has

8 Craft Lodges,
4 Royal Arch Chapters,
1 Knight Templar Encampment,
1 Priory,
1 Rose Croix Chapter (the only one in India),
6 Mark Lodges, besides 7 in Madras under Burmah,
Provincial Grand Lodge of Mark Masters,
Provincial Grand Conclave of Knights Templar;

and they have now received intimation that the M. W. the Grand Master has granted the long wished for and well deserved honor of a District Grand Lodge for British Burmah. The Lodges have, according to ancient custom, been severally called upon to send in the names of those Brethren they deem eligible, both Masonically and socially, for the high post of District Grand Master, and all have very justly urged the nomination of R. W. Bro. Colonel A. J. Greenlaw, Hon. P. S. G. Warden of England, and he will be no doubt the first District Grand Master for British Burmah.

We have already noticed their well conducted *Masonic Record*, and wish the Brethren of British Burmah all success.

BOMBAY.

LODGE "EASTERN STAR," No. 1189.—The Consecration of this Lodge, which has been in working order since January last, took place at the Freemasons' Hall, Mazagon, on the 20th July, 1868. Present: Wor. Bro. Dr. Diver, W. M.; Bros. Framji Bomanji, S. W.; Sorabji Framroz, J. W.; Sorabji Jejeebhai, Treasurer; Fazil Noor Mahomed, Secretary; Pestanji Bejanji, S. D.; Mancherji Fromroz, J. D.; Jamsetji Rastomji, as I. G.; and Mancherji Framji, as Tyler. There was a large muster of European visitors, among whom may be noticed the R. W. Bro. G. Taylor, D. G. M.; R. W. Bro.

Hon'ble J. Gibbs, Dep. D. G. M.; Wor. Bros. J. P. Cornforth, D. G. S. W.; J. Dixon, D. G. J. W.; Rev. E. H. DuBois, D. G. Chaplain; H. H. Avron, D. G. Reg.; Bros. S. Giles, as D. G. Secretary; C. Thwaites, D. G. Dir. of Cer.; H. Prescott, D. G. Superintendent of Works; G. Malins, D. G. Swordbearer; and J. Seager, D. G. Tyler; Wor. Bro. Alfred Swift, Bros. Percy Leith, Tyrell Leith, E. W. Keily, Wray, J. Pyne, Dr. MacGregor, Col. Koste, J. Irvine, T. Carpenter, &c., &c. Altogether there was a muster of above 150 Brethren.

The Lodge was opened in the first degree, whereupon Bro. Framji Bomanji was passed out to report to the R. W. D. G. M. that the Lodge awaited his pleasure. A procession was formed outside the door by the D. G. Lodge, and on arriving at the door they opened to the right and left and faced inwards, while the D. G. M. and others in succession passed through and entered the hall. The Officers of the Lodge resigned their seats to the Grand Officers. The members of the new Lodge now formed a procession on the left side of the Hall and saluted their Master, while the D. G. M. addressed them—"Brethren, behold your Master."

The D. G. Lodge now surrounded the Ark which supported the Lodge in the centre, and the public services commenced with prayer. Wor. Bro. Rev. E. H. DuBois then read a short oration on the principles of Freemasonry, which concluded with soleme music. The members of the new Lodge faced the D. G. M. in front, while the Dep. D. G. M. presented the Charter and Records of the Lodge. The Charter was read out by the D. G. Secretary, and the Records examined by the D. G. M. The Officers then delivered up their jewels and badges to their W. M., who, along with his own, handed them to the Dep. D. G. M. The D. G. M. thereupon asked the members if they remained satisfied with their choice of the W. M. and his Officers. They having signified their assent, the jewels and badges of the Officers were returned. The Lodge was now uncovered, and the D. G. M. and his Officers knelt round it (all the Brethren also kneeling in the Hall,) and the consecration prayer was rehearsed, after which the Dep. D. G. M. and his Wardens took vessels of corn, wine, and oil, and sprinkled the contents upon the Lodge. Then succeeded solemn music, while the D. G. Chap. dedicated the Lodge. After dedication and to the sounds of music, the members of the new Lodge advanced in procession to salute the Grand Lodge with their hands crossed upon their breast. And while they stood to order in the broad aisle, the D. G. M. proclaimed the Lodge in the name of the M. W. Grand Lodge as duly constituted.

As the W. M. and his officers were regularly installed in January last, the ceremony of installation was considerably curtailed. The W. M. was simply placed in his chair and presented with the usual furniture and implements of his Lodge, and the subordinate officers were invested with their jewels by the Dep. D. G. M. The Grand Chaplain next rehearsed the concluding prayer, and the D. G. M., Dep. D. G. M., and D. G. Ws. being seated, all but Master Masons retired from the Lodge. A procession was next formed, which, upon passing the several Grand Officers, paid them due homage with the usual honors in the three different degrees, while music cheered their march. The Lodge was then closed by the D. G. M. and his officers at 8:15 p. m.

The whole ceremony was performed with a solemnity which we have not seen excelled anywhere.

The Brethren then adjourned to a very rich banquet provided for the occasion. Over 150 Brethren were present, and the side rooms adjoining the banquet hall were put in requisition for "a spread." Everything was managed very excellently by the Stewards.

THE POPE AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

Whilst it is no part of Masonry to interfere with the religious tenets of those within or without the Order, yet when the Pope refuses "*absolution*" to, and an Archbishop publishes a disquisition on, and attempts a *disclosure* of, Freemasonry, it may be supposed by some necessary to notice these acts, and yet of what notice are they worthy, save to those who are members of and believers in the teachings of the Church of Rome. To all who do not belong to that church the act of the former is as worthy of notice as were the Bulls of earlier Popes against the Comet, Bluff Hall and Queen Bess, and the disquisition of the latter as effective as the razor's voyage of discovery over the chin of the boy—without finding a single hair! But to be serious: what could induce a Pope and an Archbishop to array themselves against and to express the decision of the Church of Rome on Freemasonry? There is not, if rightly understood—and here, alas! is the difficulty—anything in Freemasonry either anti-moral or anti-Christian. Why, then, should the successor of St. Peter and the so-called Vicar of Him who is greater than St. Peter, be so uncharitably affected in so good a cause? Is it because Freemasons, in common with many others outside, and probably some within, the Romish Church, refuse to admit her unscriptural doctrines of the supremacy of St. Peter over the other apostles — of her worship of angels, saints, images, bones, etc.—of more than one mediator—of the language used in public worship—of requiring implicit faith in her members—of her belief in traditions before the written Word—of celibacy—of her masses—of her pretended sacrament—of penance—of her practice of denying the cup to the laity—of her support of the doctrine of transubstantiation, of supererogation, and last, not least, of her pretended "*authority*" *for auricular confession!* Here, no doubt, is where all the antagonism lies: because this "*authority*" can not extort *auricular confession* of, belonging to, or a disclosure of, Freemasonry!

To One all hearts are open, and from whom *no secrets* are hid — He can tell of what nature these are. His all-seeing eye is over those who honor Him, and through his permission this most Ancient as well as Catholic Order has existed so long.

Freemasonry had its being ere the Church of Rome or a Pope thereof; and though its members are not infallible, it can compare most favorably with the successors of St. Peter in virtue and purity, and without ostentation defy the attacks of Rome or of Christendom!

◆ ◆ ◆

☞ The reason Nature will have her own way is because she is a feminine.

ADDRESS

OF THE

M. W. GRAND MASTER

TO THE

GRAND LODGE OF ILLINOIS, A. F. & A. MASONS,

At the Twenty-eighth Grand Annual Communication,

held at Springfield, Oct. 6 *and* 7, *A. L.* 5868.

Bretheern of the Grand Lodge: Masonry teaches us that "before entering upon any great or important undertaking, it is necessary to invoke the blessing of God." When we reflect that in answer to our prayers at the close of the last communication of this grand body, we have been abundantly blessed through another Masonic year with health and peace throughout our borders, with a bountiful supply of every thing necessary to our earthly comfort, with rich and superabundant harvests, the reward of honest labor, in so much that under their weight the earth fairly groans, ought not our hearts swell with emotions of gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts, and our souls break forth in praise to Him for His watchful care over us?

We have met again in Annual Grand Communication, without any conflicting interests to disturb the harmony of our deliberations. We meet, I trust, "in the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace." In view of these facts, and in harmony with my own feelings, and I have no doubt with yours also, I deem it highly appropriate to repeat in your hearing that good old psalm, so familiar to you all: "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; it is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments: as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forever more." This psalm seems to me more beautiful than it ever did before, and in repeating it the tender chords of the heart are moved and vibrate as they are touched by the beautiful sentiment, and the swelling breezes from heaven as they glide gently along catch the inspiration, and the soul is filled with sweet music, rich with melodious sounds, causing our entire emotional nature to be moved while contemplating that God is Love.

During the year I have issued thirty-six dispensations to form new lodges.

Bro. John C. Reynolds, who was appointed for the purpose, has done much toward rescuing the history of the old Grand Lodge of Illinois, and the lodges subordinate to it, and other grand jurisdictions "from oblivion." His able report, which will be placed in your hands, will no doubt be read with much interest. Bro. Reynolds is entitled to the grateful thanks of the fraternity for his indefatigable and successful labors in bringing to light much of the history of the old Grand Lodge of Illinois, which has been covered over with the accumulated rubbish of many years.

The committee appointed by the Grand Lodge, and who were authorized to receive bids from the several cities desiring the permanent location of the Grand Lodge, report that they advertised for bids in papers published in Chicago, Quincy and Springfield. The bids which were received are in the hands of the Grand Secretary.

I urgently recommend that some action be taken during the present communication which will secure the building of a Grand Lodge Hall, which the craft can call their own, and which shall be sufficiently commodious to accommodate them when they come up to Grand Lodge. If I should be called on to devise a plan by which the necessary means could be raised to build a Grand Lodge Hall, I would suggest that each lodge in the State, or the members thereof, be called upon to contribute or subscribe, in the way of stock, on an average, three hundred dollars. Assuming that there are six hundred lodges under our jurisdiction, this would give us the sum of $180,000. I feel confident that this average could be maintained. While there may be, and doubtless is, a considerable number of lodges that could not take stock to this amount, yet a large majority of them could (and quite a number of the older and wealthier ones would) more than make up the deficit created by the lodges which fall below it. The members of the Grand Lodge have been at the mercy of others long enough, and have been compelled to meet in places wholly unsuited to a lodge meeting, where the Grand Lodge could not be opened in due form, nor order preserved when it was opened. Brethren, it is high time we had a hall of our own—one worthy of the craft of this grand jurisdiction. Shall we have it? The craft are ready, and only await the action of this grand body. If I have trespassed upon the duties assigned the Grand Lodge Hall committee in saying what I have above, I beg pardon.

Our R. W. Grand Secretary, after a zealous and faithful service of eighteen years, has decided to retire from the office he has graced and the position he has so ably filled. When he took possession of the office from the hands of our lamented Past Grand Master Warren, in 1851, he found but a few remnants which had escaped the explosion and conflagration in Peoria in 1850, while the office was in possession of Past Grand Master Pickett. That was at a regular point in our history. Bro. William Mitchell was re-elected Grand Secretary in 1849, at Chicago. He died immediately thereafter, and M. W. Thomas J. Pickett was appointed. In the winter following Bro. Pickett had the archives in his printing office, beneath which was a drug store. An explosion was followed by a fire; his brother was killed, the printing office consumed, and our archives destroyed. A Grand Lodge of Recovery was held in this city in April, when Past Grand Master Warren was called to a second service, which he discharged until October, 1851, when he declined a re-election, and the present incumbent was elected. One small trunk then held all the archives of this Grand Lodge, and such as were necessary were transported to and from this city until 1858, when they amounted to a wagon load.

Bro. Reynolds found many lodges dormant, many more in arrears for dues, and much confusion existed in regard to many matters. The dues were soon paid, and several lodges revived and resumed work. After an existence of eleven years, in a population of over 800,000, there were less than two thousand affiliated members. It was mainly through his efforts, persistent and determined, that non-affiliated Masons were induced to affiliate or assist in forming new lodges, and that voluntary non-affiliation was declared unlawful and unmasonic. By means of this, more than any other thing, are our lodges now so prosperous in members, and our Grand Lodge so majestic and imposing, with its thirty thousand affiliated members.

The extraordinary condition of the craft, so gratifying to every Freemason, is largely the result of the close and ready contact of our R. W. brother with the brethren and lodges in all matters of correspondence, information and counsel. The Grand Lodge could never have succeeded in paying mileage and per diem, and the ordinary and contingent expenses, at the rate now paid, but for his suggestion to do the committee work beforehand, and thus shorten the session two or three days. By this means we have carried several heavy burdens, and without any visible embarrassment. This Grand Lodge is now in a position to acquire a steady and rapidly accumulating income from its surplus means, without in any manner increasing the taxation. All his labors have been directed to building up the fraternity and promoting the honor of this Grand Lodge. It has been a mistaken idea that his heaviest labors were during our sessions. They have, instead, been unintermitted, by night and by day, throughout the whole year, especially since his residence in Springfield, until he has earned among all the Grand Secretaries in the United States, the highest place for industry, records, proceedings, statistics and reports. During the first years of his service he was scantily paid, as well as during the term of the late war. His reputation, fame, and character belong to us, and some fitting and substantial testimonial should be given him by this grand body.

Brethren, before retiring from the office of Grand Master of Masons, permit me to again return you my sincere thanks for the partiality shown me in elevating me to this high position one year ago, and for the uniform kindness which I have received at the hands of the craft during the past Masonic year. I can truly say, that I retire without the least feeling of enmity against any member of the craft. My endeavors have been to keep peace among the brethren; how far I have succeeded in doing this, is for you to determine.

The proceedings lasted two days, at the close of which the following were elected and installed officers for the ensuing year, viz:

Herman G. Reynolds, of Springfield, M. W. G. M.
DeWitt Cregier, of Chicago, R. W. Dep. G. M.
James A. Hawley, of Dixon, R. W. G. S. W.
George Lounsbury, ———, R. W. G. J. W.
Harrison Dell, of Quincy, R. W. G. Treas.
O. H. Miner, of Springfield, R. W. G. Sec'y.
Rev. D. B. Bunn, of Springfield, R. W. G. Chaplain.
Joseph Robinson, ———, R. W. G. Orator.
John P. Ferns, of Chicago, R. W. G. Tyler.

Since the close of the proceedings we have received the following

INFORMATION.

Grand Master Reynolds has appointed Right Worshipful Bro. John W. Clyde District Deputy Grand Master for the District composed of Cook county; and has also appointed Bro. Clyde Chief Inspector of work for Illinois.

DEATH OF MADAME VICTOR HUGO.

Our illustrious Bro. Hugo has been deprived of the partner of his joys and sorrows. Among Freemasons there will be only one sentiment, and that of deep sympathy as they learn this fact. The whole world of literature will feel for the poet stricken with grief; and every Masonic heart will share in the sorrow of our gifted brother. In the name of the members of our ancient Order throughout the British Empire, we beg to assure Bro. Hugo that he is near the hearts of his brother Craftsmen during this dark dispensation.

The following account of Madame Hugo, written by the Paris correspondent of one of our contemporaries, will be interesting to our readers:—

"In 1823, a young man, who had published a volume of verse, mentioned in his preface that he was scarcely rich enough to wed a young girl whom he loved. This edition of his work—1,500 copies—was bought up in four months. Each copy was sold at 3½ fr.; the printer and bookseller took 3 fr., and the poet was therefore enriched by 750 fr. In addition to this, he received a pension from Louis XVIII. of 1,000 fr. a year, and on this he married; and the union has just been broken, after forty-five years' companionship. Paul Meurice has a statue by Clessinger which represents Madame Victor Hugo in all the radiancy of youth and beauty, her dark hair clustering round a forehead severe in classic mould, and a look beaming with love and energy. This marble shows her as she lived, and, as if embodied, keeps up the ardor which those felt whom she may have inspired by her genius, led on to heroism, or consoled in adversity. Madame

Victor Hugo, wife and mother, wept for by those who knew her, will ever remain in their hearts green and fresh, and will be to-morrow, as she was yesterday, the companion of the poet and his witness—the title she gave herself—the *temoin de sa vie.* Confident in her attachment and his destiny, she marched on smiling by his side, trusting in the future. Both poor, but rich in hope, they were thrown (while little more than children) into the gulf of life. Hugo then only dreamed of glory for her; a glory timid, unobtrusive, and without jealousy. Madame Victor Hugo had for her husband that complete admiration and affection which doubles itself and re-lives in the being beloved. She never spoke of the poet, she always spoke of the man. 'Others know his genius. I know his heart.' She died at Brussels. Some seventeen years ago she arrived there with her exiled husband and her sons, who cast their lot with the parents. 'Let us stay here a few days,' she said; 'it will be a shelter in passing.' Days dropped past—long days, sad and dark—then months, and then years. Then they decided to make Brussels their summer home, and go to Guernsey in Winter. They were still near France. When the news of her death arrived in Paris, it was repeated everywhere, and in a few hours had spread throughout the changed old town which the author of *Notre Dame de Paris* loved so well. And everywhere, whatever the quarter, the house, or those who lived in it—all felt and understood how much the poor great poet had lost. It is good, therefore, that the press—that voice which speaks to all—should carry to him in his bereaved home the assurance of deep sympathy."

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A staid Presbyterian editor is poking fun at the new name of the anti-secret society paper. He looked in the dictionary for the meaning of "Cynosure," and found it was literally a dog's tail, and had the hardihood to suggest that the new name be further *cur-tailed!*

The "Louisville Journal" says: "Woman, with all her beauty and worth, should remember that man was the chief matter considered at the creation. She was only a *side issue!*"

THE PALM-TREE CHRISTIAN.

"The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree." One of the most prominent features of the palm tree is its usefulness. A certain traveler informs us that the natives of the palm tree regions celebrate, either in prose or verse, the three hundred and sixty uses to which the trunk, the branches or long leaf-stocks, the leaves, fibers and fruit of the palm are skillfully applied. So likewise, Christian reader, if you would be like the palm tree in usefulness and growth, you must consecrate wood, bark, fruit and leaves—all, to the service of your Master. If you are safely planted on the Rock of Ages, have you been the means of helping some other perishing, struggling one to the same place of safety? Have you ever stretched down the arms of prayer, liberality, advice and influence, to help up some other one on the same Rock of safety? Of two Christians—the one intensely endeavoring to save others, the other on his knees thanking God for his own escape—the former, in our opinion, is the sublimer sight and comes nearer the fulfilling of God's will. The one is but the expression of gratitude, the other is the embodiment of gratitude itself in effort.

Flourishing and useful as the palm tree! Take away some professing Christians, and who would miss them, so far as their usefulness is concerned? Who has sat under their shade and been refreshed? Who has partaken of their food and been strengthened? Who has been gladdened by their freshness and beauty? Who has been piloted by them to the well-springs of living water in the arid desert of life? Who has, from sight of them and contact with them, thanked God and taken courage? Where is *their* fruit, their *good* fruit, in the sight of God or man? If at this hour God was to cut them down as cumberers of the ground, we fear that, as they would look back upon a wasted, barren life, and as eternity and the judgment would loom up before them, their bitter, unavailing cry would be, "Leaves—nothing but leaves!"

"And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Savior looks for perfect fruit—
We stand before him, humbled, mute,
Waiting the word he breathes—
'Nothing but leaves!'"

Let not this be the melancholy cry of your life. If a Christian at all, be, like the palm tree, beautiful and useful upon earth.—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE ANGEL OF DEATH—A RELIGIOUS POEM.

Translated from the Swedish of J. O. Wallin,

BY O. T. RICHMOND, JR., OF IOWA.

I.

Thou child of Adam, who of earth art born,
Who must ere long again to dust return!
Thou art the child of Death. I named thee mine
When Sin was born in souls that were divine.
From brightest East to darkest Occident
My gloom with Life's ethereal light is blent;
And myriad voices, guests of Time! I bring,
With the eternal word of Heaven's King,
From earth and ocean, islands of the sea,
Thou child of Adam and of Death! to thee.

II.

'Neath castle-eaves, within some shaded dell,
Some leafy grove where Summer's beauties dwell,
The sparrows blithely build their nests, secure
From terrors which your hearts may long endure;
Beneath the shade-trees, sweetest songs they pour—
Storm clouds are born which brood the heavens o'er;
Their nests and songs are then forever gone,
And darkness o'er destruction broods alone;
Where all was music-silence rules supreme,
And all hath passed from being like a dream.

III.

You live, and sigh, ere yet this day is done,
To view the splendor of the morrow's sun.
Amidst your brightest dreams my clouds descend
And purest beams of life with darkness blend.
Without a warning, youth, manhood and age
Are hurled in gloom from life's uncertain stage;
The Earth ignores the memory of your name,
In dark oblivion set your stars of fame;
The new-lit moon views from its sphere serene
New generations where the old have been.

IV.

Your graceful forms move in the mazy dance,
Your souls are chain'd in Joy's magnetic trance;
The lyre is sounding, and the myrtles bloom—
I cross your threshold—Life's light fades in gloom,
Your forms no longer circle in the dance,
Your joys lie in a deep, unwaking trance;
The garland withers, and the blushing bride
Sinks pale and lifeless at her lover's side.
Thus is it often found that over all
Of power and splendor Sorrow spreads her pall.

V.

I am the mighty one, who hath the power
To rob the heart of Life's most regal dower.
My power endures until the Father's Son,
The mightiest, over all hath victory won.
On loftiest heights, in darkest deeps I breathe
Destruction upon all around, beneath;
I send my nightly arrows swiftly forth,
And deadliest plagues depopulate the earth;
Nor wall of adamant or shield of steel
One fated life a moment can conceal.

VI.

The north wind also my command obeys,
Whose fiercest blast no mortal art allays;
I crush state systems throughout every land,
And wrench the lightning from the thunder's hand;
And like a watchman of the weary night,
I mark the ages as they wing their flight.
The noblest landmarks built by Art decay,
And nation after nation fades away,
As waves, receding, mingle with the sea;
Yet I remain of all the destiny.

VII.

Against my power no weapons can prevail;
In vain deep Wisdom and proud Art assail.
My presence to the shackled, bleeding slave
Brings freedom, which subsists beyond the grave.
I brood o'er armies on the battle-field,
Where blinded men their lives to Passion yield.
Beneath my glance contending warriors fall,
No more to answer the alarm-drum's call,
On battle-fields to perish, nor awake
Till Gabriel's trump shall earth and heaven shake.

VIII.

I wave my hand—and earth is swept of life;
Hushed are the sounds of pleasure or of strife;
The ear no longer hears the welcome sound,
The tongue in chains of silence now is bound.
I wander wheresoe'er I will to go,
And in my course imperial thrones o'erthrow:
Lo! Alexanders and Napoleons,
Earth's regal lords and Fame's most brilliant sons,
Whose hearts were filled with wild Ambition's lust,
Are now become—a handful of the dust!

IX.

Through earth's domain they march t' increase their power,
Which battle ever yields in evil hour.
Rank, titles, kingdoms—all that must decay
Beneath my icy breath are swept away.
For lord and vassal there's a common grave
Where back to dust return the king and slave;
There all are equal; in that gloomy night
Pride, wealth and power then are lost to sight.
What once belonged to ages past alone
New generations yet will name their own.

X.

Earth hath no castle which protects the heart
From the effect of my unerring dart;
And sure possessions you can ne'er possess,
Though valid deeds your local rights express.
Imperial robes, and diadems of gold,
And mourning veils, and working yokes behold!
And other links form Life's mysterious chain,
Which hath by destiny been rent in twain;
New souls immortal into being born,
With other thoughts, the sphere of life adorn.

XI.

To all of earth there is a common doom—
Life's brightest beams must all be lost in gloom.
Your final home is narrow, cold and low,
Wherein nor light of sun nor moon can glow;
Nor royal gift, nor ancient coat of arms,
Against my fiat hath availing charms;
And weary ones who long have toiled in vain
Are freed from lives of servitude and pain:
The captive's chains and life's mysterious band
At once are broken by my potent hand.

XII.

Where is your mother?—where the nearer one,
Who of your being formed affection's sun?
Life's thorny road their feet no longer press—
They tenant now the realm of silentness!
On earth they never may appear again,
Though you to them must go through death and pain.
While they are yours, the idols of your heart,
Affection's sweetest gifts to them impart;
Guard well those treasures, for that God who gives
Will render judgment on each soul that lives.

XIII.

Where is your friend?—and where your brother, too?
The Lord will then no longer ask of you.
Ye scornful misers, rich in wealth of earth,
Who never gave compassion place of birth,
When you have gained all that you can possess,
Your hardened souls no peace serene shall bless:
Eternal conscience will your bosoms sting,
Your hearts with vain remorse and anguish wring,
And, like a viper coiled within the breast,
Goad on to madness, without hope of rest.

XIV.

He's your tormenter when to others' woes
With cold indifference you your bosoms close,
And, scorning all that's holy, live content
Alone your selfish pleasures to augment.
Ye who reverse the laws and stamp a lie
Upon the fairest deeds of purity—
Who peace of innocence at hazard set,
And view its loss without the least regret!
But *woe* will be the end of jest and scorn,
When in your breasts avenging thoughts are born.

XV.

He's your tormenter, ye who breathe a lie
While your false tongues the inner voice defy;
His poisoned fangs are planted in your breast
When cherished sin hath honor rocked to rest:
Your power is naught against my potent dart,
Which wings destruction to the guilty heart.
Hush'd is the slanderer's falsehood in the grave—
Repentance only can the spirit save,
Which for the errors of its being past
To Him must answer who will judge at last.

XVI.

Search well your hearts, ye children of the dust!
With fear and trembling purge them of their lust!
And with clean hands and lifted hearts move on
To Him to whom all secret thoughts are known—
On to that realm immortal spirit goes,
When life is ended, with its joys and woes,
O'er whose vast portal, till time is no more,
This stern decree proclaims probation o'er—
Here enter all who of the earth are born,
Whence back to life not one shall e'er return.

XVII.

Earth, with allurements and the lust of gain,
Your erring spirits binds with magic chain;
Or, like tornadoes, you have swept it o'er,
Or labored to advance its weal once more;
But not to mortal beings is it given
Rewards to render, which descend from heaven,
Since what you were and what you now may be
None save the great Creator's eye can see,
Who knows the mission to which all are given,
And what the end—in sorrow or in heaven.

XVIII.

Your duty life's inconstant scenes throughout,
Within his Word the Lord hath measured out:
What your probation—what your destiny—
Is to Him known who rules earth, heaven and sea;
His presence strengthens, and his loving will
Enables you each mission to fulfill,
And breathes a wisdom on your fainting soul,
Inspiring power the passions to control,
Provided with obedience you hear
The Holy Spirit's warning, ever near.

XIX.

List to its spirit voice, so clear and low,
And with submission on its errand go!
Ask not if difficulties loom before,
If you will fall, to rise again no more!
Heed not the world, although it may caress,
Though it may scorn, or smile on your distress!
And if you fall, fear not! but lift your eyes,
And wing your prayer of faith to yonder skies!
Then shall you feel the grasp of angel hands
Which guide in silence to those summer lands.

XX.

Go, fearless in the strength of chastened will,
Though sorrows lead to deeper darkness still!
Earth with its frown may make your joys decrease
But not your virtue or your spirit's peace.
The form at last in earth's unfeeling clay
Must decompose and slowly mould away;
But what is written of the soul shall be
Fulfilled when it beholds eternity—
Thou hast been faithful until life's decay,
Receive the meed of those who God obey!

XXI.

Be just to all! Essay to bring relief
To wretchedness, and soothe the mourner's grief!
Defend Truth's tenets with your very life—
As Christians live, as men fall in the strife!
Earth's proudest gift receive not as your meed,
Nor laurel'd brows proclaim some noble deed;
But crowns reflecting beams of holy light
Eternal goodness offers to the sight,
Like those who God the Father's glory share—
Such be your aim to merit and to wear!

XXII.

What were belief, if it did not impart
Hope's shining pearl unto the weary heart—
Did it not gaze with steady eye on heaven
When all that's mortal back to dust is given?
All suffering ends in rest—eternal rest,
Whose depth no thought hath ever yet expressed!
The death-axe flashes, and the flames arise—
Look, martyr! look!—view yonder opening skies!
The great Atoner looks with pity down,
And in his hand behold—a glorious crown!

XXIII.

And what were virtue, did with life decay
Those noble deeds which smoothed its rugged way?
Great ENGELBREKT, the first GUSTAVUS, too,
Whose spirits were courageous, pure and true—
The sages who for science long hath striven,
The tender-hearted, who foreshadow heaven,
Who praise mankind, although themselves are blamed,
Derided, scoffed, forgotten or defamed?
What were such tenderness, such wit, such power,
If swept from being at Death's awful hour?

XXIV.

And what were honor, that bids all revere
Life's obligations, easy or severe,
To render even life before its shrine
Ere you disown its influence divine?
Were she dependent on such hopes as throw
Unholy light on venal hearts below?
But peace is beaming on her placid brow,
Though time occasions sighing then and now;
For 'gainst her time bars not its starry way,
Where she goes forth into eternal day.

XXV.

And what were joy?—and happiness, which springs
So deep and pure from friendship's gatherings,
If, when is sundered fond affection's chain,
No hope were left to weld the links again?
Did not it gild the shadows of despair,
Each heart were like a desert, worn and bare.
And what were life? A riddle, dark and deep,
Whose mighty secret none might hope to reap—
A stern decree to all the human race,
Which none can e'er evade or e'er efface.

XXVI.

An aged Jacob for his Joseph mourns,
And Jonathan to David ne'er returns!
The heart breathes out its sorrow in a sigh,
Which will not find relief until it die;
And Rachel o'er her darlings weeps with pain,
To whom all consolation proveth vain;
For all that to her spirit was most dear
Her gaze maternal views no longer here—
Her heart-hopes wither, and her days no more
Can pass serenely as they did before.

XXVII.

But "God is love!" Cheer up, bereavêd hearts,
With the sweet hope His promise still imparts!
The seed you scatter in the teeming earth
Will give ere long a golden harvest birth:
So loved ones who are gathered in the tomb,
Whose absence overshadows you with gloom,
Are not forever lost in rayless night,
But dwellers of a sphere of perfect light,
With Him who is, has been, and e'er will be
Lord of creation and eternity!

XXVIII.

He is the fountain of all life and light;
From Him all power doth derive its might:
His love, which naught can fathom nor portray,
Smooths for your feet life's rugged, thorny way,
And bears you to His mansions in the sky,
Where there is room for all in Him who die.
Gaze through the mists, ye righteous!—when ye die
The Father calls you to His rest on high;
Meanwhile, as faithful servants, labor on,
And bear with patience until life is done!

XXIX.

Like Mary, linger at the Savior's feet,
With faith that's fixed, submission that is sweet,
And hear and pray with feelings pure and deep!
Gaze on the Cross which looms on Calvary's steep,
Whence mercy looks on deep repentance down,
And promises the Magdelene a crown!
Like John, enshrine Him in a loving heart,
From whence His presence makes each pain depart—
Who guides to holy freedom and delight,
Within his heavenly realm, where all is light!

XXX.

Happy those who strove with honest will
To find the right, and duties to fulfill;
Whose love was true and did to all extend,
Although with it at times would error blend:
To them will much be granted and forgiven,
Since earth's perfection is not that of heaven;
And each essay to bring a mourner rest
Wakes love responsive in an angel's breast,
And what gives joy to earth is known above,
Whence God the Father marks each deed of love.

XXXI.

One aim was theirs alone—to fear the Lord,
And yield obedience to His sacred Word.
They washed their robes in blood which Innocence
Poured forth in agony of love intense.
All strife is ended and all sin forgiven,
And restlessness hath found repose in heaven;
The mourner's heavy eye hath cease to weep,
And vigils over buried hope to keep.
The Father reads the record on each face—
And they, exhausted, sink in His embrace.

XXXII.

So peacefully in His embrace they sleep,
And hail His day with joy and rev'rence deep;
They now are free from all that life could bring
To wed the spirit unto suffering.
No longer in earth's circle they are seen—
They're now of generations which have been!
They've gone from earth and passion's wild control,
On to the home of peace—so saith the soul;
And what they here achieved by act or will,
As their familiar doth attend them still.

XXXIII.

They now are gone! They early went to rest
Within their Father's mansion, with the blest:
They dwell within a city grand and bright,
Where needs no sun or moon—Eternal Light!
For the bright sun is Him who from His throne
Looks down in love and mercy on his own,
His faithful servants, once an erring race,
Who through redemption there have found a place,
And from His glance life into being springs,
And blessedness which peace eternal brings.

XXXIV.

There's place in heaven for all who here believe,
And hope their errors past yet to retrieve;
For there has never yet to mind been given
A power to measure the extent of heaven.
When fig trees bud you know the summer near,
That soon in place of buds will fruit appear;
So should ye know, when life's departing day
Hath passed from earth forevermore away,
That Christ will come to bear your spirits on
Where you will dwell with Him, forever one.

XXXV.

When Life's day darkens, and when Death descends,
Whose deep'ning shade o'er hill and dale extends,
He comes whose power is mighty as His love,
Life to release and waft to realms above.
The weary eyes a moment close in sleep,
The well-worn form lies in repose as deep—
Another moment passes, and behold!
New scenes before your clearer sight unfold:
Your life terrestrial is forever o'er,
But peace of heaven is yours forever more.

XXXVI.

New heavens and earth appear in place of old—
New suns of earth and heaven now behold!
Now, as immortals, you miss not the earth—
That narrow home which gave you place of birth.
'Tis past—'tis changed—'tis known as such no more,
But Faith hath brought you to a fairer shore,
And Virtue's deeds have formed a perfect soul,
Fore'er beyond Earth's memories or control.
Rewards prepared for you, you now receive,
Whose glory human thought cannot conceive!

XXXVII.

Then dried are tears which mourners long have shed
Healed are all wounds—all pain forever fled.
No more with torch extinguished, then, I stand
On human corses, piled on every hand:
Then I reverse my torch—with living flame
By Life 'tis lighted, who doth all reclaim;
The seraph's hymn, breathed forth from spheres divine,
Swells on to mingle and to blend with mine,
In melody which breathes of pure delight,
In songs of praise before the Throne of Light.

Home after Business Hours.—The road which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence and wealth is not a macadamized one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path, beset with "wait-a-bit" thorns and full of pitfalls, which can only be avoided by circumspection. After each day's journey over this worse than turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest: he requires solace, and deserves it. Happy is he who can find that solace and poetry at home. Warm greetings from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, the welcome shouts of children, and the many thousand little arrangements for comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, and other gentle ministrations—these, and the like tokens of affection and sympathy, constitute the poetry, and reconcile us to the prose of life. Think of this, ye wives and daughters of business men and Masons!

JERUSALEM ON A JUNE DAY IN THE YEAR 9 B. C.

BY PROFESSOR FRANCIS DELITZSCH.

[Translated for *Every Saturday* from the *Daheim.*]

In the year 9 B. C. the people of Palestine and Syria awaited with feverish suspense the issue of a terrible tragedy. Mariamne, the beloved and noble wife of Herod, descended from the royal house of the Maccabees, had already fallen a victim to his gloomy suspicions. Insidious intriguers had then succeeded in rendering him distrustful of the two sons which his basely assassinated consort had borne to him, Alexander and Aristobulus, who were the joy and pride of the people, and whom their enemies now accused of being intent on murdering their father. Herod had intimidated a tribunal at Berytos so much that the judges had passed sentence of death on the two young men without seeing or hearing them. Everybody asked if a father really could cause his own sons, and, moreover, two sons so noble, and doubtless entirely innocent, to be executed. We place ourselves in the midst of that time of anxious suspense, and unroll the picture of a day in Jerusalem as it was at that period.

It is a working-day in *Sivan*, the month answering to our June. The starlight night of the cloudless sky has given place to the twilight, which sets in very early, and lasts a long time. The two squads of the Temple guard, bearing torches, have met in front of the cell where the bread offering of the high-priest is baked, and shouted to one another that everything is in readiness. The priests who were allowed to sleep last night, have risen, bathed, and donned their official robes. In the square cell, one half of which was used as a hall where the Sanhedrim used to meet, the offices of the dawning day have been allotted. The brass basin, which was under water all night long, has been drawn up, and the priests have washed their hands and feet in it. Suddenly the first morning bells resound over the city lying below; priests blow their trumpets, whose ringing notes, owing to the stillness of the morning, are audible throughout the upper and lower, the old and new city.

The Levites, in obedience to the orders of the captain of the gate-keepers, open all the gates of the Temple. The preparations for the morning service, the most important feature of which was the daily sacrifice of a lamb, begin. The altar of the burnt-offering is cleaned; the billets of wood piled up on the embers gradually catch fire; the musicians fetch their instruments, and take them out of their cases; the guards are relieved, and the Levites and priests who were on duty yesterday are dismissed. All this is done by torchlight. Meanwhile the captain attentively looks for the break of day. He sends a few priests to the roof of the Temple. When the morning sky has grown light enough that Hebron, lying southeast of Jerusalem in the mountains, can be discerned, they shout out, "*Barkai ad Chebron*" ("It is light as far as Hebron"), and in a moment are heard the following shouts: "Priests, to your service! Levites to your *pulpet!* Israelites, to your stand!" The last shout was destined for the representatives of the whole people, who served for a week as assistants at the offerings, and passed the night at the Temple.

Meanwhile the people in the city and its environs begin likewise to stir. Military signals resound at Antonia castle. Underneath the cedars of the Mount of Olives open the booths of Beth-Hini. In Temple Street, running from the place in front of the castle along the western wall of Mount Moriah, we see cattle-dealers and brokers hurriedly precede the visitors of the Temple to the Temple bazar in the courtyard of the heathens. Those who wish to attend the morning service repair from the upper city by the Xytus gate, from the new city by the market gate, and by other routes, to the ascent of Mount Moriah. The largest crowd is to be seen on the bridge connecting the Xytus terrace with the district of the Temple. Here and there a person stands still and looks to the left, toward the magnificent scructure of the theatre or toward the Tyropœon on the other side, or down the gorge of the cheese-makers, in order to breathe, instead of the city air, the country air wafted over from the balmy districts of the dairies.

But not all of the worshipers go up to the Temple to say their morning prayers; for there are hundreds of synagogues in Jerusalem. The two aristocratic men yonder, who wear a Greek costume and converse in Greek, enter the synagogue of the Alexandrians. The respectable citizen there, who carries under his arm the prayer-cloak and the *tefillin* wrapped up in it, goes to the synagogue of the coppersmiths, where he has rented a pew, while the lady yonder, with her hair so gracefully arranged by a hair-dresser, and a bouquet of roses in her hand, does not want to hide her beautiful morning toilet behind the woman's grate of a synagogue, but hastens with a swinging step toward the temple in order to exhibit herself in the court-yard of the women. The worshippers disperse in the most opposite directions; most of them look grave and anxious, and whenever two of them walk side by side, and converse with one another, they look around with visible timidity. A venerable old man, with white hair and a long silver beard, murmers, on passing over the place in front of the theatre, "I thank thee, my God, and God of my fathers, that thou hast assigned me a place among those who sit in the schools and synagogues, and not among those who prefer visiting the theatre and circus!"—His wife, who walks by his side, or rather a step behind him, says in a low voice, "Amen!" and looks with tearful eyes to the tower of Mariamne on the left, murmuring, "Thou hast happily passed away; it is good that thou didst not live to see this day, noble Mariamne!"

The sun meanwhile has risen, and the hour of the regular morning prayer, when the sacrifice is performed at the Temple, is at hand. The Pharisee yonder, who has allowed the hour of prayer to overtake him on the street, suddenly slackens his gait, and lays the *tefillin* with their large capsules round his head. The laborer, who, with his basket, happens to be in the crown of a fruit-tree, ceases gathering, and performs his morning devotions in his natural temple amidst the branches. Everybody prays. Only in Herod's palace there still reigns profound silence. The tyrant is still asleep, and his courtiers walk on tiptoe. The people prays, and couples with its loud prayers, prayers for deliverence from the tyrant and for the preservation of Alexander and Aristobulus, the noble sons of the murdered Mariamne. Even the government of a Herod, however, is not mean enough not to have on its side a large number of hirelings and parasites, such as the court-baker, the court-perfumer, &c.

After the morning service, and even already before it is over in the Temple and synagogues, there reigns the liveliest bustle on the large market of the lower new city. But the reader must not imagine that this market was a square with a court-house in the middle; for the court house of Jerusalem lay on the Xytus terrace; the lower market, on the contrary, was a long and broad street, such as, in modern cities, we call Broadway or Main Street. Stores, booths and stands lined both sides of the street; here are for sale fine bread and cakes made of Ephraimic wheat, which hucksters are buying to sell it again at an advance in the more remote parts of the town; fig-pies and raisen-pies, at which a poor little girl, who, instead of ear-rings, wears only wooden pegs in her ear-laps, looks so wistfully; all sorts of fish from Lake Tiberias, which rivet the attention of those young students who are on their way to the high-school founded by Simeon Ben Shetach; all sorts of trinkets and ornaments, even false teeth with gold and silver wire, wherewith they are to be fastened. Here somebody extols his *dibs*, that is to say, grape syrup; there another dealer recommends his prime Egyptian lentils; still another has caraway seeds for sale, and turns his pepper-mill. Wherever there are no buyers to be seen, the mechanics, whose trade permits it, have established their workshops in the street, and labor so industriously that they even do not interrupt themselves by rising when a *hillel* or another scribe passes by. Here a shoemaker fastens the upper-leather to the sole of a sandal; there a tailor adds handsome trimmings to a fine prayer-cloak; and there an armorer hammers the hilt of a sword made of Syrian iron. In the more deserted and shady by-streets, such as Butcher street, and Woolcomer street, still larger numbers of mechanics are at work in the street; some persons even break flax there. The market presents a more and more animated appearance. Buyers, sellers and idlers flock to it from all quarters. Day-laborers stand on the corners, at the market gate below, and above at the junction of the streets leading to the northern gate and the gate of the tower of the women. One of them is hired by a man; but his employer says to him, "Bread and peas,—that is all you will get to eat at my house." At the market gate yonder,—that is to say, in the middle of the most active part of the city,—are to be seen the shrewd donkey-drivers, one of whom is fortunate enough to be selected to convey a bedstead and other furniture, together with the indispensable flutes, to Bethany, for a wedding which is to take place there in a day or two. Here is a crowd through which hardly any one is able to elbow his way without hearing impertinent remarks. A grave and thoughtful man of sickly appearance hastens past. "I am sure that man has had a bad dream," says one of the donkey-drivers. "To which of the twenty-four soothsayers are you going?" A barber elbows his way through the crowd. "Good morning, Mr. Barber-Surgeon," shout to him several drivers; "how is business?" "I will bleed you a hundred times for a sus" (five cents), he replies. A corpulent scribe with a bloated face rudely pushes aside an old woman standing in his way. "Old man, old man," she cries scornfully, "how red your face looks! You are either a wine-bibber or a pawnbroker or a hog-breeder."

Let us go by the market gate across the lower city, and we reach by the gate of the tower of the Maccabees, inclosing it, the open field close to the sepulchre of the High-Priest John,, and by the Gennoth gate to the upper market between the old palace of the Maccabean kings, and Herod's palace, surpassing even the Temple in splendor and gorgeous magnificence. The scene is quite animated here too; but the bustle is by no means as lively as at the lower market. Here everything is more quiet and aristocratic. This is the seat of those mechanics of the industrial city whom King Herod especially patronizes and protects. Here predominate also the productions of sculptors, skillful horticulturists, &c. Here a goldsmith exhibits a *terpole*, that is to say, a grape-vine artistically wrought out of precious metals, and by his side a potter displays his white and black earthenware; there the sweetest Jerusalem figs, raised at the rose garden which is manured with blood flowing from the Temple. The old man yonder, dressed entirely in white, and whose feet are encased in shoes which a poor man, if he should find them in the street, would not pick up, is an Essene. He looks about inquiringly, in order to find somebody that might show him the way to the house of the Superior of his sect. The heat of the day becomes very oppressive, and old and young folks crowd around the large cistern in the middle of the market. From time to time the crowd falls back in dismay to open a passage for one of the dreaded officers of King Herod; and the buyers step aside even when one of the royal eunuchs approaches. But a young Galilean, who has spread a square linen blanket on the ground, and placed on it a large amphora filled with Lebanon oil, and a gigantic watermelon beside it, gazes with a gay and rather defiant expression at the motley crowd manifesting so much cowardice and submissiveness. "Where do you come from?" said to him a trembling little man, with a very thin beard, to whom he gives some oil in a hollow clay egg which serves him as a measure. "I am from the city," he exclaims, "lying, like a free bird, on the crest of a mountain!" He refers to Sepphoris. Seeing, among the passers-by, a man who has drawn through one of his ear-laps red and blue threads, and through the other green and yellow ones, that are to show that he is a dyer, and how skillful he is, the young Galilean burst into loud laughter at this very singular advertisement, and says to the stranger, "Master Tobias, can you dye red (*adom*) white?" This was an allusion to Herod the Edomite. One of Herod's police-spies hastens to the market-guard, and when, soon after, two soldiers order the young Galilean to follow them, he resists them with such herculean strength that they are unable to move him from the spot. A large crowd assembles around the group; the soldiers get frightened, owing to the sudden concourse of people so close to the royal palace, and, while one of them scuffles with the Galilean, the other runs his sword through the offender's body. The Galilean, shouting, "The Lord will visit you in wrath, daughter of Edom, and uncover thy sins!" falls to the ground, and his blood mingles with the Lebanon oil of his amphora, which has been broken into a thousand pieces.

Outbursts of indignation at the brutality of the soldiers and the infamy of the betrayer, outbursts of despair at their ignominious shackled liberty, outbursts of grief at the infamous assassination of the young martyr of freedom, rend the air; but, as if by a magician's wand, the furious cries suddenly give place to a profound silence in consequence of the discovery, which passes immediately from mouth to mouth, that there is approaching a man who had just emerged from the Gennoth gate, and with a light, scarcely audible step, turning his searching glances in every direction, and holding a very neat case in his hand, walks across the market-place. His costume is that of an Alexandrian, rather than that of an inhabitant of Jerusalem; his hair is black, but it seems to have been dyed; his fingers are covered with sparkling rings. Upon passing the stand of a scribe who keeps for sale *tefillin* and all sorts of parchments with verses destined to exorcise evil spirits, he casts a glance at them, and exclaims, "Why, you rival Diophantes!" Such was the name of the scribe who had forged a letter purporting to have been written by Alexander, the now imprisoned son of Herod and Mariamne, to the commander of the fortress of Alexandria, whom he asked in it to receive him and surrender the fortress to him as soon as he had made away with his father. "You do me too much honor," replies the old scribe, highly indignant at the comparison. The dreaded man directs his step toward the densest part of the crowd. It opened a passage, and the bloody corpse of the young Galilean became visible. Unmoved by the heart-rending spectacle, he exclaims in a shrill and disagreeable voice, "Friends, you act in accordance with the proverb, 'Where the ox falls, there are many butchers.'"

This man was Tryphon, the King's barber, who intended to ingratiate himself to-day more than ever with his royal master by dint of intrigues and cunning tricks. An honest old soldier, named Teron, grieved so much at the fate of Alexander and Aristobulus that he almost went mad. He ran about like a lunatic, and called Heaven to witness that truth and right were trampled under foot. A length he gave vent to his indignation in the presence of Herod himself, and told the King the names of his numerous sympathizers in the army. It was easy to foresee the consequences. He was now imprisoned in a dungeon of Antonio castle, with his son, who was a friend of Prince Alexander. "I cannot injure or serve these two men any more," said Tryphon to himself; "hence I believe I am at liberty to turn to account the misfortunes which their imprudence has brought upon them." So saying he entered the portal of the palace, in order to ascend the magnificent marble staircase leading to the high platform of the royal palace, where he hoped now, between ten and eleven, or as they said at that period, between five or six, to find the King; for last night a banquet of a hundred covers had been held at one of the large dining rooms of the palace, in honor of Nicholas of Damascus; and the guests had continued their carousal to an advanced hour of the night, and called down the wrath of Heaven upon all the enemies of King Herod.

The Sivan sun grows more and more intolerable. The crowds at both market places disperse. We are likewise thirsty and somewhat hungry. Well, what shall we drink? Median or rather Babylonian beer, or Egyptian zythum, or domestic cider? We need not ask for a landlord who keeps these beverages. We saw on Woolcombers' street large jars standing in front of a house on the sunny side. They contain wine, which is to ferment in the sun. We enter the house, and in order to add to our knowledge of the country, even in eating, ask if we can get a dish of locusts, whether baked in flour or honey, or merely salted. How crowded and noisy it is here! Before the landlord answers our question in the affirmative, a coppersmith, whom we recognize by his large leathern apron, holds out his goblet of wine to us, and exclaims, "Fools! to eat without drinking is to consume one's own blood." A soldier joins us, and, saying, "The strangers seem to be scholars," he clinks glasses with the coppersmith, and then he shouts in a deafening voice, "*Chamra wechaje lefoum rabbanan wethalmidehon*;" that is to say, "I drink to the health of these scholars and their pupils." "O you *chamor*," (ass) exclaims another, "what do you know about scholars? 'Either the book or the sword,' as the old saying is." Two more quiet guests playing at *nerdshir*, (something like backgammon) offer us seats beside them. The noise in the sooty room grows more and more deafening. We are not long in discovering that the despotism of the government has divided even the lowest class of the people into Herodians and Liberals. "What about Aleph and Aleph?" asks one of the guests, alluding to Alexander and Aristobulus. "Blockhead," replies his neighbor, smiting his face, "Silence is the best spice." "Who was the young fellow at the upper market?" asks another. "*Afra lefuma de Ijob*," ("Dust into Job's mouth," that is to say, Hush up your impudent mouth) says a tanner to him. "What, you miserable swamp-plant," he replies, "you want to silence me?" "Go on, go on," says the tanner, "your invectives will not hurt me; a myrtle remains a myrtle, even under a pile of rubbish." No bold words are allowed to be uttered, for the walls have ears. But when a strong Herodian sneezes in the trumpet-tone of a crocodile, the whole unprincipled crowd shouts, "*Ias, ias!*" (*Prosit, prosit!*)

The sun has meanwhile reached the zenith. The white marble of the palaces reflects the vertical rays of the sun in a dazzling manner. The Temple floats over the city like a flood of light. We cannot bear to look upward, either toward the Temple or the Antonia castle, or toward the city of David, with the three towers of the Herodian palace. The streets are deserted, and the stillness is broken only here by a water-carrier, and there by a man who praises in a deafening voice his Idumean vinegar, (made from wine to which barley has been added). Laborers and muleteers lie down in the shade, and dip their bread in a sort of milk-soup called Babylonean *cuthach*. At the dyeing-house yonder, people proceed in a somewhat more aristocratic style; the journeymen eat a soup made from small pieces of onion and roast meat, and sip to it *zouman*, water mixed with bran. On the table of the goldsmith stands a large jug of wine, and a vessel with an Egyptian palm-sieve through which the wine is filtered, and all around juicy fruits, to be eaten as the second course of the repast.

The day is sultry, but still sultrier is the spirit of the people, a rumor having spread like wildfire through the city, that King Herod has flown again into a towering passion, and sworn to put to death hundreds of those of whom he is afraid. Some relate that they have seen Tryphon, as he was led across the palace place by four soldiers, who seemed to have him in custody. "Yes," said one of them, "I was in the Temple at the second hour of prayer, and when I came down Temple street and reached the palace-place, I saw that the iron gate closed, and Tryphon, hanging his head despairingly, was driven by the soldiers over the bridge of the Antonia gorge toward the the palace gate." These reports were but too true: Herod's favorite had hoped to ingratiate himself still more with his royal master by revealing a secret to him. He had shaved the King, and then left the room. He had then paced a long time, struggling with his conflicting emotions, the alleys surrounding the place in front of the palace. At length he made up his mind, returned to the King, and falsely told him that Teron, the old soldier, who was already in prison, owing to his attachment to Alexander and Aristobulus, had often tried to persuade him to cut the King's throat with his razor; and, in that event, promised him Alexander's especial favor and liberal rewards. "I thank you for your sincerity," replied the King, who believed to be true all falsehoods of this description, especially when they concerned his slandered sons. But, after brooding over the disclosure for a long time, he started up and cried like a beast, rather than a man, so that a violent shudder ran through Tryphon's frame. "He often tried to persuade you then, to murder me, and it was not till to-day that you told me about it? You lent that dog a willing ear all the time, and laid treacherous plans with him? I suppose you were not quite satisfied with the reward you were to receive for bleeding me?" Tryphon was about to reply, but the King thrust the door open and shouted, "Arrest him and take him to Antonia castle, and tell the commander that he is an accomplice of Teron and his son!" So Tryphon was taken to a dungeon, and while the mechanics of Jerusalem rested a little in the noonday heat, the torturers were at work in Castle Antonia, and the clerks noted down the statements made by the tortured culprits.

We need not look in Jerusalem for sympathy for Tryphon, whose lies had driven so many happy families to despair. But, if we were at liberty to enter the houses, we should hear everywhere anxiety and pity for Mariamne's two sons, now uttered timidly (for mutual distrust had seized even the members of common families) now declared in fearless and defiant tones.

It is now about three o'clock in the afternoon. A large concourse of people, principally composed of young persons, approaches hurriedly in the direction of the northern gate, and other persons hasten forward in an opposite direction. Many ask what is going on. Others reply that a Biccurim procession is at the northern gate. Biccurim are the first-fruits of agriculture, which were sacred to the Lord, and had to be deposited in the Temple. The country was divided into twenty-four district. Those who were to bring the first-fruits to Jerusalem assembled at the district town, where they did not go to a tavern, but passed the night in the open air in order to be ready as soon as the supervisor of the district shouted, "Let us go up to Zion, to the house of our Lord God!" Such a Biccurim had now arrived at the northern gate, and waited there until its arrival had been announced in the Temple; meanwhile the first fruits were tastefully arranged and the finest specimens laid conspicuously around the others. Already the delegates of the Temple came to meet the procession. They are the substitutes of the priests and Levites on duty, and the treasures of the sanctuary. Already the sweet notes of flutes are heard from afar. A more charming interruption of the gloomy mood to which Jerusalem is to-day a prey cannot be imagined. The scene strengthens the national feelings of the Israelites, which had been kept down by the King's tyranny; and we feel that this spectacle agrees better with the peculiarities of the people than the Greek music and theater, the struggles of the gladiators, and the bloody scenes of the circus, which Herod has introduced in Jerusalem. The new-comers, who live at no great distance from the city, bring in golden, or silver, or willow basket fresh figs, and, although it is only toward the close of June, already fresh grapes. Those who come from a greater distance bring dried figs and other fruits; and on the baskets hang pigeons, destined for the burnt-offerings. A steer, which is to become the common thanksgiving offering, heads the procession; its horns are gilt, and a wreath of olive-branches surmounts its head. It is a long procession that now enters Jerusalem amidst the sweet notes of the flutes. The deputation from the Temple, which is to receive the numerous new-comers in the most solemn manner, is for that reason likewise very numerous. The question whence the new-comers have arrived has already been answered; they are from Sebaste, the old city of Samaria. Whenever the procession passes mechanics working in the street or in the hall-ways of the houses, they rise reverentially, and shout, "*Achenu anshe Sebaste bathem leshalom!*" ("Dear brethren, men from Sebaste, welcome!")

Upon reaching Mount Moriah, the strangers take their baskets from their shoulders. As soon as they enter the court-yard of the men, the Levites intone the Psalm, "I will extol thee, O Lord; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not made my foes to rejoice over me." The pigeons, hanging on the baskets, are used for burnt-offerings, and the fruits are given to the priests; the strangers repeating the words which Moses had ordered to be spoken at the offering of the first-fruits. All this is done between five and six in the afternoon. A large concourse of men, women, and children has followed them to the Temple, and crowds around them when they leave it. Relatives and friends take their acquaintances home, and the rest of the strangers are overwhelmed with offers of hospitality.

And when the men now sit at the supper tables of their hosts, or repose on their cushions, all of them ask, "What about Mariamne's sons?" One replies, "They are still imprisoned at the Sidonian village of Platane." "No," says another, "they are confined in a by far stronger jail; they have been removed from Platane to Tyre; but you, men of Jerusalem, tell us what the King is going to do with them?" "He will put them to death," says the host, "and then build two towers in honor of them." "He never loved them" adds his wife, "for he hates whosoever is better than he; I saw him every now and then walking with the two princes; they were much taller than he, but they bowed their heads, lest he should think he was not at least as tall as they." A rabbi, who was likewise at the table, thought that, being a pupil of Hillel, whom Herod had highly honored, he must defend the King. "Fie," said they to him, "if thou hast entered God's career, don his garb!" (if you study theology, practice charity and love!") And when they then related in a tone of bitterness what a mustache day—the barbers of Jerusalem called a bad day a "mustache day"—Tryphon had

had to-day, and that Teron and his son, owing to Tryphon's atrocious falsehoods, had been cruelly tortured until they had falsely accused themselves, and that no doubt hundreds of persons would be executed on the morrow, the stranger from Thirza exclaimed, "I shall be glad to get out of the holy city, this den of murderers!" And when he returns to his native town, what mournful news awaits him there! Alexander and Aristobulous have meanwhile been taken from Tyre to Sebaste, and strangled there. In Jerusalem a great deal of blood was shed in the following days. The task of sweeping the streets was a horrible one. The King had told the people at the Theatre that the captains of his soldiers and Tryphon were traitors. The populace of Jerusalem, now that its vindictiveness against the captains, most of whom were very unpopular, was unchained, acted with unheard-of brutality. Three hundred officers were slain, mostly with clubs or stones. Teron, too, was killed. But pious persons prayed, here in the stillness of the closet, and there in the corner of a synagogue, or in the darkness of an arched vault, for the speedy appearance of the Messiah, that an end might be put to this bloody tyranny and these infamous orgies. Yes, this atmosphere needs a thorough purification, impregnated with the sickening perfumes of voluptuousness, the reeking blood of the victims of injustice, and the smoke of the burnt and bread offerings. And this purification is close at hand: when Jesus of Nazareth a few years hence will emerge from the iron gate of Antonia castle, and carry his cross along the Via Doloroso to Golgotha, the hour of Herod, the hour of redemption has struck.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST MASON IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Mr. Thomas Hooper was the oldest Mason in Massachusetts, and is thought to be the oldest Past Master in the United States. He was Master of King Solomon Lodge in 1812. He was a public spirited and enterprising man, and took great interest in the prosperity of his native city. He was one of the selectmen of the town long before Charlestown was a city, and was elected to the Board of Aldermen in 1847 and 1848, the first two years of the city government. His funeral took place on Sunday, July 26th, at the Unitarian Church, and was largely attended by the Order and citizens generally.—*Boston Post.*

THE COURTESIES OF MASONRY.

The history of the Craft in this country presents no brighter nor happier feature than the recent meeting of the general Grand Bodies at St. Louis, on which occasion the visiting brethren were the guests of thousands of citizens who were not Masons, and of the corporate authorities of the city, as well as of the Masonic fraternity. It may be asked why it was that the former took part in the matter; and the answer is, that the brethren of that hospitable town could not prevent it. The most influential merchants, bankers, judges, lawyers, and gentlemen of leisure, saw an opportunity in this visit of people from all sections of the country to renew the expression of kindly feelings which the recent war had interrupted to a great extent among citizens at large; but, we are pleased to say, to a very limited extent among Masons. Hence it was that these large-hearted and patriotic gentlemen were permitted to become, to some extent, co-operators with the Masons of Missouri in extending to those of other sections the generous and delicate hospitalities which marked the delightful event to which we have referred. This feature of the demonstration was the more gratifying for the reason that those who were not Masons, who insisted upon taking part in the reception, were of every political stripe and cast, and right nobly did they fulfill their self-imposed task. While we say this, we do not desire to be understood as undervaluing the efforts of the Masons of St. Louis, and the unparalleled generosity and hospitable feelings which they displayed. We refer, however, to this unusual feature of citizens at large taking part in a purely Masonic reception, forgetful of party ties, and with a sole desire of enhancing the good feeling of the different sections of the country toward each other, and this, too, in the face of recent fanatical efforts to injure the craft at large, as a thing to be perpetuated and long held in grateful and patriotic memory by those who were the objects of their courtesy and gracefully-rendered hospitality. Anything which tends to allay acerbity of sectional feeling, and to impress upon the country the fact that we are all Americans; that we know no point of the compass as different from another; that political divisions cannot be permitted to divide us as members of a great and common nationality, should be hailed with pleasure by every patriotic heart throughout the land. If Masonry has done anything that tended toward these things, as we believe she did during the war, and has since, her votaries should feel pride in the fact.—*The Freemason.*

Editor's Trestle-Board and Quarry.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

As the close of the year is now approaching, and only one more number (December) to be issued, I deem it a fitting occasion to intimate what will be my plan in conducting the VOICE OF MASONRY the ensuing year. And, first, I feel happy to say that I have received the promise of so many Masters and Secretaries of lodges, and indeed of individual members, that they will endeavor to present the claims of the VOICE to the craft, that I do not doubt of a large increase of the subscription list, with which to commence the new year. I would also reiterate my remarks in the October number, that any member not wishing the VOICE will please notify me at once, else of course I shall consider him a subscriber for the ensuing year, and send him the January number; as, with very few exceptions, and those of recent date, all the present subscribers' year ends with the December number.

Entering upon a new year, and with, as I expect, an increased revenue from subscriptions, it is my intention to increase the illustrations in the VOICE, and also improve their character by inserting lithographs, instead of wood cuts, of the most prominent friends of the VOICE, and deserving the honor of the craft; also, pictures (lithographs) of lodge buildings and lodge rooms which are most admired for their beauty, and expect to give the lithographic picture of the Oriental Lodge Room, Chicago, early in the year, and shall send one to each subscriber who has paid up his subscription for the year. I shall also print the VOICE on heavier paper, of a better color, put on a cover of another color (purple), and go back to my old plan of having the numbers trimmed, as formerly, which most of my friends think the better way. I do not wish to make any further promises until I see how far the VOICE continues to be appreciated, and what may be its revenue; but I may say truly that my ambition is to issue the best Masonic magazine that can be published, with original articles from the best Masonic writers, and will do it, if the Craft will give me their aid, and do so *promptly* and *cheerfully*.

I am happy to say that Bro. Rob Morris, LL.D., has already arranged with me to furnish *twelve* original articles of twelve pages each, for the twelve months of 1869. They will consist of a full description of the *twelve* most eminent places in Palestine, and for the use of the tourist will be masonically invaluable, beginning with Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Bethel, Joppa, Damascus, etc.—all of which he has visited, and which he will detail himself more fully in the December number. These, if written with his usual perspicuity, will be alone worth the cost of the volume, $2.00, to say nothing of the remaining 432 pages, making in all a thick volume of 576 pages, on heavy paper, with illustrations.

PREMIUMS.

In places where I have no general agent, for whose labors it is but right I should pay a commission, I shall be glad to receive propositions for an agency. In such places where a lodge may by vote collect subscriptions in their lodge to form a club, without the cost of an agency, I will of course be willing to give such lodge the commission in the form of premiums; for example, for a club of—

100	subscribers, a melodeon of the value of	$100.00
50	" a set of jewels, ten pieces, $26, and one of Sherer's large new carpets, worth $20,	46.00
25	subscribers, one of Sherer's large carpets,	20.00
20	" Baker's low-twelve bell,	15.00
10	" a silver-plated trowel and dictionary of Freemasonry, worth	8.00

or any other articles equivalent in value, upon the receipt of the amount so subscribed.

In offering these premiums I am but following what is becoming a general practice, and is by no means an unwise one where the publisher is unable to find time to travel and solicit subscriptions. The benefit is to the publisher a saving of time and traveling expenses, while his agent or a lodge receives the same amount, either in commissions or premiums.

Brethren, let us hear from you promptly. To those who have promised to labor among the Craft on behalf of the VOICE, I ask their *kind and immediate action.*

Fraternally,

JOHN C. W. BAILEY.

CHICAGO.

RESOLUTIONS COMMENDATORY TO ST. LOUIS.

The Apollo Commandery of Chicago, who were present at the recent Knights Templar Conclave in St. Louis, arrived home last Friday, and expressed themselves highly pleased with their visit to that city in the following complimentary resolutions:

Resolved, That R. E. Sir Geo. Frank Gouley, Grand Commander of Missouri; James F. Aglar, Grand Generalissimo; W. H. Stone, Eminent Commander of St. Louis Commandery, No. 1, and the Sir Knights of St. Louis and Ivanhoe Commanderies, deserve our most cordial recognition of their ability and zeal in making the most generous provision for our happiness, and that, in constant attention to their guests—and, above all, in their magnificent liberality in providing the excursion and magnificent banquet upon the Mississippi, on board the splendid steamers Mississippi, Lady Gay and Belle of Alton—they have outrivaled all previous displays of liberal hospitality, and are entitled to the commendation and admiration of all true Sir Knights.

Resolved, That the Common Council of St. Louis, by the official resolutions and action in offering the Sir Knights the hospitality of their noble city, deserve, and hereby receive, our most grateful acknowledgments.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

For the VOICE OF MASONRY *from Oct. 1st to 26th.*

$2.00 each from B. Offen, D. W. Houghton, George O. Ide, C. L. Wynn, A. B. Cronkite, J. M. Coykenall, G. W. Dustin, O. George, C. F. Mainer, M. H. Stevens, N. Slaughter, H. H. Adams, Peter Holman, P. G. Gardner, H. M. French and G. N. Melandy.

$1.00 each from J. M. Dalton and Joseph Butler.

$4.00 each from J. W. Fellows, C. B. Cummins and G. E. Dowling.

ILLINOIS MASONIC APPOINTMENTS.

At the recent meeting of the Grand Lodge at Springfield, great harmony prevailed, and the social relations were more than ordinarily fraternal. The Grand Secretary, Bro. H. G. Reynolds, announced his resignation of that office after many years of active service, of which there was but one opinion—that the work had been well and carefully done, and to the entire satisfaction of the Grand Lodge. As a fitting wind-up of active service, and in token of esteem, he was elected on the second ballot Grand Master for the ensuing year.

We copy from the "Trowel" the following remarks of Bro. Reynolds, which will be read with much interest:

OUR PRESENT STATUS.—Eighteen years since we were elected Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter, and on the following week Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge. Two years subsequent thereto we were mainly instrumental in organizing the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters, and were elected Grand Recorder. These stations we have held until the recent convocations. Our eldest son succeeds us as Grand Recorder, and we hold no position in the Grand Council. We still retain the first station to which we were elected in the Grand Chapter, and R. W. Bro. Orlin H. Miner, the present State Auditor, succeeds us as Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge. The brethren of that august body have seen fit to elevate us to the position of Grand Master—the most elevated and responsible position in Masonry. If we do not reflect honor upon the position, we devoutly hope that we may escape disgrace. The responsibilities are vast, duties multiform, and cares unceasing. We shall do all that lies in our power to discharge the high trusts committed to our charge, and in this we look for the cordial assistance of the grand officers, our deputies and all our brethren.

REGARD YOUR OBLIGATIONS, BRO. GOULEY.

Brother Gouley, of the St. Louis *Freemason*, is welcome to "see the traveler in any light he pleases," but when he undertakes to repeat unjustifiable abuse, although it is but the republication of C. W. Moore's scandalous observations, he must expect to rouse the indignation of the *traveler's friends*. In all seriousness, the course of Moore and Gouley are altogether wrong. Brother Morris is no doubt far from faultless; are any of us perfect? But a brother in good standing has a right to demand the fulfillment of our obligations. If the craft choose to support him in his Masonic views, who has a right to interfere? Surely Masons are not babes, and are as capable of judging for themselves as to any object presented to their attention, as Brother Moore or Brother Gouley have for them. If not, how are they able to judge of the prudence of investing in the nostrums or works Brothers Moore and Gouley offer for subscription? Now let us have no more of this; it has the unquestionable look of envy, hatred and uncharitableness, of which we do not doubt that on sober second thought, neither of these Knights will feel proud of, and may be sorry for hereafter. We have always heard Brother Gouley spoken of highly, as a man of noble aspirarations and generosity. Why tarnish the fine gold by petty malice, which does the author more harm than the object of vituperation.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Laying the Corner Stone of the New State House, on Monday, October 5, 1868, *by the Grand Masonic Body of the State of Illinois, M. W. J. R. Gorin, Grand Master—Large Attendance of Masons and of Knights Templar of Chicago and Springfield—The Chicago Ellsworth Zouaves, and the Light Guard and Garden City Bands from Chicago.*

We have been to Springfield to attend the laying of the corner stone of our future Legislative Halls of the great State of Illinois, and have no reason to regret it. The Grand Lodge of Masons was to meet on the 6th inst., and it was thought advisable to appoint Monday, the 5th inst., for this event, and engage the grand Masonic body to perform the ceremony in the ancient Masonic usages. The day was fine, and everything passed off excellently and with great satisfaction.

We shall omit the ceremonies, so well known and appropriate, and regret we cannot find room for the list of articles inserted in the copper vessel let into the stone. We may, however, say that there was put in a copy of the "VOICE OF MASONRY."

One of the grandest sights of the day was the march of the Masonic bodies in white aprons, the Citizens' Committee of Springfield, the Ellsworth Zouaves in their gay dresses, the Knights Templar in full costume, round and upon the foundation walls. It had all the appearance of walking on fortifications elevated eight feet above the people, and by the time the Grand Masonic Lodge officers had arrived at the platform, it was a beautiful sight to behold the lengthened procession, two abreast, covering all the foundation walls completely, which had a most picturesque appearance.

At the close of the ceremonies the procession re-formed, and proceeded to the "Rink," a very large building, appropriately decorated, in which was prepared a cold collation or banquet for the Masonic Grand Lodge and invited guests, numbering quite twelve hundred persons, who, after the bands ceased playing and grace was offered, sat down to a most substantial repast, flanked by an unlimited supply of champagne; and here it is but justice to say that the citizens of Springfield spread themselves with almost unexampled liberality, and indeed prodigality.

One of the most beautiful features of the banquet was the generous help proffered by the young ladies of Springfield, the daughters of the citizens, and indeed many of their wives, without which the banquet would have been a failure. On either side of the long Rink was a raised platform against the walls of the building, on which it is computed stood upwards of two hundred ladies, ready at a given signal to descend and wait upon the guests. When that signal was given, and they began to file down and then up through the spaces between the tables, the whole company rose and greeted them with a cheering worthy of the occasion. The sight was one long to be remembered.

The plans of the architects, and the site upon which this Legislative House is to be erected, are both alike beautiful, and when completed will be an honor to the State, as it will undoubtedly be a lasting monument to the skill of our fellow-citizen of Chicago, Bro. John C. Cochrane, the designer and architect.

CHICAGO CONSISTORY OF THE A. & A. SCOTCH RITE vs. THE GRAND CONSISTORY OF LA.

In our last number we alluded to the difficulty between these two bodies, arising, as we had reason to believe, in an unintentional error into which the Chicago Consistory had been inadvertently led. We deem it unnecessary to copy the expostulary letters from our brethren at New Orleans, allusion to which was then made. We hope the editor of the "Evergreen" will insert the following letter, handed to us by Ill. Bro. John D. M. Carr, the Sovereign Commander of Chicago Consistory, which we deem a very brotherly and conciliatory reply to the previous correspondence. It does credit to him, as its chief officer, and which we do not doubt will in justice appear in that Masonic publication, as a full and sufficient reason and answer to the animadversions in those letters.

Chicago Consistory 32°,
Office of the Ill.·. Com.·. in Chief,
17th July, 1868.

To Sam'l M. Todd, 33d Gr.·. Com.·. in Chief of the Gr.·. Cons.·. of La.:

Ill.·. Sir and Brother: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a communication in reference to a violation of jurisdictional rights in conferring the Consistory degrees upon F. J. Herron, and I beg to submit the following statement of the case.

On the 22d of May I was waited upon by Prince ——, a member of Chicago Consistory, and requested to obtain a dispensation from the Deputy for the State of Illinois to enable me to confer the Consistory degrees upon Major-General F. J. Herron.

Prince —— vouched for his being a Sir Knight Rose X in good standing, and led me to believe that General Herron was under orders to proceed to the Rocky Mountains, and could not possibly remain over until the regular rendezvous of the Consistory.

I did not know General Herron personally, but by reputation quite well, of course; and I at once communicated with the Deputy, and obtained leave to communicate the degrees.

The next day, in the presence of several officers of the Consistory and the M. W. and P. Master of Cœur de Leon Sov. Chapter of Rose X did communicate all the degrees from the 19th to the 32d inclusive to F. J. Herron, and recognized him as a member of Chicago Consistory.

Shortly afterwards the General left for the Rocky Mountains, and I have not heard from him since; though some weeks since I forwarded to him through Prince —— a certificate of membership.

I did not know that General Herron could be considered as coming under any jurisdiction, as I thought that he still was an Army officer—and I do not know to the contrary now—and it is a recognized fact that an Army officer has no home, being always subject to orders.

It was natural to suppose that he had received the degrees of the other bodies in New Orleans, and was compelled to obtain the Consistory degrees wherever it might be possible. And it was not strange that he should desire to have them before going upon a long and uncertain journey.

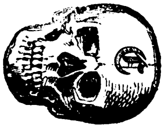
Besides all this he was vouched for by a gentleman of intelligence, and had himself a reputation beyond reproach. It would have been almost impossible to have questioned the justice of the petition, and more than ungenerous to have taken exceptions to the applicant.

And yet I am pained beyond expression to think that we could have committed so grave an error. I am grieved to believe that we have extended to our beloved brethren of the Southern Jurisdiction such injustice.

I need hardly tell you how warm have been our feelings towards the bodies in the South, whose Chief was always our champion and defender in the darkest hours of our tribulations and dangers; and I am proud to believe that neither "goodness of heart nor errors of the brain" would have induced us to return such faithful protection by even the shadow of an ingratitude.

I cling to but one hope in this sad affair—the hope that there may be a mistake. Neither of the communications enclosed to us bears a seal.

It is only possible that there may be an error somewhere, and I beg, illustrious Sir and Brother, that you will, in justice to us and all the parties concerned, communicate with me on receipt of this, over the seal of the Grand Consistory of La., and reassure us of these grave matters.



With the highest respect and sincerest affection,
I have the honor to be,
Yours fraternally,
JNO. D. M. CARR, 32d,
Ill.·. Com.·. in Chief of
Chicago Consistory.

CORRECTION—KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

In the hurry of going to press last month, we did not notice that the compositor was supplied with the wrong copy. We should have said on page 579—"At the triennial rendezvous of this body, at St. Louis, Sept. 17, 1868, the Grand Encampment elected the following officers, viz:

Wm. Sewell Gardner, of Mass., M. E. G. M.
J. Q. A. Fellows, of La., R. E. D. G. M.
Kent Jarvis, of Ohio, V. E. G. G.
Geo. W. Belt, of Mo., V. E. G. C. G.
Jno. Frizzell, of Tenn., V. E. G. S. W.
Wm. Munger, of Ky., V. E. G. J. W.
Jno. W. Simons, of N. Y., V. E. G. Treas.
Jno. D. Caldwell, of Ohio, V. E. G. Rec.
Alfred Creigh, of Penn., V. E. G. S. B.
Wm. Barrett, of N. H., V. E. G. S. B.
T. W. Chandler, of Ga., V. E. G. Warden.

The delegations to both bodies from the States were the fullest ever present at a triennial meeting. The G. G. Chapter continued its session till 11 P. M. The Grand Chapter of District of Columbia was recognized. The Grand Chapter of Delaware was considered in abeyance until its affairs could be examined into. The following are the officers of the G. G. Chapter:

Jas. M. Austin, of N. Y., G. G. H. P.
Robert S. Bruns, of S. C., D. G. G. H. P.
Wm. Hacker, of Ind., G. G. K.
M. Collins, of Mo., G. G. S.
Jno. McClellan, of Mass., G. G. Treas.
Jno. D. Caldwell, of Ohio, G. G. Sec.
Isaac S. Titus, of Cal., G. G. C. H.
O. H. Miner, of Ill., G. G. R. A. C.

Both bodies adjourned to meet in Baltimore on the second Tuesday of September, 1871.

THE

VOICE OF MASONRY

DEVOTED TO

Masonic and General Literature,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

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SERIES OF LETTERS* FROM ROB MORRIS, LL. D.

RELIGION IN SYRIA.

BY ROB MORRIS, LL. D.

It is superfluous to inform the reader that the religion of the natives of Syria and Palestine is the Moslem or Mohammedan religion, so called from its founder, Mohammed (but often erroneously written *Mahomet*). As, however, there are many who are not familiar with this system of worship that controls the consciences of nearly one fourth the inhabitants of the world, the object of the present article is to make a practical synopsis of the Mohammedan religion as we saw it practised during a residence of four months in some of the countries of its adoption. Being substantially, almost

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* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by J. C. W. Bailey, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

literally, the same in its rites and ceremonies everywhere, and having the same religious code (the Koran) always written in the Arabic tongue—a description of Moslemism adapted to *one latitude* is adapted to *all*.

In traveling through Mohammedan countries, the first thing that catches the eye, in approaching a city or large town, is the minaret attached to the principal Mosk or Moslem churches. These churches are scarce in Palestine and Syria. I remember in a very long day's travel, from Nablous to Nazareth, that I saw but one, viz., at *Jenin* (the ancient En-gannim). My attention was particularly called to that one from the very fact of the scarcity of Mosks, and consequently of minarets. I observed, too, that in general they are in considerable disrepair, so much so (I allude particularly to Damascus) that I should think the task of ascending them rather dangerous to the Muezzins.

It is from the top (or rather from a platform running round the minaret *near the top*) that the church officer, entitled the *Muezzin*, makes, at the five canonical hours of each day, his proclamation or call to prayer. Before raising his voice he is expected to repeat for his own benefit the following prayer (he repeats it, of course, in his own language): "Oh my God, give me piety, purify me: Thou alone hast the power. Thou art my benefactor and my master, oh Lord! Thou art toward me *as I desire*; may I be toward Thee *as Thou desirest*. My God, cause my interior to be better than my exterior. Direct all my actions to rectitude. Oh God, deign in Thy mercy to direct my will toward that which is good. Grant me at the same time true honor and spiritual poverty, oh Thou, the most merciful of the merciful."

The proclamation of prayer is painfully drawn out and howled until distinct utterance is lost. No person, I think, can exactly certify as to *what* the Muezzin says. I have tried frequently to distinguish some of the words, or even the vowel sounds, but invariably failed. The following, however, is what he *ought* to say, and probably *does* say, though in the manner more of *the wolf* than man: "God is great, God is great—God is great, God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. (Repeat.) I bear witness that Mohammed is the Prophet of God. (Repeat.) Come to the temple of salvation. (Repeat.) God is great, God is most great. There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet." To this the Muezzin adds, in his morning proclamation, "Prayer is better than sleep, prayer is better than sleep." How vividly come upon my memory the many occasions upon which I have listened to these proclamations! At Jebale, the ancient Gebale, 25 miles above Beyrout, I boarded for several days in the mansion occupied by three Maronite priests, and going upon the house-top, my favorite promenade, I looked almost directly down upon the little Mosk which serves for the devotion of eighteen Moslems, dwellers in that town. A desolate, half-ruined edifice it is, and I believe the only person I ever saw going to worship there was my Arab horse-driver, Hasson Mardry, who, though he had told me he was a Christian, proved to be of the faith of "the camel-driver of Mecca." I used to go on the house-top, just before sundown, on purpose to study the movements of that Muezzin. The Mediterranean sea, lying just on the west of us, it was easy for him to tell, in fair weather, the exact moment when he should begin his proclamation. A few minutes before sundown I could see him peeping from the top of the Mosk toward the west, then he would ascend the ricketty stairs that led to the platform near the top of the minaret, and just as the last segment of the sun disappeared beneath the waves, he would take his place at the southeastern corner—that which enabled him to turn his face toward Mecca—place his open hands at the sides of his mouth, I suppose to give increased power to his voice, and then chant, or rather howl, in a long-drawn, monotonous tone, whatever his official duty required, So practised was he in his vocation, and so judiciously did he pitch his voice, that I think in that still sunset how my Jebale Muezzin could be heard two or three miles around. I must say, however, that I never could observe the least effect produced by his proclamation in that little village of 600 inhabitants. The 150 red-legged Zouaves continued their loud conversation and laughter on the steps of the old castle, just beyond the Mosk; the noisy buying and selling in the bazaars was uninterrupted; the crowds of boys continued their game in the horrible old graveyard to the left; and, in short, the man had his music for his pains. After one repetition of his proclamation, the Muezzin came around to the northeast, looking right into my face as I stood on a level with him, and repeated it there; then he went to the northwest, and finally to the southwest, each time rehearsing I suppose, the same sounds. Altogether I think his call occupied about ten minutes.

I spent two weeks in Damascus, at Demetry's Hotel, the windows from my bed-room exactly facing an old Moslem, about twenty or thirty steps off, and I often watched a similar performance there. At Jerusalem I was the more interested in the same thing, because my boarding-house (the Prussian House) overlooks a part of the *Hareem*, or sawed area in which the Temple formerly stood, and enabled me to hear very distinctly the Muezzin's voice from the minaret on the north side of that celebrated inclosure. The crier there has the most powerful voice for his work that I ever heard. I believe he is quite famous in his way among the Muezzins of the Holy City. At any rate it was a musical treat to listen to it as it floated over that ancient city, especially during the golden sunsets by which we were favored during my first visit there. I need not say that the duties of Mohammedan worship are much better performed at Jerusalem than at Jebale. The present Governor of that city, Nazif Pasha, is noted as almost fanatical in his devotion to the religious rites of his profession, attending the Mosk, it is said, at each of the five canonical proclamations every day. But I know such is not the case with the Governor-General at Damascus, Raschid Pasha, nor with the Governor at Jaffa, Noureddin Effendi, both of whom honored me with their personal friendship. I do not say that they are not faithful to the general tenets of their faith, but I can testify that they do not attend the Mosk so punctually as that.

To present a sketch of the Mohammedan religion, a brief allusion to the history of its founder is necessary. He was born at Mecca, in the Arabian peninsula, A. D. 569, of an old and illustrious family. From childhood he displayed an intelligent and reflective mind. His profession was that of a merchant, though he achieved some reputation as a soldier in a military campaign. About the age of 40 he came before the world professing to have been called by the angel Gabriel to undertake the prophet's mission. He was at first ridiculed and opposed, and made such slight progress as to find it necessary, thirteen years afterwards, to flee to Medina to save his life. This was in the year 622, called in the Mohammedan calendar the *year one of the Hegira.* Mohammed was then about 53 years of age.

At Medina the pretensions of Mohammed met with greater success. The principal part of the inhabitants made profession of *Islamism*, as the new faith was styled, and the name of the city was changed from *Yatreb*, its ancient title, to *Medinet-al-Nebi*, the City of the Prophet. A Mosk was built, forms of worship devised, and practical observances instituted.

In consequence of this, war was soon declared between the two cities, and in the first onset the forces of Mohammed met a severe repulse. Soon, however, fortune changed in his favor, and not Mecca alone, but the whole Arabian peninsula, was conquered by his arms. During the ten years in which he prosecuted his mission—for he died June 8, 632—his armies overrun large portions of Persia, Syria, and the contiguous countries.

The character of the religion which this arch-imposter promulgated was admirably designed for the time and the people among whom it was preached. It is found in the book entitled the Koran, (pronounced *Ko-rahn*, accented on the last syllable,) a word signifying "that which ought to be read." Its followers are termed *Mussulmans*, or "persons wholly resigned to the will of God." The religion itself is styled *Islamism*, meaning "resignation to the will of God," or "a state of salvation," The creed, or summary of this religion, sets out by stating that faith is the foundation of Islamism, whose practice leads to five principal performances, viz.: the confession of God, and Mohammed as his prophet; the offering of prayer at stated periods, including washing and purification; the bestowal of alms; fasting during the month Ramadan; the pilgrimage to Mecca. Faith in one God, as distinguished from Paganism and Idolatry in all their forms, was the distinguishing feature of Mohammed's system, and that which gave it such vast success in an age when even the Christian Church had relapsed into semi-idolatry. His testimony concerning God is of course borrowed from our own Holy Writings, to which he had free access; but it is finely expressed in his creed. The Mussulman's Rosary consists of 100 beads, 99 small and 1 large, and one attribute of God is recited for each while the worshiper is fingering them. In every place I visited I observed the better class of Mussulmans walking about or sitting with rosaries on their wrists, listlessly fingering them, usually made of beads or sandalwood, and, perhaps, repeating the associated words. These are as follows, (each ascription being prefaced by the interjection, oh!) "1. Compassionate; 2. Merciful; 3. King; 4. Holy One; 5. Saviour; 6. Protector; 7. Defender; 8. Glorious; 9. Absolute Sovereign; 10. Magnificent; 11. Creator; 12. Author of Nature; 13. Maker of the Universe; 14. Thou who forgivest sins; 15. Conqueror; 16. Truly Generous; 17. Preserver; 18. Victorious; 19. Omniscient; 20. Omnipotent; 21. Boundless; 22. Humbler of the Proud;

23. Elevator of the Humble; 24. Author of all Honor; 25. Author of all Humiliation; 26. Thou who hearest; 27. Thou who seest; 28. Judge; 29. Just; 30. Thou worthy of love; 31. Truly wise; 32. Great; 33. Gracious; 34. Rewarder of thy servants; 35. Most Mighty; 36. Most High; 37. Guardian; 38. Thou who affordest nourishment; 39. Avenger; 40. Sublime; 41. Beneficent; 42. Observer of actions; 43. Hearer of prayer; 44. Boundless; 45. Source of knowledge; 46. Source of glory; 47. Thou that lovest us; 48. Cause of all causes; 49. Witness; 50. Truth; 51. Governor; 52. Strong; 53. Permanent; 54. Master; 55. Object of our passions; 56. Thou that calledst being from nothing; 57. Calculator; 58. Author of the Resurrection; 59. Giver of life; 60. Giver of Death; 61. Living One; 62. Enduring; 63. Source of Discovery; 64. Worthy of all Honor; 65. Thou only One; 66. Immortal; 67. Powerful; 68. Thou to whom nothing is impossible; 69. Thou who existest before all ages; 70. Thou who existest after all time; 71. First of Beings; 72. Ancient of Days; 73. Eternal; 74. Invisible; 75. Manifest; 76. Our Patron; 77. Our benefactor; 78. Thou who acceptest our repentance; 79. Thou who dost justify us; 80. Thou who dost punish; 81. Benign; 82. Sovereign of Nature; 83. Possessor of Glory and Majesty; 84. Equitable; 85. Thou who wilt re-assemble us at the day of judgment; 86. Rich; 87. Source of Riches; 88. Lord; 89. Thou who dost deliver us from evil; 90. Thou who dost permit evil to come; 91. Author of all Good; 92. Illuminator; 93. Guide; 94. Marvelous; 95. Unchangeable; 96. Thou whose inheritance is the Universe; 97. Director; 98. Patient; 99. Mild; 100. God."

Would not one suppose that a person repeating these, bead by bead, a dozen times a day, would in time have his soul influenced in some degree by their sublime meaning? Yet they are only another proof of the blindness and inefficiency of mere Ritualisms. I have watched the merchants in the bazaars of Tyre, Jerusalem, and elsewhere, handling their rosaries in Mohammedan abstractedness (which travelers describe as something wonderfully spiritual) until I approached to inquire the price of a piece of goods; then descending at once from the grandeur of "Compassionate," "Merciful," "Protector," "Holy One," etc., etc., these devout men were prepared to swindle me to the last piastre in my purse, swearing by the very Allah whose 100 sublime attributes they had just been rehearsing, that the article cost so much, and was worth so much, and perjuring themselves in every breath. Nothing is more ludicrous to an observant traveler in Oriental countries than to read the high-flown eulogiums passed by a Lamartine and his train of imitators upon the religious observances of the Moslems. Why every sentence they speak contains an oath. The very word they use for *go ahead* is "yellah," which signifies "Oh God!" and their religious faith has no more influence upon their moral conduct than has their political faith.

But to return to the Mohammedan creed. A belief in Angels, "pure and subtile bodies created of fire," is essential to a Moslem; also, that the Koran (the divine Book) is eternal, "without production," and contains the commands and prohibitions of God—his edicts, his promises and threatenings, his declaration of what is lawful and unlawful, the distinction between obedience and rebellion, and His information concerning retributive justice, both as regards rewards and punishments. The Word of God was sent down from heaven in the following order, viz.: To Adam, 10 books; to Seth, 50; to Enoch, 30; to Abraham, 10; to Moses, 1; to Jesus Christ, 1; to David, 1; to Mohammed, 1. The book intrusted to Moses was the Pentatench; that to Jesus was the Gospel; to David the Psalms; to Mohammed the 104 chapters of the *Forkan*,* or, as commonly written, the *Koran;* those to Adam, Seth, Abraham, and Enoch are lost.

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* The Mohammedans have several titles for their Sacred Books, viz.: The "Forkan," which is the Discerner or Distinguisher between truth and falsehood, justice and injustice; the "Moshax," which is simply the Book, as we use the term the "Bible;" the "Kelam Scherif," that is the Noble Word; the "Ketab Aziz," that is, the Precious Volume, etc., etc.

The Mohammedan creed also requires faith in the ambassadors of God, "chosen from among men and sent as messengers to men, preachers of eternal truth, to whom implicit faith is due." Of these ambassadors the first was Adam, the last and most excellent was Mohammed, each of whom instituted a new mode of religious worship. After the order of the prophets, the most excellent of created beings, were the companions and successors of Mohammed, viz.: Abu-Bekr, Omar, Othman, Ali; then Talcha, Al-Zobeir, Zeid, Saad, Abd-al-Rahman, and Abu Obeida. The number of prophets was 124,000.

Faith in the last day of final retribution is an article in this creed, which includes that of the resurrection from the dead. The Divine Decree and Predestination are forcibly inculcated by Moslem teachers.

Of the practices enjoined by the creed of Mohammed, the principal ones to which I have already alluded are lustrations, prayer, alms, abstinence, and the pilgrimage to Mecca.

The Mussulman law permits the performance of religious exercises only after the body has been cleansed from every earthly stain. This is to remind the believer that he should address God with a clean heart, purified from earthly thoughts. To this end fountains of water are seen in the vicinity (often in the courts) of every Mosk. The first exhibition of this that I witnessed was at Smyrna. Approaching one of the Mosks a few minutes before noon, I was struck with the crowds of men around the water-font, near the door. These were washing their feet, heads, and hands. The moment the announcement of the noontide hour was made, the crowd disappeared under the curtain which conceals the entrance to the Mosk.

I close this article, but by no means exhausting my notes, by copying a few Moslem forms of prayer, rendered into our own tongue. Should the subject be found of interest to the readers of this paper, I may extend it into a second article.

Before commencing the ablutions the worshiper says, "I am going to purify myself from all bodily uncleanness, preparatory to commencing prayer, that holy act of duty which will draw my soul near to the throne of the Most High. In the name of God, the great and mighty. Praise be unto God, who has given us grace to be Mussulmans. Islamism is a truth, and infidelity a falsehood." Then there is a separate prayer: 1st, while cleaning the teeth; 2d, rinsing the mouth; 3d, washing the nostrils; 4th, washing the face; 5th, washing the right hand; 6th, washing the left hand; 7th, bathing the head; 8th, bathing the ears; 9th, bathing the neck; 10th, washing the right foot; 11th, washing the left foot—for they believe that a separate account is made of each man's actions, which on the day of judgment will be placed in the right hand of the righteous, and the left of the wicked. Specimens of the 10th and 11th forms are here given: "Oh my God, grant that I, my father and my mother, may be of the number of those whose feet shall stand firm on the terrible bridge of Al Sivat." "Oh my God, grant that in passing the bridge Al Sivat my feet may not slip like those of the wicked. My God, direct my paths in this present life. Make me ever grateful for thy favors." This bridge of Al Sivat (often written Al Sirat, in either case pronounced *aht*, and accented on the last syllable) leads from earth to heaven, over the very center of hell. It is finer than a hair, and sharper than the razor's edge. It is beset on all sides with briers and thorns. "Over it the righteous shall pass swiftly and without impediment, but the wicked shall be hurled into the burning lake which roars beneath them."

The public prayer on Fridays has the following passage, which will bear perusal: "Know ye that this world is perishable, and its pleasures transitory. We pass our days in slavery to obtain food, and death soon comes to terminate them. Oh, my brethren, we have a feeble body, an uncertain tenure of life, a deep sea to traverse, a devouring flame to dread. The bridge Al Sivat is very narrow, the balance very just; the day of the resurrection is not very far distant. The Judge of that great day will be a glorious Lord; in that awful day, Adam, the pure in God, will say, Oh my God. And the Most High—may his glory shine in all eyes, and his blessings descend upon all nations!—will pronounce these consoling words: "Oh my servants, oh my servants, they shall have nothing to dread; sorrow shall not come nigh them!"

EARLY INSTANCES OF PRAYER.

The great light of Masonry informs us that even in the earliest ages of the world there existed in the human breast a spontaneous bursting forth of grateful feeling towards the Almighty Architect of the Universe, the benefactor of mankind. The first specimen is met with in the days of Seth, the third son of Adam. "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord." The same expression is used in the history of the patriarch Abraham, who built altars and prayed to God. His example was followed by Isaac and Jacob, and their immediate descendants. This "calling on the name of the Lord" is what we now understand by the term prayer. From the several verses in the Book of Genesis which speaks of prayers offered up by the patriarchs, the Talmud infers that the morning prayer was first introduced by Abraham, afternoon prayer by Isaac, and that of the evening by Jacob; and therefore it is concluded that prayer was from the earliest period used as a regular and stated duty. After the release of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage, they were initiated into Holy Communion by Divine revelation on Mount Sinai.

The mode of worship then consisted of regular daily sacrifices, described in the great light before alluded to. The sacrifices were always accompanied with suitable prayers. In Deuteronomy is a form of thanksgiving and confession to be used by the people in the temple. Addresses to the Almighty appear to have arisen as occasion required. Of this class instances are found, such as Moses, Joshua, Hannah, Hezekiah and others. Nothing more clearly points out the fact, where prayer became an established custom than the devout and emphatic prayer to the Great Architect of the Universe of our Great Grand Master Solomon, at the dedication of the temple. Let every Mason read it, and remember the words used, and the holy sentiments conveyed.

The temple was certainly the place of consecrated prayer (as well as sacrifices) for all who were within its reach; yet, as many lived at too great a distance from this sacred spot, private devotion was no doubt practiced amongst them. There are many places in history mentioned where prayer and regular devotion was used, as Damascus, Shiloh, Bethel and Jericho. There was also an assemblage called "The Sons of the Prophets." After the destruction of the temple the Jewish nation ultimately became scattered amongst the neighboring heathen countries, and the occasions of prayer and supplication must have increased in such a state of persecution. The prophet Daniel suffered himself to be cast into the den of lions because he persisted in praying, three times a day, toward Jerusalem, in defiance of the King's edict. Ezra, with others who lived in his day, collected, composed and compiled prayers in the pure, original language, suitable for public and private devotion; and who, with his conclave, were called "The men of the great assembly or synagogue;" and this synod, we are informed, was composed of one hundred and twenty persons of great piety and learning.

These prayers were in use amongst the people during the time of the second temple.

LITERARY FOOLS.

FANATICAL PRODUCTIONS—MONOMANIACS—MAD THEOLOGIANS—LITERARY FOOLS PROPER—FOOLS SCIENTIFIC, PHILOSOPHICAL AND POLITICAL.

A writer in *St. James' Magazine* describes the race of "Literary Fools," whom he separates into four divisions—the theological, the literary proper, the philosophical, and the political. Let it not, however, be supposed that the literary records of these fools are invariably fantastical. Not unfrequently they contain fragments, expressed, as Polomine would have said, with "a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of."

Such mystical extravagances as "The spiritual squirt, for souls constipated in devotion," and "The spiritual snuff-box, to make devout souls sneeze," are out of the direct line of our subject. Coming more strictly within its pale are the records of one Paoletti, a Jesuit, who for a long time was deranged from his arduous labors as a missionary in South America. After he had been in confinement five years, he composed a work confuting the doctrines of Thomas Aquinas, and in which he endeavored to prove that God used the symbolic instruments of the Jewish rites to determine who should or who should not receive the divine favor. He formed a diagram purporting to show the manner in which the holy vessels employed in the Tabernacle were made use of in order to indicate the future lot of the children of Adam relatively to predestination. In an engraving which accompanies the work, the Almighty is shown surrounded by angels, and presiding at the manipulation of the symbolical vessels. The divine and the human will are represented as two balls moving in a circle, but in different directions, and in the end finishing by meeting in a common centre. Paoletti wrote another treatise during his madness. In this work he argued that the aborigines of America were the direct descendants of the devil and one of the daughters of Noah; consequently that it was impossible for them to obtain either safety or grace.

POSTEL.

But more famous even than Paoletti is Guillaume Postel, a Jesuit who flourished in the sixteenth century, and was dismissed the order by St. Ignatius, on account of his fantastical notions. He was imprisoned many years in Rome; fled to Venice; was accused of heresy before the Inquisition; was declared innocent but insane; and afterward made a second journey to Constantinople and Jerusalem. At Rome he was infatuated with an old woman whom he called his grandmother Jane. He asserted that our Savior had redeemed man only, and that the redemption of woman would be effected by the lady in question. He sought to prove this opinion in a work written in Italian, and entitled "The Venetian Virgin," and in another work in French, printed at Paris, and entitled "The Three Marvellous Victories of the Women of the New World, and how they ought in Justice to Command Everybody, even those who have the Monarchy of the Old World."

He pretended that the Angel Gabriel had revealed to him divers mysteries, and believed that the soul of St. John the Baptist had been transfused into him. He maintained that when he wrote his work, "De Navitate Mediatoris," he was inspired by the spirit of Jesus Christ, and acted only the part of a secretary. As might be expected, he was condemned to the stake, but he escaped the tender mercies of the Parliament of Toulouse, and died in 1581, at the Monastery of St. Martin des Champs, leaving behind him many unpublished manuscripts.

GEOFFREY VALLEE.

About the same period lived Geoffrey Vallee, who became a monomaniac when young. He is said to have had as many shirts as there were days to the year, and he used to send them to be washed in Flanders, at a spring famous for the purity of its waters. In Paris he gave way to dissipation, his reason became impaired, and he was placed under restraint by his family. He wrote a book, a tissue of nonsense, but for which he was condemned as an atheist, and he and his book together burned at the stake on the 9th of February, 1574.

SIMON MORIN.

Simon Morin, an ignorant and illiterate man, possessed with the errors of the illuminati, wrote several works, one of which, composed in 1631, was entitled, "An Evidence of the Second Coming of the Son of Man," and in it he maintained that he himself was the Messiah. He was condemned to be burned alive, and he perished at the stake, his works sharing the same fate, on the 14th of March, 1663. When the President de Lamoignon demanded of Morin if he had written that the new Messiah would pass through the fire, the wretched man answered yes, and that it was of him that the prophet had spoken in the fourth verse of the Sixteenth Psalm, "*Igne me examinasti, et non est inventa in me iniquitas.*" He had promised to rise again on the third day, and a multitude assembled at the place of execution to witness the resurrection.

FRANCOIS DOSCHE.

From our list of mad theologians we must not omit François Dosche, who says at the end of the title page of one of his books, that "not having the means to print it entire, he has, in order to give it to the light, begun with the end, being as anxious to bring forth the truth of God in him as a pregnant woman is to give birth to her infant." Nor must we forget John Mason, who proclaimed that Christ would establish his temporal throne at Water-Strattford, near Buckingham; and Jean P. Parizot, who attempted to prove that in Genesis and the Gospel of St. John it was announced that the three elements of the Trinity were found everywhere in nature. Salt, the generator of all things, represented God the Father; mercury, in its extreme fluidity, God the Son, spread throughout the universe; and sulphur, from its property of uniting salt and mercury, God the Holy Ghost.

666.

We might give other instances of writers whose brains have been turned by theology in times anterior to our own; but to come down to the present day, we may name J. A. Soubira, the self-styled "Apostle of Israel, Messiah of the Universe, Lion of Jacob," etc. Among his works are "The Second Messiah of the Whole World," (1818, 8vo.); "The End of the World Predicted by Soubira—its Epoch Fixed, that of the Coming of the Messiah of Israel, and of the first day of the Age of Gold, or of the New Terrestrial Paradise," (8vo.); "The Wandering Jew to his Bankers," (8vo, 2 pages); "666," (1828, 8vo.), etc. This last work is made up of prose and verse, and the number 666 is placed at the end of each line in every stanza. We quote a specimen:

"Les banquiers de la France........666
Des organistes de la loi............666
Et des concertes de la cadence......666
Vont accomplir la loi..............666
Et contremener l'alliance..........666."

LITERARY FOOLS.

Let us pass on to Fools Literary. In the seventeenth century we find Nat Lee, and in the eighteenth, Alexander Cruden, the author of the well-known "Concordance of the Holy Scriptures." He was frequently in confinement. His insanity is thought to have been produced by disappointed affection, and exhibited itself in extraordinary attempts to do good in ridiculous ways. When released from the Bethnel Green Asylum he retaliated on his keepers in a wild pamphlet, with the rather lengthy title of "The London Citizen Exceedingly Injured, giving an account of his adventures during the time of his severe and long campaign at Bethnel Green, for nine weeks and six days, the Citizen being sent thither in March, 1738, by Robert Wightman, a notoriously conceived, whimsical man, where he was chained, handcuffed, strait-waistcoated, and imprisoned," etc. After a subsequent confinement he wrote another singular and fantastic work, called "The Adventures of Alexander the Corrector," another name for the author himself, whose principal employment at the time was that of a corrector for the press.

About the same period lived Christopher Smart, who received a brilliant education at Cambridge, where he carried off the prize for the best poem five years in succession, and whose power as a writer was not wholly extinguished, even by his malady. He became insane in 1764, and was confined in an asylum. But though he was deprived of pen, ink and paper, he composed there a poem of nearly one hundred stanzas to the glory of the prophet, King David. These verses he traced with a key on the panels of his chamber. Critics are agreed that many of the verses bear the stamp of a true poet, and it is to be doubted whether Smart was really mad at the time he composed them.

Smart died in 1770. He translated the Psalms, Horace and Phœdrus. His poems were published in 1791, and he was intimate with Garrick and Johnson, the latter of whom wrote his life.

Contemporary, or nearly so, with Smart was Edma Billiard, a literary fool, who amused the good people of Paris, and wrote for their edification four plays—"The Joyous Moribund," "Voltaire Appreciated," "The Weeper in Spite of Himself," and "The Suborner"—which, though evidently written by a person of diseased mind, are not wanting in gaiety.

Thomas Lloyd, like a good many other silly people, believed that he was the finest poet in the world. His "Sketches in Bedlam, or Characteristic Traits of Insanity" (London, 1823), have been described as containing "the most extraordinary and heterogeneous melange of malice, pride, talent, lying, vile failings and great qualities." During his imprisonment in Bedlam he was able to obtain paper, and began to write verses; but as it usually happened they did not come up to the required standard, he would throw them into his drink, as he said, to clean them. Whatever he had in his pockets or that came to hand, his insanity urged him to mix with his food, and pebbles, tobacco, bones, coals and bits of leather were all thrown into his pottage, after a process which he termed scientific. He believed that whatever he cast in gave some agreeable flavor to the food, and it is said that had he not been watched he would have swallowed everything with the gusto of an Apicius. He proclaimed that his knowledge was universal in languages, science, music, and history. Although frequently liberated, it was necessary to replace him in confinement. He lived over his sixtieth year.

John Carl Wezal, born in 1747, wrote several works under the delusion that he was God. Some of these effusions were published under the title "Opera Dei Wezelli W. S. des Gottes."

SINGULAR EXAMPLES.

We shall close our remarks on Literary Fools proper with two singular examples. In 1834 a M. G. Desjardins brought out in Paris, under the title of the "First Babylon," the beginning of a stupendous drama called "Semiramis the Great." It consisted of five hundred octavo pages, and many passages were printed in Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, and Chaldee, as well as other characters. The following specimen will be enough for our readers: "In the ranks are found mingled and carried along both beasts and brutes, contemporaneous of the ancient actors of this apocalyptic scene; reptiles, birds, quadrupeds, great lions in the ranks of warriors, dromedaries, ostriches, giraffes, boas, elevating their long necks, or advancing spirally in the midst of traveling men. Above all the stork, the ibis and great vultures fly, all rolling together the thick waves, all lightened in the travel of their whirling chain," etc., etc.

SCIENTIFIC AND PHILOSOPHIC FOOLS.

Among fools, scientific and philosophic, must be ranked one Gragnani, a physician of Pisa, who became mad, and to pacify whom was printed, in 1496, a work from his pen, entitled "De Philosopeia Aristotalis," in which the writer endeavored to prove that the name of Aristotle was a myth, and that philosopher never existed.

In 1529 appeared at Florence "The Anatomy of Language." It was written by a physician named Joseph Bernardi, during his confinement in an asylum. Among other strange opinions he held that the whole race of monkeys had the faculty of speech, but they kept it carefully concealed. On the walls of his cell he drew a diagram of a monkey's throat, and sought to prove that the construction plainly indicated the gift of speech, and even of song. Bernardi asserted that in the first editions of the voyages of Marco Polo it had been well established that monkeys could sing. What added to the curiosity of all this was, that one Cremoni, a Jesuit father, wrote a serious refutation of Bernardi's treatise, and maintained that the work, though well written, contained theories not in accordance with Holy Writ, and which consequently could not be true.

Wirgman, who addressed a letter to George IV., in which he declared that unless the principles set out in his book, the "Devarication of the New Testament," were adopted, neither the King nor his subjects would be saved in the other world, had his paper made of such a fashion that each leaf of his books was of divers colors, and did not the colors happen to please him, he would have other colors prepared. He was a great hand, too, at correcting proofs; to such a degree, indeed, that his "Devaricarion," though it consisted only of 400 pages, cost him £2,276 sterling.

POLITICAL FOOLS.

As an example of Fools Political, we may quote Francois Davenne, who believed, among other things, that he ought to supplant Louis XIV., and who proposed the following agreeable method for demonstrating his own sovereign puissance and royal authority: "Take," said he, "the Cardinal, the Regent, the Duke of Orleans, the Princes, the Coadjutor, and those whom the world esteems most holy; light a furnace, throw all into it, and let the individual who comes out without injury from the flame, like a phœnix renewed, be considered the *protege* of God, and be ordained prince of the people."

In 1848 one Herpain, of Genappe, sent copies of one of his works, termed "Langage Physiologique," to all the legislative assemblies of Europe. In a note at the end of the introduction he suggests the employment of certain ciphers in place of the letters ordinarily made use of; for example, "Stat5ng facto oprolit2al ni, ni to Λ 2 a 1 ovo otsno," etc. Fortunately, a translation of this sentence, worthy of Artemus Ward, is added. The puzzle being interpreted, we have the following: "Immediately that your majestic presence had lit up the nothing, the nothing became the medium of existence. Then you willed to sway favorably the essences, and the principles of beings were produced by your generous fecundity." The puzzle and the key are about equally incomprehensible.

GIVE TO THE POOR.

Can anything be better said than this, by one of the quaint, old English preachers of earlier days?

"Give to the poor with a single eye, with an upright heart, and write, 'So much given to God.' For 'inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

"This is the part of a 'faithful and wise steward.' Not to sell either his house or lands, or principal stock, be it more or less, unless some peculiar circumstance should require it; and not to desire or endeavor to increase it, anymore than to squander it away in vanity; but to employ it wholly to those wise and reasonable purposes, for which his Lord has lodged it in his hands. The wise steward, after having provided his own household with what is needful for life and godliness, makes himself friends with all that remains, from time to time, of the 'Mammon of unrighteousness; that when he fails, they may receive him into everlasting habitations;'—that whensoever his earthly tabernacle is dissolved, they, who were before carried into Abraham's bosom, after having eaten his bread, and worn the fleece of his flock, and praised God for the consolation, may welcome him into Paradise, and into 'the house of God, eternal in the heavens.'

We 'charge' you, therefore, 'who are rich in this world,' as having authority from our great Lord and Master, to be *habitually doing good*, to live in a course of good works. 'Be ye merciful, as your Father who is in heaven is merciful;' 'Who doeth good and ceaseth not.' 'Be ye merciful,'—how far? After your power; with all the ability which God giveth. Make this your only measure of doing good, not any beggarly maxims or customs of the world. We 'charge you to be rich in good works;' as you have much, to give plenteously. 'Freely ye have received, freely give;' so as to lay up no treasure but in heaven. Be ye 'ready to distribute' to every one, according to his necessity. Disperse abroad; give to the poor; deal your bread to the hungry. Cover the naked with a garment; entertain the stranger; carry or send relief to them that are in prison. Heal the sick; not by miracle, but through the blessing of God, upon your seasonable support. Let the blessing of him that was ready to perish, through pining want, come upon thee. Defend the oppressed, plead the cause of the fatherless, and make the widow's heart sing for joy.

"We exhort you, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to be willing to communicate; to be of the same spirit (though not in the same outward state) with those believers of ancient times, who remained steadfast in that blessed and holy *fellowship*, wherein 'none said that anything was his own, but they had all things common.' Be a steward, a faithful and wise steward, of God and of the poor; differing from them in these two circumstances only,—that your wants are first supplied, out of the portion of your Lord's goods which remains in your hands,—and that you have the blessedness of giving. Thus 'lay up for yourselves a good foundation,' not in the world which now is, but rather, 'for the time to come, that ye may lay hold on eternal life.'"

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M. Allegri, a Jew, has been chosen Grand Master of Freemasons in France, and M. Cremiux, of the same faith, his deputy. This is somewhat singular, but perfectly correct, other qualifications being equal, as our Order is in no sense sectarian.

[The following most beautiful and appropriate Masonic Sermon was sent us by Bro. O'Connor, of Rochester, N. Y., but mislaid, we will not say unfortunately; it comes to hand most timely, and is the best answer we have yet seen to all objectors to Masonry of the Blanchard and Finney school. This is truly the most brilliant sermon on the subject it has been our good fortune ever to have read.]—Ed.

THE LIVING TEMPLE OF MASONRY.

A Sermon, Preached to the Brotherhood on St. John's Day, June 24th, 1866, *in the First M. E. Church, Rochester, N. Y., by Rev. James E. Latimer, A. M.*

> **"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."**
> **127*th Psalm*, 1*st verse*.**

To the traveler who stands upon the plains of Egypt, and looks to the everlasting Pyramids, whose origin no man can trace, and whose base shall stand firm till the rock-ribs of earth shall crumble; to the traveler who stands beneath the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, rivaling the celestial arch, and surveys with rapt wonder this masterpiece of art, sublime as its builder, Michael Angelo; to him who looks up with loving eyes to that gem of architecture, the Campanile of St. Mary in Florence, whose beauty rivets every eye, and has rendered the name of Giotto immortal; to such a traveler, there comes down from Pyramid, and Dome, and Tower, a voice that speaks to the soul in words like these, "Man thou art building a fabric more enduring, and it may be more sublime and more beautiful, than these perishable forms of wood and of stone."

Man stands at the summit of the visible creation. Everything of lower form and of animal life is repeated in him. But beyond and above all else, he is gifted with mind, capable of indefinite expansion, and endowed with immortal being. His destiny is in his own hand. No relentless fate drives him pitilessly over the stormy ocean of existence. A beneficent Providence is watching him from the skies, and sends a thousand messengers to point out the Way of Life.

Every man, then, is a *builder*. On the Foundations of Life he is erecting a temple for eternal duration. If the Greek painter could say, as an apology for the unwearied pains he expended upon his works, "I paint for eternity," who, that feels immortal longings within himself, and realizes that he is to be a denizen of Eternity, can put forth too strenuous effort to perfect his character, and prepare himself for the boundless future of his existence. Surely it cannot be the *Mason*, who is taught by precept, by symbol and by act, to raise upon the pillars of wisdom, strength and beauty, the temple which he builds.

Let us ever remember that man is frail. Without Divine aid he can do nothing worthy—nothing enduring. Let us then go to God for help and instruction. Let us read and ponder the Book He has given us, as the chart of Life. Therein we shall find plans for our spiritual architecture, which, rising without sound of axe and hammer, as did the Temple of Solomon, shall be proportionate and graceful—yea, according to "the pattern shown in the mount." Never, *never* let us forget, as we lay the masonry of character, day by day of life, the words of our text, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

We meet together, on this occasion, on the day of St. John the Baptist. The 24th day of June and the 27th of December are the festal days of Masonry. One celebrates the birth of the Baptist, the other that of the Evangelist. Every Lodge is dedicated to the memory of the Holy Saints John of Jerusalem. The Circle which represents the career of a brother is bounded by parallel lines significant of these Saints.

Wm. Hutchinson tells us in his "Spirit of Masonry," "St. John obtains our dedication as the fore-runner of Christ. In the name of St. John the Evangelist, we acknowledge his testimonies and the Divine Word."

Yet John the Baptist was only, as we may say, and as he claimed himself, a *voice*. He came crying, "repent ye." With flying feet he proclaimed the evangel of a coming Messiah. John, the beloved disciple, has penned his words for us—words which, like the sea, we may look down into their blue depths, and never fathom their full meaning.

The old painters figured John the Baptist with a lamb, and put in his mouth the words "Behold the Lamb of God." In like manner he is always represented with the "leathern girdle about his loins." And thus the Masons imitate their patron Saint, in wearing "the Lamb-skin, or white apron, which is the symbol of innocence and the badge of a Mason."

Our Order, my Brothers, must afford its own vindication. We must vindicate its reputation by being honorable, noble, religious men. To be "an upright man and a Mason," should be an equivalent to saying such a man is trustworthy in all the relations of life. We should be so confident of our pure intentions at least, that we could say to all, "look upon me and see the result of the working of the ancient craft."

Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, was a worthy brother and fellow of the Order to which we belong. His fame rang through Europe during the 17th and 18th centuries. London to-day is full of memorials of his skill as an operative Mason, and the traditions of the craft assure us he was a speculative Mason as well. But St. Paul's Cathedral, which stands forth as a landmark from every point of London, near 40 years in building, and one of the great cathedrals of the world, was the crowning work of his life. What fitting monument has England raised to this son of genius, who did so much for his native land? None. But stand in the vane of St. Paul's, and read over the organ thus: "If you seek my monument, look around you." Yes! the Cathedral is his monument, grander than statue or mausoleum, inscribed all over with the name of Christopher Wren.

So may the living stones of the great Masonic Temple, by their beauty, their proportion and their grace, be forever an irrefragible testimony to the pure precepts and the elevating mysteries, that are the heritage of this numerous brotherhood.

I. Let me speak *First* of the social character of our Order:

It is evident, at first sight, that Masonry meets an acknowledged social want. Man loves association with his fellow man, and all experience has shown that he seeks closer relations than those of universal humanity. We seek a circle of friends and intimates wider than the home circle, and yet narrower than the race, the nation, or even the city in which we dwell. Men cluster together according to affinities—and those attractions which draw men together are as specific and as well defined as the elective affinities which determine combinations in the laboratory of the chemist. Men form societies, guilds, orders, and fraternities, and it is a necessity of our social condition. Literary men form clubs such as met at the Mermaid, where sparkled the wit of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. At a later date, literary and social affinities brought together in the "Literary Club" Samuel Johnson, Garrick, Savage and Goldsmith. The club-life is a marked social feature of all great cities.

Thus meeting a great social want, as does our Fraternity, the Brethren of the Temple differ in this regard from most other associations, in that the order is not confined and *must not* be confined to any class of men, of whatever business, color, religion or nation. It frowns upon all exclusiveness, it rises above any suspicion of caste. Any man, the humblest, may be initiated into its mysteries. Any man, the humblest, may by diligence and virtue, climb the ladder to its highest round, and be crowned with the highest honors that Masonry can afford. The Order is a leveler, unrivaled by any other guild of human origin. All meet upon the level, and the honor to the Master in the East is not so much that of function as of office. For the time being he holds the Compass, and is thus the Representative of Masonic order and law.

I have said Free Masonry is universal. It is the best embodiment of the glorious motto of the French Revolutionists: "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Says Dr. Oliver in his "Symbol of Glory": "Free Masonry is cosmopolitan, and embraces the whole region of poetry and philosophy, science and morals." The objection that is made often to our order, that it does not set forth a definite religious creed, is thus seen to be invalid for thus it would lose its universal significance. In the words of Dr. Slade, "Reduce Free Masonry to the limits of any particular religious institution, and you *de facto* annihilate its usefulness as a common bond of humanity."

Thus you will find Masonry on every belt of the globe where men can dwell. In North and South America, in every State of Europe, on the islands of the sea, in Turkey, Siberia, China, in Egypt, and at the Cape, in Australia, in India, and on the desert, the Brotherhood may be found, and the mystic language of the craft is spoken by most of the babbling tongues of earth.

Could those whose opposition to Masonry is most bitter—who think of Black Art and devilish incantations at the mention of a blue Lodge—who are certain in their own minds that the system is inconsistent with Christianity; could they look in upon the workings of the Craft at any convocation; could they see the rites, which are not only innocent but instructive; could they listen to the teachings so full of moral wisdom, they would depart wiser and better men. No man claims that Masonry is religion, or a substitute for the same, but if men will not become pious, will not seek the privileges and assume the duties of a Church, it is worse than folly to warn them to beware of the Ancient Craft, merely because it is not a religion. I ask you candidly, is not the Masonic Hall a better place wherein to spend one evening a week, than the theatre, with all its demoralizing lures—than the saloons, where king Alcohol holds his court? Is it not infinitely better for the young men of a city, away from home, perhaps, and led astray by a thousand wiles, to seek and find Masonic fraternity, and a home in the Lodge, than to frequent gin palaces and visit gambling hells, and cross the threshold of the strange woman, of whom the wise man saith, "Her house inclineth unto death and her paths unto the dead."

There are many who object to Masonry on the ground of its social bond, which they see to be so strong, because they fear it may be perverted to political or revolutionary purposes. And yet no man has ever pointed out a clear case of such interference with government and with law. No such case can be found in the history of the Craft. What a few individuals may have done at any time for their own purposes, which yet the Order has not sanctioned, cannot be set down to depreciate the same. John Adams asserts in a letter to the Masons of Maryland, in answer to an address to himself, "Many good men have feared that your Order might some time be perverted to political and revolutionary purposes. However that may be," continued he, "I am sure it never has been in the past."

Robertson, the great historian, in one of his works maligns the Fraternity by identifying it with the Illuminati, as they were called—a party that rose two centuries ago, declaring religion antiquated and unworthy of regard in modern times. He does not make out his case, for there is no shadow of truth in it, and the whole passage is unworthy of the brilliant historian.

The German, Schlosser, in his "History of the 18th Century," while showing no sympathy with Free Masonry, does clearly show that this imputation has no truth in it, but rather that designing men in Germany, England, and especially in France, used the privileges of the Order to carry out their conspiracies and irreligion, but were invariably repudiated by the genuine Craft.

From time to time men who can obtain notoriety in no other way start from the cover of this stale objection as if it had not been answered a thousand times. One of the last of these is no less than the incumbent of the chair of St. Peter, at Rome. Pius IX., in his allocution of 25th September, 1865, has hurled the thunderbolts of the Vatican at Masonry. An

English gentleman, in an after-dinner speech, alluding to this subject, says well: "Was it not pitiable, in this 19th century, to behold that Rip Van Winkle in the Vatican, standing on the verge of the grave, groping about in the darkness of past ages to find obsolete weapons with which to arrest freedom of speech and of thought!"

Truly we behold the modern Don Quixote having his tilt at the wind-mills. His predecessors, when the world was alarmed at sight of a comet in the sky, were wont to excommunicate the monster, and thus pacify the Church. No harm, I opine, ever came to these heavenly bodies by means of these Papal thunders, and I fear no more to the cosmopolitan order of Masonry by this modern "Bull against the comet."

II. Let us pass on, *secondly*, to speak of the *benevolent* character of the Order:

Charity, in its largest sense, is taught by symbol and positive precept in every degree of Masonry. Its foundations, besides truth, are brotherly love and relief. Every man who travels east through the porch of Masonry, is esteemed a brother.. The love of each is due to every other, and when disaster meets any member, the whole body flies to his relief.

The charities of the Masonic brotherhood are so well known that I need not delay here to expatiate upon them. The world sees their record here, and their readiness to rush to the aid of a needy brother, is a lesson even to the Christian Church. Let the destitute brothers who have been clothed and fed by Masonic Lodges and individuals—let the widows of deceased Masons whose necessities the Order has relieved—let the children who have been clothed and educated by the funds of the Fraternity—let all the charities, public and private, which have been contributed since the establishment of Free Masonry—let all these speak for the benevolence of the Order, which none can estimate, but those who are familiar with its work.

I know it is objected to the Order that its charities are exclusive, and its humanity is limited to the brotherhood. If it were true, that its hand is never open in charity to the world at large, it would be only because no one man and no one institution can be almoner for all of earth's sorrowing ones. But it is not true that Masonic charities are exclusive. The Order gives as much for general causes as any other Fraternity in the land. Among the multitude of instances that have vindicated the character of Masons for general benevolence, there occur to me at this moment the two following cases: In the war of 1812, Buffalo suffered severely on account of its position on the frontier. There was great destitution then, and great suffering. At the call of De Witt Clinton, whom Masons delight to honor, collections were made in most of the Lodges throughout the State, and contributions of $10 to $75 each forwarded to the cases of need. Take another instance, on the other side of the globe. When Ireland was suffering from famine, a few years since, and appeals were made to the civilized world for pecuniary aid, the distant India heard the call, and principally from the English Free Masons there, £3,000 were sent to Ireland for its starving Celts.

Still it is not denied that the Masonic heart beats responsive primarily to the Brotherhood. Within its precincts is found that noble, loving charity that hides a brother's faults, and uplifts the erring and the fallen. Travelers among the Alps are wont to go in company, and by ropes attached one to another, the one who slips and would otherwise have fallen down an awful chasm, is upheld by two or more who have secure footing. So the Mason, who walks amid the Alpine heights of life, is bound by cords that cannot be broken to all the Brotherhood, and no matterhorn catastrophe can overtake the most venturesome brother.

III. But I have something better yet to say of Free Masonry. I call attention in the *third* place to the religious character of the Order.

It is religious not by creed or dogmatic statement, but deeply, necessarily so in its spirit. Its symbols, in which it is so rich, all point to piety—to a genuine religious experience. Nowhere do you see more distinctly that nature is typical of man's being, his life, and his destiny.

The Lodge typifies the world. It is blue because the sky arches above it. The Mosaic pavement symbolizes the lights and shades of human life. Menzel, the historian of Germany, in speaking therein of Masonry, tells us, "The aim of this Society was the erection of the invisible temple of humanity, and its allegorical symbols, the trowel, the square, and the leather apron, were borrowed from the tools used in common masonry."

In Oliver's "Signs and Symbols," we read, "you must keep within the compass and act upon the square with all mankind, for your Masonry is a dead letter if you do not habitually perform its reiterated injunctions."

Robert Burns, who was a Mason, though because of his gross errors not a true one, realized the symbolism and morality of our Order, in lines written to the Lodge where he belonged—lines not found in his published works:

"May freedom, harmony and love
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect Divine!
That ye may keep th' unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright, completely shine,
Shall be my prayer when far awa'."

So better yet, and far more poetically has the German Goethe set forth the typical character of Masonry—Goethe, the first poet and largest brain of modern times. Thus he sings in the poem entitled "The Lodge":

"The Mason's ways are a type of existence,
And his persistence
Is as the days are of men in this world.

The future hides in it good hap or sorrow,
We press through it—
Naught there abides in it daunting us—onward.

And silent before us, veiled the dark portal,
Goal of all mortal;
Stars silent rest over us; graves under us silent.

But heard are the voices—voice of the sages
Of the world and the ages—
Choose well, your choice is brief but yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you in eternity's stillness,
Here is all fullness,
Ye brave to reward you; work and despair not."

Here is evidence enough of the deep symbolism of Masonry. Its rites and ceremonies mean far more than a careless observer may see. To me they stand as finger-posts pointing to the deep mysteries of religion. There may be men who can see nothing religious in them. So there are men who look with staring eyes upon the Sun of Truth and yet are blind; and do we not read of one of old who saw not the angel of God in his way, and pressed on madly till the dumb beast beneath him broke the silence and chided his master.

Masonry does not afford us a church, and it does not claim to be a religion. Yet I may say, and truly say, as St. Paul says of the law, "It is a schoolmaster, to lead us to Christ."

It is in fine a beautiful porch, with long arcade, hung with pictures of bible scenes, which familiarize the eye with sacred objects, and lead you to the Church and personal religion. I do not say it always does this, but I do say it *ought* to do this—it is admirably designed to do this.

It seems to me that every one of the degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry is emblematic of a certain type of Christian experience, and no one but a genuinely pious man can fathom their full meaning.

That this is not a mere subjective view of my own, let me show you by quoting from Masonic authority. Wm. Hutchinson says, "The first state of a Mason is representative of the first stage of the worship of the true God. The second stage of Masonry," he continued, "rises with the temple. The Master Mason," he goes on to say, "represents a man under the Christian doctrine, saved from the grave of iniquity and raised to the faith of salvation."

The venerable Salem Town, so long Grand Chaplain, presents his view of the three degrees as follows: "In the first, every observing candidate is led to view his moral blindness and deplorable state by nature. The second is emblematical of a state of improvement and trial. The third presents the life of the good man in his pilgrimage state, with enemies on every side—evil propensities to be conquered, and remaining corruptions to be extirpated—amid all which he keeps his integrity."

If I may be permitted to add my own view, and illustrate it by Pilgrim's Progress, I should say, that the first degree represents the Pilgrim leaving the city of Destruction. The second leads him through the house of the Interpreter, and the third brings him beneath the Cross, where his burden falls off and rolls into the sepulchre below.

But I must hasten to a close. My brothers, let us be Masons in deed, and not in word alone. Heed the exhortation of Salem Town, as he tells you, "Look through the *forms* of Masonry to the *substance*; though the symbols contemplate their high and sacred allusions."

That the world has not a higher idea of our Order is our own fault. We have not exalted it as we ought. We have not been worthy sons of our sublime mother. We have not invoked God's aid in our soul-architecture. We have too often forgotten that "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it."

If Masonry has ever, in any locality, been disreputable, it has been because its sons were not true Masons. Paul says "he is not a Jew who is one outwardly, but who is one inwardly." So he is not a Mason who is one outwardly alone, but he who is one truly in his heart.

That man who speaks the name of God with blasphemous or flippant tongue—that man who has not learned the golden lesson of temperance—that man who does not worship God with heart and tongue and life, is not a true Mason. He is yet in the outer court. The veil of Isis has not yet been raised.

Listen to the solemn words of Hutchinson, in the "Spirit of Masonry:" "As Moses was commanded to pull his shoes from off his feet on Mt. Horeb, because the ground whereon he trod was sanctified by the presence of the Divinity, so the Mason who would prepare himself for the third stage of Masonry should advance in the naked paths of truth, be divested of every degree of arrogance, and come as a true *Acacian*" —(remember that acacia is the Greek word for innocence, whose emblem is the lambskin, and thus a true Acacian is a worthy wearer of the white apron)—"with steps of innocence, humility and virtue, to challenge the ensigns of an order, whose institutions arise on the most solemn and sacred principles of religion."

My brothers, we shall not live here forever. One after another we shall pass away. Live then for eternity, and not for time alone. Be *true* Masons and you will be true servants of God. Then it matters not when nor where you die: you will drop away from earth, but heaven will have gained a new voice to swell the chorus of the redeemed.

"There is to each mortal's life,
High Twelve!
In the *midst* of his early strife—
With earth's groveling luxuries rife—
The voice of the Warden comes,
Like the roll of a thousand drums,
'In earth's quarries no longer delve.'

List to the tones of the bell—
High Twelve!
As if from on high they fell,
Their silvery echoes swell;
And again the voice we hear,
As if from an upper sphere,
'Hence for heavenly treasures delve.

There shall ring in the world of bliss,
High Twelve!
When relieved from our work in this—
If we've lived not our lives amiss—
The Master shall call us there,
Our immortal crown to wear,
No more in earth's quarries to delve."

◆

AT A LITTLE DINNER PARTY.

FIRST OLD HUMBUG.

Dear brother Brown, if we could take,
Such liberty with Time,
As just to back his fatal clock
To mark our early prime.
When we were barely twenty-three,
And prodigal of Youth,
And thought all women were divine,
All men the soul of truth;
If we could feel as then we felt,
And know what now we know,
We'd take more pleasure than we did
Twice twenty years ago.

SECOND OLD HUMBUG.

Dear brother Smith, I'm not so sure,
'Tis heart that keeps us young,
And heart was ever ignorant,
Since Eve and Adam sprung.
And if we knew in youthful days,
As much as when we're old,
I fear that heart would turn to stone,
And blood run very cold.
Yet none the less, for sake of life,
Though life should bring me woe,
I'd gladly be the fool I was
Twice twenty years ago.

THIRD OLD HUMBUG.

Dear Smith and Brown, of parted hours,
Your talk is void and vain,
They're gone—God wot! Let's bless our lot!
They cannot come again.
Each age has its appointed joy,
And each its heavy load,
And I for one would not retrace,
My footsteps on the road.
I know no Time but present Time,
And if the claret flow—
And we enjoy it—why recall
Twice twenty years ago?

I know I've had my share of joy,
  I know I've suffered long,
I know I've tried to do the right,
  Although I've done the wrong.
I know 'mid all my pleasures past,
  That sleep has been the best,
And that I'm weary, very wear,
  And soon shall be at rest.
Yet all the same I cling to life,
  "To be" is all I know,
And if I'm right, I knew no more
  Twice twenty years ago.

THE YOUNG HUMBUG.

You dear old humbugs, Jones and Smith,
  Thou dear old humbug, Brown,
You live like oysters, though not half
  So useful to the town.
I'll lead a nobler life than yours,
  While yet my youth remains,
And gather up a store of gold,
  To heal old Age's pains.
You've had your pleasure as you went,
  In driblets small and thin ;
I'll have my pleasures in the lump,
  And end where you begin.

I'll carve and care, I'll stint and spare,
  And heap up sum on sum,
To make myself a millionaire
  Before old age shall come.
I'll flaunt the rich, I'll feed the poor,
  And on the scroll of Fame,
So large that all the world may read,
  I'll write my honest name !

CHORUS OF OLD HUMBUGS.

Yes ! Fool ! and when you're old as we,
  You'll find, on verge of death,
That little pleasures are the best,
  And Fame—not worth a breath.

[*All the Year Round.*

Editor's Trestle-Board and Quarry.

A NEW SERIES OF HOLY LAND ARTICLES FROM BROTHER MORRIS.

We have just closed an engagement with this versatile writer and thorough observer of Oriental matters, by which he engages to furnish us with a new series of Holy Land articles under the head of "PLACES IN PALESTINE THAT ALL TRAVELERS SHOULD VISIT." This series embraces Joppa, Jerusalem, Jericho, Bethany, Bethel, Nazareth, Tyre, Beyrout, Gebal, Baalbec, Damascus, and Acre, with contiguous localities. The articles will measure twelve printed pages each. They will be *thoroughly descriptive*, just such as a person contemplating a tour to the Holy Land will wish to peruse, study, examine, and file among the documents *to be carried with him.* Not only will they contain the results of Dr. Morris' own observations, but a digested account of whatever is on record concerning those places that will enable the visitor to *see them to the greatest advantage.*

Again, in the preparation of these articles Dr. Morris has considered himself addressing *a great circle of Bible readers*, teachers of Sunday Schools, Ministers of the Gospel,—the masses who never expect to visit the sacred soil, but who desire to read all concerning it that may be imparted by the pen.

In securing this series, for which we pay the fair compensation which the author himself has set upon the work, we feel that the readers of the VOICE will be very largely benefited. Dr. Morris' elegant and instructive letters from Palestine, during the present volume, have commanded praise from men whose opinions are not lightly bestowed, and the presentation of his matured thoughts in the articles to come cannot fail to be appreciated by all our readers.

We therefore once more and confidently entreat their enlarged efforts in behalf of the Voice—efforts made doubly successful when they lead to an early *advance payment*, and the securing of new subscribers among friends. Let us work the coming volume under a pressure of five thousand subscribers! Shall we not?

With Fraternal esteem,

JOHN C. W. BAILEY.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS.

In the preceding article we have more fully indicated the character of Dr. Morris' contribution to the Voice of Masonry for the coming year, to which we hastily adverted in the November number. It will be seen that this will form a valuable feature in the Magazine for 1869, rendering it more than ordinarily interesting and useful to any of our readers who may contemplate a visit to the Holy Land in the future.

In our last issue we intimated what would be our programme for the approaching new year, and solicited our friends to use more than ordinary efforts to increase our subscription list. With this object we have printed our annual prospectus, and sent it to many known friends of the Voice, and will send it to any Brother applying for it who may desire to aid us in extending the circulation and usefulness of the Voice of Masonry.

To those Brothers whom we met at Springfield, and who very kindly promised to present the claims of the Voice to the craft in their respective Lodges, we shall patiently wait the requisite time needful for them to do so, in the confident expectation of as early a reply to our request as is compatible with the duties they have to discharge in official relation to their several Lodges.

To every subscriber and friend of the Voice we say again now is the time to send us on your subscription for the new year, and those of any friend or friends you can add to our circulation—assuring you once more that our object is more to increase the value of the Voice in every department than to make any increased revenue of our own, which, however, can only be accomplished by the earnest and hearty co-operation of all those who have read the Voice with any appreciation during the past year.

So many of our friends have asked for the editor's photograph that we have decided to have it lithographed and put into the Voice as one of the lithographs we propose to insert occasionally in the numbers of next year's volume VII, 1869. We have hesitated much before doing this, although we have been solicited so many times this year to do so that at last our scruples are overcome, although we confess to some objections still lingering in our own mind, having, as we think, a salutary dislike to all that smacks of anything like the appearance of egotism. We shall send this to all who have paid their subscription for 1869.

With regard to our premium list, we have inserted it permanently on the cover of the Magazine, and have added another feature to it, namely, that every subscriber can have other Magazines with the Voice of Masonry, if he desires it, the whole being obtained at a reduction upon the subscription price of each.

Those who have visited Oriental Lodge No. 33, of Chicago, are aware how beautiful and elaborate the tracery and fittings of that Lodge room are. It is pronounced the handsomest Lodge room in the United States. We are making arrangements to furnish a beautiful picture of this room to the readers of the Voice, some time early next year, at a small cost, or will add it to our premium list for additional subscribers, of which we shall give due notice as soon as it is possible to ascertain the cost of lithographing it in colors, to resemble it exactly as it is.

Brothers, we have said all we desire to say, perhaps too much, as we may be charged with urging the claims of the Voice too strongly. If we have done so, our apology is that we desire to make the work a fitting representative of Chicago Masonry with its 3,000 members, and of the entire States of the Union, believing, as we do, that the Brotherhood may, if they will all only aid it, have a Masonic Magazine that shall be a fitting exponent of Masonry, not confined to one State, but co-extensive with the glorious fraternity dotted over the wide earth, and replete with principles of benevolence only less than those of Christianity, and as wide as the principles enforced in the epistles of the patron Saints of Masonry, which are God-like, and commend themselves to every lover of our Order, and to the Grand Orients of the Masonic lights of Freemasonry.

ILLINOIS.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR.

Elections.

H. G. Reynolds, Springfield, Grand Master.
D. C. Cregier, Chicago, Deputy.
J. A. Hawley, Dixon, S. G. Warden.
G. E. Lounsbury, Mound City, J. G. Warden.
Harrison Dills, Quincy, G. Treasurer.
Orlin H. Miner, Springfield, G. Secretary.
D. P. Bunn, Champaign, G. Chaplain.
Joseph Robbins, Quincy, G. Orator.
John P. Ferns, Chicago, G. Tyler.

Appointments.

Geo. W. Staley, Kaskaskia, G. Pursuivant.
Geo. W. Hartman, Sidney, G. Marshal.
J. E. Hardy, Alton, G. St. Bearer.

S. C. Buckman, Freeport, G. Sw. Bearer.
Wm. G. Swan, Chicago, G. S. Deacon.
Samuel C. Stearns, Joliet, G. J. Deacon.
O. N. Stafford, Springfield, G. Steward.
A. R. Robinson, Springfield, G. Steward.

Committee on Masonic Jurisprudence.—M. W. Breth. J. R. Gorin, Wm. Lavely, H. P. H. Bromwell, and R. W. Breth. Wiley M. Egan, H. Hayward, John Bennett, O. H. Miner, and J. O. Cunningham.

Committee on Masonic Correspondence.—R. W. Breth. Joseph Robbins, John M. Pearson, and David A. Cashman.

Committee on Finance.—R. W. Breth. James Lowe, G. W. Barnard, and Geo. C. Lanphere.

Inspectors of the Work—With Grand Master.—John W. Clyde, Thos J. Prickett, Geo. O. Ide, A. L. Virden, D. G. Burr.

Committee on Work—Continued.—John W. Clyde, H. Dills, L. L. Munn, W. S. Easton, J. O. Cunningham, Geo. E. Lounsbury, J. R. Gorin, Grand Master; Secretary, J. C. Reynolds.

Committee on Manual and By-Laws—Continued.—Wiley M. Egan, A. W. Blakesley, D. P. Bunn, Wilson Hoag, John N. Ryan, Grand Master.

GRAND LODGE ELECTION AND APPOINTMENTS.

MASONIC DISTRICTS.

1. The county of Cook.
2. The counties of Lake, McHenry, Kane, and Du Page.
3. The counties of Boone, Winnebago, Stephenson, and Jo Daviess.
4. The counties of Ogle, Carroll, Whiteside, and Lee.
5. The counties of Rock Island, Mercer, and Henry.
6. The counties of Bureau, Stark, Marshall, and Putnam.
7. The counties of La Salle, Kendall, and De Kalb.
8. The counties of Kankakee, Will, Grundy, Livingston, and Iroquois.
9. The counties of Vermillion, Champaign, Ford, Piatt, Macon, and De Witt.

10. The counties of Sangamon, Logan, McLean, Tazewell, and Menard.
11. The counties of Peoria, Knox, and Woodford.
12. The counties of Hancock, McDonough, Warren, and Henderson.
13. The counties of Adams, Pike, and Calhoun.
14. The counties of Schuyler, Brown, Morgan, Scott, and Green.
15. The counties of Fulton, Mason, and Cass.
16. The counties of Madison, Montgomery, Macoupon, and Jersey.
17. The counties of Shelby, Coles, Edgar, Douglas, Moultrie, and Christian.
18. The counties of Cumberland, Clark, Crawford, Jasper, and Effingham.
19. The counties of St. Clair, Monroe, Randolph, Clinton, and Bond.
20. The counties of Fayette, Marion, Washington, Jefferson, and Wayne.
21. The counties of Clay, Richmond, Lawrence, and Edwards.
22. The counties of White, Wabash, Hamilton, Saline, and Gallatin.
23. The counties of Massac, Pope, Hardin, and Johnson.
24. The counties of Alexander, Union, Pulaski, Jackson, Perry, Franklin, and Williamson.

DISTRICT DEPUTY GRAND MASTERS.

1. John W. Clyde, 128 La Salle street, Chicago.
2. J. B. Babcock, Marengo, McHenry county.
3. Edward H. Baker, Rockford.
4. James C. Luckey, Polo, Ogle county.
5. Peter Bogue, Rock Island.
6. Joseph Holland, Hennepin, Putnam county.
7. William S. Easton, Ottawa.
8. Rodney Ashley, Kankakee.
9. J. O. Cunningham, Urbana.
10. John Bennett, Petersburg, Menard county.
11. Sylvester Stevens, Knoxville.
12. David E. Head, Carthage.

13. Asa W. Blakesley, Quincy.
14. Archibald A. Glenn, Mt. Sterling.
15. John W. Ross, Lewistown.
16. John M. Pearson, Alton.
17. James Steele, Mattoon.
18. Geo. W. Albin, Neoga, Cumberland county.
19. John N. Ryan, Belleville.
20. Hiram W. Hubbard, Centralia.
21. Henry Palmer, Noble, Richmond county.
22. Thomas W. Hay, Carmi.
23. Thomas Moore, Metropolis.
24. A. N. Lodge, Marion, Williamson county.

GRAND LECTURERS.

Thomas J. Wade, Ottawa.
M. D. Chamberlin, Freeport.
Ira S. Younglove, G. W. Barnard, Chicago.
A. S. Babcock, Blackberry Station.
J. C. Winslow, Danville.
P. A. Dorwin, Springfield.
B. F. Church, Woodstock.
John W. Banker, Quincy.

INSPECTOR-IN-CHIEF.

John W. Clyde, Chicago.

INSPECTORS AND LECTURERS.

Thomas J. Prickett, Carbondale.
A. L. Virden, Virden.
George O. Ide, Princeton.
Daniel G. Burr, Paris.

Applicants for appointments as lecturers are expected to produce a certificate of recommendation from their respective Lodges, and from two or more of the Inspectors.—*Masonic Trowel.*

GRAND COUNCIL ROYAL AND SELECT MASTERS.

This body convened at Masonic Hall, on Thursday, Oct. 8, at 3 o'clock P. M. D. G. Burr, G. Puissant; Geo. W. Lininger, Deputy; John M. Pearson, G. Th. Illustrious; Wm. M. Avise, G. P. Con. of the Work; Charles Fisher, G. Treasurer; H. G. Reynolds, G. Recorder; Levi Lusk, G. Chaplain; H. W. Hubbard, G. Capt. Guard; O. N. Stafford, G. Sentinel.

But little business was transacted, beyond the usual routine.

ELECTIONS.

John M. Pearson, Alton, G. Puissant.
Wm. M. Avise, Deputy.
H. W. Hubbard, G. Th. Illustrious.
W. A. Levanway, G. P. Con. of Work.
Charles Fisher, Springfield, G. Treasurer.
J. C. Reynolds, Springfield, G. Recorder.
Charles Spalding, G. Capt. Guard.
A. B. Robinson, G. Sentinel.

GRAND CHAPTER.

This M. E. grand body met at Masonic Hall, Springfield, Friday, Oct. 9th. Geo. W. Lininger, G. High Priest; J. H. Miles, Deputy; John M. Pearson, G. King; W. M. Egan, G. Scribe, *pro tem.;* J. A. Hawley, G. Capt. Host; Harrison Dills, G. Treasurer; Harman G. Reynolds, G. Secretary; Wm. M. Avise, G. Prin. Sojourner; W. B. Powell, G. Royal Arch Capt.; Chas. Spalding, G. M. 3d Veil; W. J. A. Delancy, G. M. 2d Veil; Rodney Ashley, G. M. 1st Veil; S. H. Claspill, G. Steward; O. N. Stafford, G. Tyler.

ELECTIONS AND APPOINTMENTS.

James H. Miles, Chicago, G. H. P.
John M. Pearson, Alton, Deputy.
A. A. Murray, Decatur, G. King.

James A. Hawley, Dixon, G. Scribe.
H. G. Reynolds, Springfield, G. Secretary.
Harrison Dills, Quincy, G. Treasurer.
James C. Luckey, Polo, G. Capt. Host.
W. M. Avise, Quincy, G. Prin. Sojourner.
Rodney Ashley, Kankakee, G. R. A. Capt.
G. W. Albin, Neoga, G. M. 3d Veil.
W. A. J. Delancy, Centralia, G. M. 2d Veil.
S. H. Claspill, Springfield, Grand Steward.
A. R. Robinson, Springfield, G. Tyler.

Committee on Correspondence.—Grand Secretary; Daniel Dustin, Sycamore; Thos. J. Prickett, Carbondale.

Committee on Jurisprudence.—O. H. Miner, Springfield; L. L. Munn, Freeport; W. M. Egan, Chicago.

For the Voice of Masonry.

INDIANA.

Dear Editor: I wish just to say we closed yesterday, the 22d of October, 1868, the most harmonious session of the Grand Chapter and Council at Fort Wayne that we have ever had. Nearly all the subordinate chapters were represented. To our praise may it be said, we had no case of grievance to adjust. Our subordinate chapters are mostly working well, and doing a great deal of work; yet they are guarding well the entrance. We granted charters to some eight new chapters. In fine, we may say that capitulary Masonry is in a very flourishing condition in Indiana.

The companions at Fort Wayne acquitted themselves nobly in their attentions to the Grand Council and Grand Chapter. They seemed to vie with each other as to who could excell in their personal efforts to make the members of the grand bodies in session and the visiting companions feel at home during their stay.

They gave the Grand Chapter and visiting companions one of the finest banquets we have ever had the pleasure of attending, and after having partaken of the good things prepared so bountifully for the outer man, and enjoyed a season of social reunion together, we all retired, feeling it had been good for us to be there. They have in Fort Wayne one of the finest halls in the State. It is tastefully finished and arranged, and ornamented, the ceiling representing the starry decked heavens.

P. G. H. P. Sol Baylis, who resides at Fort Wayne, was not able to be with us at all, in consequence of illness, which we all regretted very much indeed, for he has been with us so long in annual communications, that he has become one of the fixtures for labors in the grand bodies. Few men, if any, have done more for Masonry in Indiana than has companion Baylis. No man is more devoted to all the interests of Masonry than he is. A worthy companion in distress never goes away from him unprovided, for his hand is always open for the relief of the widows and orphans of a deceased Mason. He has, perhaps, given as much, if not more, to distressed Masons, their widows and orphans, to the poor generally, to the cause of education and religion, than any one man in the State, according to his ability; as a consequence, he has drawn around him a host of friends where he lives.

At the earnest request of companion Baylis, the Grand Chapter visited him at his residence in a body, on Thursday at noon, and entered the companion's parlor and rooms adjoining, where we witnessed one of the most affecting scenes it has ever been our lot to witness. After the companions had nearly all taken the sick companion by the hand, our M. E. G. H. P., H. G. Hazelrigg, addressed him on behalf of the companions present, in a few of the most appropriate and well timed remarks it has ever been our good fortune to listen to, reviewing their long acquaintance, and alluding in a very touching manner, to his devotion to the order. His remarks to our beloved companion were delivered with such emotion as almost to forbid utterance. At the close of the remarks, at the request of companion Baylis we offered up our devotions to Deity, the Grand Chaplain leading, in which our sick companion joined very heartily. All hearts swelled with melancholy pleasure, and many eyes wept profusely. We all left feeling it had been good for us to be present. The officers of the Grand Chapter for the ensuing year are—

M. E. Comp. H. G. Hazelrigg, G. H. P.
M. E. Comp. R. J. Chesnutevoos, D. G. H. P.
M. E. Comp. Hugh Hannah, G. K.
M. E. Comp. Wm. Thomas, G. S.
M. E. Comp. C. Fisher, G. T.
M. E. Comp. Tramwell, G. R.
E. Comp. Rev. John Leach, G. C.
E. Comp. J. C. Bennet, G. C. H.
E. Comp. Wm. Roach, G. R. A. C.
E. Camp. Wm. Block, G. G.

IOWA.

WAVERLY.—A brother of Tyrrell Lodge No. 116 sends us the list of its officers, as follows:

M. V. Lucas, W. M.; G. H. Curtis, S. W.; Grant Ellis, J. W.; Thos. Downing, Treasurer; A. T. Pomeroy, Secretary; H. I. Halbert, S. D.; H. S. Burr, J. D.; Wm. Barker and Jerome Burbank, Stewards; O. T. Lusk, Tyler.

He remarks that "the officers all take a deep interest in the welfare of the □, and by their prompt attendance on the □ meetings always secure a good attendance of the members; and each □ night the W. M., in his prompt and gentlemanly manner, imparts to the craft a store of Masonic knowledge which all are as anxious to receive as he is to give, and *vice versa.* The Master's motto is, *Vita, sine literis, mors est.*

"Our craft is now engaged in refitting and beautifying the □ room, and making it inviting—a place where we can go and not feel ashamed to receive *visitors*—a place where we can go and see the faces of all our Brothers, some of whom are in other lands, and some who are dead and gone from us to join the celestial □ above, where we all sooner or later expect to join them in singing praises to the Grand Master of the Universe. We think *all the* □ □ should follow suit with us, and procure the photographs of all their members, and arrange them in their □ room. I am sure nothing goes further towards beautifying the room than this. The members of any □ will respond promptly if the ball is only once put in motion by its officers. Fix up your □ room, and make it a first-class place to go to, and you will have none but first-class members, and they always on hand at the commencement of the work, ready for any labor the Master may lay out for them.

"I only intended to have sent you the names of the officers of our □, but I have rambled on, for which excuse, &c.

"N. B. I take the *Evergreen*, but you may send me the VOICE OF MASONRY. I am always *ready to receive more light.*

"Fraternally yours, ——."

This Lodge was burned out not long since. They are made of the right material, and call it a "*purification by fire.*" Will not other Lodges in Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, and elsewhere, send us like cheering news for publication?—ED.

TEMPLAR'S MANUAL, containing a full and complete System of TACTICS and DRILL, together with all Ceremonies to the *Orders of Knighthood*, the Statutes and Regulations of the Grand Commandery, Ceremonies of Installation, etc. E. B. MYERS, Chicago, Ill., or of J. C. W. Bailey, 164 Clark street.

This is undoubtedly the best work of the kind yet published, and has received the indorsement of Sir VINCENT LUMBARD HURLBUT, R. E. Grand Commander for the State of Illinois, and is authorized by the committee appointed for that purpose, and also that of Sir JAMES HOGE MILES, Grand Recorder.

The chief excellency of the work is that it clearly indicates, in the fullest manner possible, the regulated tactics and drill of the Order as distinguished from the cavalry practice of the Government troops, and so far it is more useful than anything before published, and in that respect filling a want that was greatly needed. The cuts illustrating the positions of the Knights at drill, are beautiful, clear and graceful. Sir Knight E. B. Myers has done a good work, which will no doubt be the standard one for the order, as we anticipate, not only in Illinois, but in the other States, so soon as an investigation of its merits is made by the proper officers of the Grand Commandery of the United States.

WASHINGTON CLOSING THE LODGE.

A copy of this desirable and suggestive work of art, the original painting by Leutze, this copy in chromo, has been shown us by Brother B. A. Wadhams, the proprietor, who is actively engaged in securing its sale by subscription in the Northwest. To say it is the most beautiful and suggestive picture ever prepared for Masonic patronage, is a very imperfect statement of its merits; we should rather say that it is the only worthy ornament of Masonic parlors and Lodge rooms we have ever seen. The immortal hero, Washington, is represented as standing in the act of giving the benediction ("And now may the blessings of heaven," etc.) in the East, clothed in the Masonic apron which was embroidered by the ladies of France and presented him by Madame Lafayette. The proportions and the lights and shades have been admirably preserved in the copy, which is of cabinet size.

We can conscientiously recommend this beautiful chromo to our readers, and are glad to learn from Bro. Wadhams that he is able to offer it at a price that brings it within the range of every brother and almost every Lodge. ROB MORRIS.

Address B. A. WADHAMS, 101 Washington street, Chicago.

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